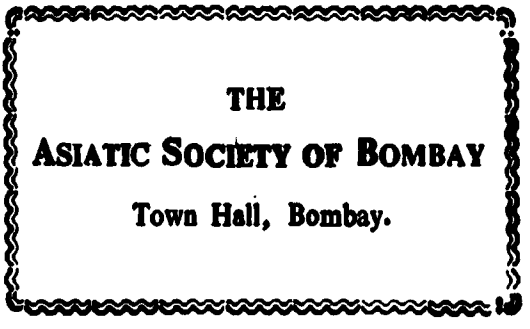
00160741

NOT TO BE ISSUED
OUT OF THE LIBRARY.



Digitized with financial assistance from
Hermès India
a project facilitated by the Rotary Club of Bombay
on 10 August, 2018

00160741

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PLATES ETCHED IN FACSIMILE BY AMAND DURAND.

PAGE

Rembrandt with Broad Hat and Embroidered Mantle. B. 7. M. 52 *Frontispiece.*

The Rat Killer. B. 121. M. 261 20

Johannes Lutma. B. 276. M. 171 56

Rembrandt's Mother, seated, looking to the Right. B. 343. M. 54 80

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT.

PAGE

Rembrandt, Full Face, Laughing. B. 316. M. 25 16

Rembrandt with an Air of Grimace. B. 10. M. 23 16

Rembrandt with Haggard Eyes. B. 320. M. 24 16

Two Beggars, a Man and a Woman Conversing. B. 164. M. 37 17

A View of Amsterdam. B. 210. M. 304 18

An Old Woman, etched no lower than the Chin. B. 351. M. 101 21

Three Heads of Women. B. 367. M. 115 23

A Young Woman reading. B. 345. M. 109 24

The Mountebank. B. 129. M. 117 25

The Prodigal Son. B. 91. M. 201 26

The Angel ascending from Tobit and his Family. B. 43. M. 213 34

The Resurrection of Lazarus, A Small Print. B. 72. M. 215 36

The Three Trees. B. 212. M. 309 38

Six's Bridge. B. 208. M. 313 40

Landscape with a Canal and Large Boat. B. 236. M. 323 44

PAGE

Tobit Blind, with the Dog. B. 42. M. 226 45

Jesus disputing with the Doctors : the Larger Plate. B. 65. M. 231 46

David on his Knees. B. 41. M. 232 47

The Descent from the Cross : a Night Piece. B. 83. M. 242 49

The Flight into Egypt : the Holy Family crossing a Rill. B. 55. M. 240 . . . 51

Jesus and His Parents returning from Jerusalem. B. 60. M. 244 52

Christ and the Disciples at Emmaus. B. 87. M. 237 53

Abraham's Sacrifice. B. 35. M. 246 54

An Old Man with a Short Straight Beard. B. 306. M. 120 59

A Sheet of Sketches, afterwards divided into Five. B. 366. M. 83 62

Three Peasants Travelling. B. 131. M. 153 64

Profile of a Bald Man with a Jewelled Chain. B. 292. M. 39 65

An Old Woman Sleeping. B. 350. M. 116 66

A Battle Piece. B. 117. M. 275 67

Christ's Body carried to the Tomb. B. 84. M. 217 69

A Village with a River and a Sailing Vessel. B. 228. M. 314 73

Sketch of a Dog. B. 371. M. 266 74

Rembrandt with Moustache and Small Beard. B. 2. M. 106 79

A Jew with a High Cap. B. 133. M. 140 81

A Sketch for the Hundred Guilder Print 82

Landscape with a Fisherman in a Boat. B. 243. M. 19 89

V
767.2
Ete/Ete
160744

THE

ETCHINGS OF REMBRANDT

PART I

THE PLATES CONSIDERED WITH REFERENCE TO THE ARTIST'S BIOGRAPHY

I.

THIS little treatise is intended to be an introduction to the study of the etched work of Rembrandt. The notice of him in *Etching and Etchers* was of necessity no more than a short account of what he had done, with a special mention of a few representative plates; the catalogues of Bartsch, Claussin, Wilson, Charles Blanc, Middleton, and Dutuit, are too voluminous and important to be convenient as handbooks, besides being too mechanical in arrangement for consecutive reading. A memorable exhibition of Rembrandt's etchings was held at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in the year 1877, and the catalogue of it is well known, for two special reasons, to all serious students of Rembrandt, both in England and on the Continent. The first of these reasons is the adoption, at that time unprecedented, of the chronological order in preference to the old classification by subject, and the second is the Introduction by Mr. Seymour Haden, in which he expressed his disbelief in the authenticity of certain famous plates that had been admitted into all previous catalogues. Mr. Haden's argument is of such importance that no subsequent writer can afford to pass it in silence, but it is fully intelligible, in all its bearings, only by advanced students. Besides this, the catalogue in which it appeared was privately printed for the Club, and is not generally accessible. The same objection, so far as ordinary English readers are concerned, applies even to some of the

published contributions to Rembrandt literature, which are costly, and printed in foreign languages. For example, the French catalogue by Dutuit, with heliographic reproductions by Charreyre, is sold at six hundred francs. It has therefore seemed to us that there was room for a handbook to the etchings of Rembrandt, published at a low price, and containing a synoptic account arranged in a readable form, and in such a manner that any one who perused it might find himself, with little effort, so far acquainted with the subject that no part of Rembrandt's great performance as an etcher would seem absolutely strange to him.

The systematic study of the works of a great etcher is seldom undertaken by lovers of art who are not led to it by the requirements of a critic or a collector, and yet this systematic study, though it may seem tedious to the amateur, and pedantic to the artist, and though it may be regarded with the most complete indifference by the public generally, has its own rewards to offer in the additional clearness which it imparts to the whole subject, and in the enhanced interest that every separate etching gains from being known in connection with the rest. This kind of study would be impossible for us without the help of the minutely detailed information that the zealous industry of catalogue-makers has accumulated for our use. We are, indeed, infinitely their debtors, for without their labours of love, extending, in some cases, over many years, and rewarded only by the appreciation of the few who know all that such toil involves, the student could never gain a comprehensive view of the total production of a great artist. Even if he had access to a complete collection, it would be impossible for him to know that it was complete.

I have just alluded to two methods in the arrangement of a catalogue, the chronological order and classification by subject. Even in a brief treatise like the present some definite system is necessary, and I have decided to adopt three systems, each for one part of my essay, which will keep them as distinct from each other as possible, both for the reader's convenience and my own. The first is chronological so as to connect the etchings, or many of them, with the inspiring and affecting story of Rembrandt's courageous and troubled existence. One of the great artist's biographers, M. Emile Michel, says that Rembrandt has himself almost invariably enlightened us as to the date of his works, but this,

with regard at least to the etchings, is certainly saying too much and therefore it is impossible for me to follow the chronological method exclusively. M. Dutuit, on the other hand, observes that nearly two-thirds of Rembrandt's etchings are without date. This statement is, however, a very great exaggeration of their still too frequent datelessness. Mr. Middleton, in his catalogue, admits three hundred and twenty-nine plates as genuine. Out of these, one hundred and eighty-one are dated, so that the dated plates are in the majority and sufficiently abundant to afford in themselves all that is needed for reference in the first, or biographical, portion of this essay, especially considering that the author, having a limited space at his command, is not under any obligation to refer to everything that Rembrandt executed. Those who try to make complete chronological catalogues are sorely tempted to assign dates that must in many instances be purely, if not wildly, conjectural. Each instance would require to be supported by a separate argument which is seldom given, so that the reader sees that the date is assumed but does not often know why it is assumed. The compiler has, no doubt, gone through a process of reasoning that is satisfactory to himself and might be so to his readers if their faith were not disturbed by other equally authorised compilers. Our teachers do, indeed, arrive at the most divergent and contradictory conclusions. The differences between Vosmaer and Middleton are extremely frequent, and in several instances so wide that it would seem as if there were nothing in the changing manner of Rembrandt's workmanship, or in his tastes and interests so far as the choice of subject is concerned, to justify one in fixing a date within a year or two, or even a decade. For example there is the well-known plate of *The Triumph of Mordecai* to which Vosmaer assigns 1640 or from that to 1645, whereas Middleton fixes 1651. *The Adoration of the Shepherds* was etched, according to Vosmaer, between 1632 and 1640, according to Middleton in 1652. *The Star of the Kings* is dated by Vosmaer 1641, but Middleton puts it twelve years later. When we are assured by the Dutch authority that the date of *The Blind Man seen from behind* is 1651 the English connoisseur throws us back no less than twenty-one years, a little more than one-third of Rembrandt's whole existence. There is, however, one page in Vosmaer's great work which

deserves our unqualified approval. It is that in which he gives a list of twenty-one plates for which he declines to fix any date whatever. Writers for whom the fixing of dates is an absolutely over-mastering passion may always safely assume that an etching by Rembrandt was produced between 1607, when the artist came into the world, and 1669, when he went out of it. No other plan is absolutely safe. It might seem possible, at first sight, to assume that Rembrandt took up the etching-needle in 1628, which is the first date we have, and laid it down in 1661, as that is the last, but we have not the slightest proof that he did not begin to etch when he was sixteen instead of twenty-one, or that he did not continue the practice of the art after having, from negligence or discouragement, entirely ceased to put dates upon his productions. The matter may seem to be of slight importance in comparison with the authenticity or the technical excellence of the plates themselves, but it is really more important than, at first sight, it may appear. If we knew exactly the order in which all the plates were executed we might observe with the keenest interest the signs of mental and technical progress. This is possible, in some degree, even with the dated works that are accessible to us, although, as we have seen, they are not very much more than half of the magnificent *Œuvre*.

My rule to refer in the biographical part to dated plates only is a restriction on the side of safety, but there is another equally important, and that is that a critic ought not to refer, except by way of caution, to any plate of whose authenticity he is not perfectly satisfied. The reader not yet familiar with the controversy concerning Rembrandt's etchings may be briefly told in this place that a plate may be signed with his name, and dated, without being necessarily his handiwork. The etchings accumulated in collections under the name of Rembrandt may be classed in these five categories.

1. Those plates of which the conception and execution are equally and entirely those of Rembrandt himself. This category includes both successful plates and failures which are rather numerous in proportion, but the failure is in most instances purely technical and does not greatly interfere with the mental qualities of the performance.

2. Plates of which the idea and design belong to Rembrandt but of which the execution has been partially entrusted to assistants.

3. Plates designed by Rembrandt but executed entirely by others.

4. Plates of which the manual execution is more or less completely due to Rembrandt, but in composing which he made use of borrowed ideas.

5. Plates with which Rembrandt had nothing whatever to do, either mentally or manually.

Now of these five categories, I intend to confine myself, in the two earlier parts of the present essay, entirely to the first. In my third part, I shall enter upon the stony and thorny ground of controversy and deal with the doubtful or contested plates, not that I have any particular eagerness for controversial warfare, but because, in this case it is impossible to keep out of it. Besides, no reasonable person could fall into the illogical fallacy of interpreting an attack upon the authenticity of more or less spurious Rembrandts as an attack upon Rembrandt himself. The truth is that no kinder service can be rendered to a great artist by the most faithful of his admirers than the detection of those works that the cupidity of some, and the uncritical confidence of others, have falsely attributed to him. Every work justly discarded relieves his reputation of a burden, and when we reflect how ready posterity always is to attribute works to celebrities whose names are familiar to it, and how strongly persons who have them in their possession, or desire to sell them, are biassed in favour of such attribution, it seems inevitable that these burdens should be laid upon the memory of the dead.

The absence of concord amongst authorities is shown in the following little table:—

Bartsch (1797)	admits	375 plates.
Claussin (1824)	„	365 „
Wilson (1836)	„	369 „
Charles Blanc (1859–61)	„	353 „
Vosmaer (1868–77)	„	353 „
Middleton (1878)	„	329 „
Dutuit (1883)	„	363 „

Charles Blanc gives a list of twenty-nine rejected plates and makes an addition of seven to the catalogue. Vosmaer accepts the number given by Blanc as well as his system of order. Mr. Middleton gives

a list of eighteen rejected studies and sketches with thirty rejected landscapes, and M. Dutuit adds to his catalogue a list of six etchings "attributed to" Rembrandt, and two "falsely attributed." It is unnecessary to go further into these questions at present. The reader sees the necessity for great caution, but I may add, to reassure him, that the great majority of the plates still attributed to Rembrandt bear so visibly the impress of his hand and genius that they are accepted without hesitation by every one who is familiar with his styles (for he had several styles) and with the very different moods of his versatile and generally quite original mind. He sometimes borrowed from others, but not often, and though it is now evident that he accepted assistance in the execution of certain plates that bear his name, we must still remember that he was one of the most personally industrious of great artists and one of those who have been most rarely dependent upon auxiliaries.

It remains only to be added that references to plates will be accompanied, at least once, by the numbers given respectively in the catalogues of Bartsch and Middleton. That of Bartsch, though nearly a hundred years old, is still a living work, in continual requisition, whilst Mr. Middleton's catalogue has the advantages of being written in English eighty years later, and of being easily accessible to Englishmen. I would willingly have given references, in addition, to that of Charles Blanc, as it is very clear and readable, and was charmingly illustrated by Flameng, but it seemed that a string of three references to every plate was likely to be confusing, especially as the names of the Frenchman and the German begin with the same letter.

II

The reputation of Rembrandt has undergone the most extreme vicissitudes. In his own life-time he rose from obscurity to a local and afterwards national celebrity, but sank down again, several years before his death, into the trying position of a neglected and unfashionable artist. "Often," says Vosmaer, "have I felt indignant at the small degree of enthusiasm manifested by his contemporaries." Vondel either really cared nothing for Rembrandt or affected complete indifference.

Another contemporary poet said that as Rembrandt found he could not equal Titian, Vandyke or Michael Angelo, he preferred to wander from the right path and become the first heretic in art rather than strengthen himself by following the most experienced. Houbraken speaks of the art of Rembrandt in the past tense, saying that it *had* (at one time) the success of novelty, it *was* a fashion, and artists had been obliged to imitate him in order to sell, even when their own manner of painting was far superior. Lairesse condemned Rembrandt and Lievens together, but, with a distant approach to generosity, went so far as to admit that Rembrandt's way of painting was "not absolutely bad." Some time after the artist's death came a reaction in his favour showing itself decidedly in the beginning of the eighteenth century by an extended appreciation in foreign countries. Still, throughout the eighteenth century, criticism was too subservient to classical authority to recognise Rembrandt with any complete cordiality, and if he was praised for some qualities he was condemned, with at least equal frankness, for the defects that accompanied them. Even so late in the century as the time of Barry, who began his Academy lectures in 1784, it was possible for him to speak of Rembrandt's "laborious, *ignorant* diligence," in rendering the "multiplied wrinkles and trifling peculiarities of the skin." He admitted the ability of Rembrandt in colouring and chiaroscuro but hated his most masterly style, condemning the "obtrusive, licentious, slovenly conduct of his pencil" as "not less disgusting than it is useless." Opie spoke of him as "foremost of those who in the opinion of some critics cut the knot instead of untying it, and burglariously entered the Temple of Fame by the window." Reynolds compared Poussin with Rembrandt as to their composition and management of light and shadow, adding that they "ran into contrary extremes and that it is difficult to determine which is the most reprehensible, both being equally distant from the demands of nature and the purposes of art." He admits that the pictures of Rembrandt may "not come amiss when mixed with the performances of artists of a more regular manner." Reynolds was just however (without being in the least enthusiastic) about both drawing and colour in *The Anatomical Lesson.* Fuseli appreciated Rembrandt better, classing him as a genius of the first rank "in whatever relates not to form." Again, Fuseli has an intelligent

onslaught upon the topographic delineation of landscape and says that the landscape of Rembrandt "spurns all relation with this kind of map-work." He describes Rembrandt's figures as "uniform abstracts of lumpy or meagre deformity," but admits that, "form only excepted, he possessed every power that constitutes genius in art."

All these academical opinions, including the favourable one of Constable on Rembrandt's chiaroscuro picture of the Mill, refer to the master's work in painting, not to his etchings. One of the first English artists who took any special interest in the etchings was the elder Leslie, and he once wrote a short sentence of five lines about the services of photography in reproducing "these inestimable works." Mr. Ruskin once gave a foot-note, also of five lines, to Rembrandt's etchings, that appreciated the synthetic quality of the landscapes, and in the text of "Modern Painters," there are references to two plates, *The Presentation in the Temple* (B. 50. M. 243) and *The Shell* (B. 159. M. 290). I do not remember any other reference to the etchings in Mr. Ruskin's works except some depreciatory remarks upon their technique in a letter on the etchings of Mr. Ernest George.

In most of these instances of criticism, what strikes us is the remarkable coolness of the critics, their absence of anything approaching to enthusiasm. Those who appreciate in some degree the qualities of the master are not carried away by them, they have not the tone of critics speaking about an artist who has delighted them and whose defects they may be aware of but are willing to overlook; they have the tone of men who, when they praise, do it from a wish to avoid injustice. Fuseli is hearty in praise and blame, Leslie and Constable praise heartily as far as they go, but are extremely laconical. The brevity of Mr. Ruskin is still more striking in a diffusely eloquent writer—six lines for the religious subjects, five for the landscapes, two for a study of still life!

The truth appears to be that the present splendour of Rembrandt's fame is more recent than we can easily realise. It has been due to several causes, distinct in themselves, but all operating together. The first is the complete extinction of classicism as an exclusive authority though it has happily survived, and with improved culture, as a taste. The second lies in the greater facilities for travelling which have enabled critics to see more of Rembrandt's whole performance and know him better, and the

third is in the invention of certain processes of engraving in which photography does the drawing, though not the biting, and so far ensures a considerable degree of fidelity, as well as cheapness in the most recent reproductions. But these causes, potent as they are, would probably have had a less effect on Rembrandt's fame if they had not been accompanied, in all civilised countries, by a revival of the art of etching. The opinion amongst etchers which enthrones Rembrandt as the king of their craft is the most recent instance of perfect unanimity amongst people of all nationalities. As we all say that Phidias was the greatest sculptor, Homer the greatest epic poet, and Shakespeare the greatest dramatist, so are we all agreed upon the world-wide supremacy of Rembrandt. And the higher our appreciation of etching as essentially an artist's art the more exalted becomes the position of its greatest practitioner. I am told that, of late years, there has been some decline in the appreciation of etching. Perhaps it is no longer fashionable to pretend to be enchanted by its masterpieces, but these changes of surface-fashion have little to do with culture. The plain truth is that the etched work of Rembrandt is now intelligible to thousands, whereas in the beginning of the present century it was almost like an unknown tongue, or characters understood by few.

Another recent piece of good fortune for Rembrandt is that he has fallen into the hands of a competent biographer, Vosmaer, a writer entirely free from that credulity of mediocrity which makes it ever ready to accept the common calumnies against genius. The idlest and most ridiculous stories about Rembrandt had become traditional. Vosmaer showed that they had not, and that they could not have, any other foundation than the inventive spite of a great man's usual detractors. He showed us Rembrandt as he lived, a man of immense industry and the simplest tastes (with the one exception of a passion for works of art), a man whose force of character and courage in adversity immediately suggest to English readers the name of one great in another art who died like Rembrandt in harness and at Rembrandt's years, the artist who died at Abbotsford.

In his own lines of work there is no one in all history to be compared with Rembrandt; in artistic influence he has one equal, entirely unlike himself, and that is Raphael. It was not by accident that medallions of these two were put together on the cover of the *Portfolio*. They are

the two most influential graphic artists of all time. Comte defined art as consisting in the three processes of observation, imitation, and idealisation. The three are common to both artists but in Rembrandt observation predominates, in Raphael idealisation. As for imitation they are alike in possessing the power of it and in using it more or less, but always subordinately to the artistic purpose. Raphael is called quite accurately in a certain sense, "the divine"; "the human" is an epithet that might, with equal justice, be applied to Rembrandt.

III

The date of the first etchings that have any date at all is the year 1628, when the artist was twenty-one years old. There are two signed etchings for that year. One of them, *An Old Woman's Head, full face, seen only to the Chin* (B. 352. M. 6.), is very simply etched, though drawn with easy skill, especially visible in the reserves of half-light in the shaded parts. It is already the work of an artist, but has no special distinction. The other little plate, *Bust of an Old Woman, lightly etched* (B. 354. M. 5), is much more than that; it is the work, already, of a great and most accomplished master. It was never afterwards surpassed, either in the penetrating observation of nature, or in delicate sufficiency of execution, by any subsequent work of Rembrandt himself, and it is almost impossible to believe that even so strong a natural genius as his could produce work of such rare excellence without years of previous practice, not only in drawing, but in actual work with the etching needle. He probably began to etch in his minority, making attempts that did not seem to him worth dating, then he did these things, and put not only his signature, but the year. However this may be, the fact is certain that at the age of twenty-one he had already mastered one of his several styles. I do not wish to exaggerate the matter, I do not believe that at twenty-one he could have got through such a task as the portrait of the Burgomaster Six, but he had already one of the strings to his bow.

At the date of these plates Rembrandt was living at his father's house in Leyden. He had been destined to a learned profession, but had not taken well to classical studies, and instead of proceeding with them had

followed art in Van Swanenburch's studio for three years, which probably ended about 1620. After that he had been apprenticed to Pieter Lastman and stayed with him, according to Orlers, six months. It is believed that he returned to his father's house about 1623, and stayed there till 1630. At the date of the etchings that occupy us he had already painted a picture which is known and now at Stuttgart, and he had also taken his first pupil, Gerard Dow. Everything is rather early, rather precocious, with Rembrandt. He got up early in the morning of life, and set to work at a time when others are dreaming about what they intend to do. It has been assumed that the little etchings of 1628 were portraits of Rembrandt's mother, and they are so entered in Blanc's catalogue, but there is no evidence in favour of such an idea. According to Vosmaer the mother was about thirty-five years old at the date of Rembrandt's birth, consequently she would be about fifty-six when he came of age, but the old lady in the etching looks past seventy.[1]

There is just one etching for 1629, and that is an excellent proof of the tendency to vary his styles and make experiments, which was in Rembrandt's nature, and remained with him through life. The title of it in Mr. Middleton's catalogue is *Rembrandt, a Bust; supposed to be engraved on Pewter* (B. 336. M. 7.). It is a rough sketch in a bold and decided manner, without any attempt at delicacy of tone or even of line, but immense vivacity of handling, and the peculiarity of it is that some of the shading is done with a double point, as if two points had been tied together, which they probably were. Many etchers have tried that experiment for greater speed in shading, but it does not really advance matters very much, and Rembrandt never afterwards recurred to it.

The year 1630 is remarkable for a series of small plates, in which the artist amused himself in studying expression by assuming it in his own features. The practice may easily be represented as ridiculous, and has, no doubt, a ludicrous aspect, as it is difficult to think quite seriously of a grown man making faces, as children do, before a glass. It has been

[1] Many women after seventy are better preserved than Rembrandt's old lady; Queen Victoria is an instance, and in quiet middle-class life good preservation is by no means rare. This Dutchwoman, tranquil and fairly well off, might very well be eighty. I have known a younger-looking lady at ninety-three.

done occasionally by modern actors for instantaneous photography, and with this result, that when the costume is changed at the same time as the expression the original human being becomes unrecognisable. Rembrandt himself is not always immediately recognised in these etchings, but we get accustomed to the changes in his physiognomy, in his headgear, and in the length of his hair. We have him "with an open mouth" (B. 13. M. 22.); "with an air of grimace" (B. 10. M. 23.); "with haggard eyes" (B. 320. M. 24.); and "laughing" (B. 316. M. 25.). These little plates, and others, probably of the same date, or very near it, are executed with a fine point, and are distinguished by an extreme manual facility. The evident speed of their execution does not, however, prevent the artist from noticing the most minute truths of form and of light and shade, as, for example, in the learnedly reserved reflec

Rembrandt, Full Face, Laughing. B. 316. M. 25.

Rembrandt with an Air of Grimace. B. 10. M. 23.

Rembrandt with Haggard Eyes. B. 320. M. 24.

tions in the shading of *Rembrandt with an open Mouth* (B. 13. M. 22.). There may be haste in such work as this, but there is no carelessness, and as for vitality it is superabundant, both in the subjects and the execution.

In the same year, 1630, Rembrandt made two serious etchings of himself, one "with curly hair rising into a tuft over the right eye" (B. 27. M. 26.) the other "with fur cap and light dress" (B. 24. M. 27.). Both these plates are very lightly sketched in the manner that the French call "croquis." The one with the fur cap is a pleasant and probably very truthful likeness of the artist at the age of twenty-three, without

any flattery as to form, but having the air of a young man at the same time very intelligent and perfectly satisfied with himself. The other gives a fine idea of Rembrandt's abundant head of hair which resembles as to quantity the wigs of the eighteenth century. It may be that he sometimes added in his paintings and etchings to the liberal gifts of nature, as in portraits of the same year the hair is at one time prodigious and at another ordinary. For example, in *Rembrandt with Haggard Eyes*, there is not enough of it to attract attention.

Rembrandt now began his long series of etchings of scriptural subjects. One, dated 1630, is a *Jesus Disputing with the Doctors* (B. 66. M. 177.), a small plate, delicately etched, but very grandly conceived, and another of the same year is *The Presentation with the Angel* (B. 51. M. 178.), called so because an angel with wings appears over the left shoulder of Anna the prophetess. Like the *Jesus Disputing*, this plate is of small dimensions and slight rather than powerful execution.

Two Beggars, a Man and a Woman Conversing. B. 164. M. 37.

It seems highly probable that Rembrandt began to etch beggars very early in life, as the style that he adopted for that class of subject was quite fully developed in 1630, and there are several etchings of that year, dated, which are not inferior in execution to the numerous beggar subjects of later years. There are also some good portrait studies, for example, *An Old Man with a Large Beard, the Shoulders lower than the Ears* (B. 309, M. 31), which is one of Rembrandt's finest studies of old age. There is the *Profile of a Bald Man* (B. 292. M. 39.) and the *Portrait of a Man with a broad-brimmed Hat and a Ruff* which is unquestionably one of the most entirely satisfactory of Rembrandt's simpler little plates (B. 311. M. 28.).

I have dwelt in some detail on these plates because they have a

special interest as showing what a good start Rembrandt made in etching, and how early in life. We have now to remember that at the age of twenty-one he executed the little plate of the old lady, which has never been surpassed in its own way, and that at twenty-three he had tried his hand, with rare success, on a variety of subjects and in three or four different styles. He was already in the peculiar situation of an artist who has left himself no room for improvement except in attempting art of another kind, and in overcoming new, though possibly not greater difficulties.

With the exception of the six months spent in the studio of Pieter Lastman, Rembrandt had hitherto remained entirely with his parents at Leyden, as his three years' pupilage with Swanenburch, then a Leyden artist, does not imply any change of residence. Rembrandt's youth had been free from every care but that of his own progress in art. His parents were in easy circumstances in the burgher class

View of Amsterdam. B. 210. M. 304.

and if he had not received a full classical education it was only because he had not taken to it. Born for the graphic arts, he had taken to painting and etching with the utmost interest and immediate success. This justified him in establishing himself as an artist with a house and studio of his own, and he selected Amsterdam rather than Leyden as a place of residence, though the choice involved a separation from

his father, who died about two years later, from his mother, who lived on for twenty years, and from his four brothers and two sisters who were all living at that time. Settled in Amsterdam in 1630, Rembrandt resumed his etching. The plates dated 1631 include twenty-seven portraits and studies, one "fancy composition," if a single figure deserves the title, but no religious subject. This year the portraits include five of himself, of which the most perfect, technically, is *Rembrandt with Round Fur Cap, full face* (B. 16. M. 45.) but that is in the earlier style. The desire for new conquests is shown in the larger *Rembrandt with Broad Hat and Embroidered Mantle* (B. 7. M. 52.) in which the etcher has laboriously aimed at high finish and rich textures without, however, abandoning his former delicate treatment of light passages as in the collar and the lighted side of the face and hair. It may be noted as a sign of increasing prosperity and self-respect that the young painter, instead of pulling faces in the glass, now poses before it with the air and costume of a well-bred gentleman. Another very fine portrait of this time is that of the *Man with a Short Beard and Embroidered Cloak* (B. 263. M. 77.), full of clear and decided drawing without any over-finish. The student may observe how completely explanatory, with few lines, is the treatment of the costume. Rembrandt still retains his former interest in old age and proves it by a wonderfully beautiful *Bust of an Old Man with a Long Beard* (B. 260. M. 62.). The wrinkled forehead would no doubt have been accepted by Barry as a proof of Rembrandt's "ignorant diligence" in copying "the multiplied wrinkles and trifling peculiarities of the skin." This is one of the most perfect of Rembrandt's lighter and more delicate etchings, and there is another charming little sketch plate of an old bearded man with the date of 1631 (B. 315. M. 63.). In this year Rembrandt went on with his series of beggars, but without any change of style, and etched in the same light manner a clever plate of very small dimensions known as *The Little Polander* (B. 142. M. 79.). One of the most important works of the year was the portrait of *Rembrandt's Mother, her Hand resting upon her Breast* (B. 348. M. 55.). This etching belongs to the same class of serious, highly finished, and dignified works as the portrait of the artist himself with the *Broad Hat and Embroidered*

Mantle. It was a new style with Rembrandt then and these works have an air which implies that he took a certain pride in it. Certainly this portrait of his mother is one of the most beautiful etchings he ever produced. The contrasts of delicacy and strength of line in flesh and costume are extreme but never offensive. They occur always in the right place and however easy the workmanship there is no carelessness.

For the year 1632 there is nothing dated, in the way of studies and portraits, except a vastly broad figure of a Persian "swell" (there is no other word for him) who goes swaggering along with cloak, and fringes, and medal, and cane, and plume! It is a charming example of the serio-comical, admirably etched in a light incisive way (B. 152. M. 91.). The same year is marked by a return to religious subjects in a St. Jerome, praying passionately, *St. Jerome Kneeling, an Arched Print* (B. 101. M. 183.). Notwithstanding the difference of subject, St. Jerome is etched in the same light and clever manner as the distinguished Persian. This, too, is the year of *The Rat Killer* (B. 121. M. 261.), one of Rembrandt's characteristic plates of popular subjects reminding us in that respect of Ostade, and also in the complete absence of local colour. The execution is like that of some of the beggar series but not so lively as the best of them. It is a complete Dutch picture as to composition, though the light-and-shade is little more than indicated.

I have never admired the portrait of 1633, *Rembrandt with a Scarf round his Neck* (B. 17, M. 99). The face is almost entirely in shade, except a little sunshine on the left cheek, and as the shading is heavy, coarse, and over-bitten, it looks as if the original had had his face blackened.

It is most difficult to give a satisfactory account of Rembrandt's etched work for the year 1633, as it so happens that some of the most important parts of what is attributed to him for that year are subjects of doubt and discussion, and must therefore be reserved for later consideration. There is no evidence that Rembrandt made any progress as an etcher in that year. What was intended to be a very important plate, a great *Descent from the Cross*, was entirely ruined in the biting, ruined past redemption, so that after two or three trial proofs the plate was abandoned. A second plate of the same composition appears to have been

etched by another hand. We know from the number of pictures signed by Rembrandt at this time or soon after that he was most industriously occupied with painting, and he now began, probably for commercial reasons, to make compositions for large plates full of tiresome work and for which he would naturally be tempted to employ assistants. The experience of all etchers has shown that the big commercial plate is an artistic error, whatever may be its immediate pecuniary advantages. There is, however, a very little plate, *An Old Woman etched no lower than the Chin* (B. 351, M. 101), which is a return, without any visible improvement, to the artist's simplest and most elementary style of five years before.

An Old Woman etched no lower than the Chin.
B. 351. M. 101.

The production of large commercial plates, as well as the painting of many pictures about this time, may have been connected with ideas of marriage in obedience to the Shakespearian rule, "Put money in thy purse." In June 1634 Rembrandt married Saskia van Ulenburgh at Bilt in Friesland. She was a young lady of good family, and although Rembrandt was not in the least worldly or what is called a "society man," still, as his marriage improved his social position, he may have been tempted to some display about this time. It was a very brilliant marriage for a young artist. Vosmaer tells us that Saskia gave Rembrandt admission "into a distinguished family, whose members illustrated the magistrature, science, literature, and the arts." She also brought Rembrandt a good fortune, and there is evidence that the marriage was a happy one.

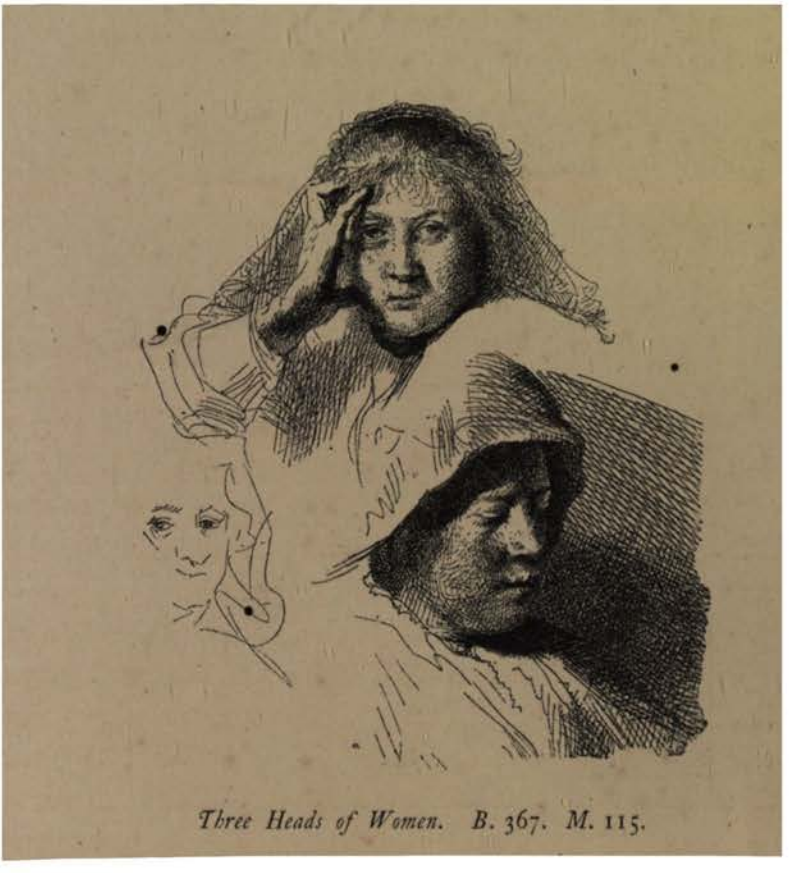
There are uncertainties and disappointments in etching even for the most experienced masters, and one of the worst plates that Rembrandt ever made, if, indeed, he did entirely execute it with his own hand, is the portrait of *Jan Sylvius* (B. 266. M. 110.), that of 1634, which is not to be confounded with the fine later portrait of Sylvius preaching, executed four years later. The first Sylvius does not show Rembrandt's usual skill in drawing (look at the right nostril and the wooden hands) whilst the shading is heavy and of poor quality, being without any effectual varieties of tone, texture, and handling. Admiration of bad

work like this, whether sincere or feigned, only diminishes the value of that which is rightly given to good examples of the art. It is interesting to observe that in the same year (1634) Rembrandt recurred to the very simplest and most elementary (but often most satisfactory) kind of etching, clear line and plain shading, in some studies of beggars which are admirable examples of such work, to be recommended to the attention of all practical beginners.

The year 1634 is that of the very celebrated etching called *The Great Jewish Bride* (B. 340. M. 108.). This title has nothing to do with the bigness of the bride herself; it is merely used to distinguish the plate from a smaller one of another person. M. Charles Blanc made it out to his own satisfaction that this is really a portrait of Saskia, Rembrandt's wife, his strongest argument being that the plate was executed in the year of his marriage. The other argument, based on likeness to known portraits of Saskia, is untenable. The two women are not of the same feminine type. The Saskia who is in the plate called *Rembrandt and his Wife* (B. 19. M. 128.) is a bright-looking, intelligent woman, and so is the lady, evidently the same person, in *Rembrandt's Wife and Five other Heads* (B. 365. M. 129.). The Jewish Bride, on the other hand, has certainly less than the usual intelligence of her race. She is a fine woman, physically, and she has magnificent hair, but she is only a fine woman and Saskia is much more. Besides, the Jewish lady looks as if she could be bad-tempered, which Saskia does not. The Jewess has a low forehead, a large ugly mouth with protruding lower lip, and a very dark complexion; Saskia's forehead is high, her mouth small and pretty, and her complexion fair. M. Charles Blanc believed that the uppermost of the *Three Heads of Women* (B. 367. M. 115.) had at least been suggested by Saskia. This seems very probable, the face is pleasant and intelligent.

The Great Jewish Bride, in its finished state, is an attempt at complete tonality. It is more successful in that respect than the first portrait of Sylvius, but I may be excused for preferring the costume portrait which Mr. Middleton calls *Portrait, Unknown, of a Man with a Sabre* (B. 23. M. 111.), but which Mr. Haden and others have believed to be Rembrandt himself. M. Charles Blanc was disposed to abandon this idea, as there is not much likeness to other self-portraits of the master

and there is a wart on this face that does not occur in the others. Blanc saw a likeness to the Duke of Gueldres, but the search of an original is unnecessary, as the etching is most probably a fancy piece, only bearing some resemblance to Rembrandt himself, without pretending to be a likeness. It is very cleverly executed. The shade on the face is too black, which may probably be accounted for by the original intention



Three Heads of Women. B. 367. M. 115.

to use the copper as an ornamental plate on a box rather than for printing. There was, however, in Rembrandt's work at this time a decided tendency to over-shading, the consequence of those experiments in full tonality which all etchers seem to be, at one time in their lives, tempted to make. A charming plate of this year, *A Young Woman reading* (B. 345, M. 109.), is injured by too great darkness and heaviness in the shading of the face. In the same year, 1634, we find two small plates of religious subjects, *The Samaritan Woman—at the Ruins* (B. 71.

M. 195.) and *Jesus and the Disciples at Emmaus* (B. 88. M. 194.) in which full tonality is not attempted. There are, however, some reasons for believing that Rembrandt borrowed the conception of these works from other artists. Mr. Haden suggests Dow for the *Samaritan Woman*. *The Martyrdom of St. Stephen* (B. 97. M. 197) is a work of the same class, well composed, brilliant and effective, but far from being one of the

A Young Woman reading. B. 345. M. 109.

best drawn amongst Rembrandt's etchings; the lower part of St. Stephen's body is very difficult to defend or account for satisfactorily. There is bad drawing, too, in the poor plate of *Jesus Christ Driving out the Money Changers* (B. 69. M. 198.), of which the principal figure is borrowed from Albert Dürer, whilst the miserable cow, besides being much too small, is hardly better as a study of animal life than the scared cattle in the large plate of *The Angel appearing to the Shepherds* (B. 44. M. 191.). The

truth is that Rembrandt was a most unequal artist and that there is no regularity in his onward course. He was always ready to etch with a new aim and adopt some style in which he had not much previous experience, the attempt being sometimes successful and sometimes partially or completely a failure. We have seen how he attempted complete tonality in *The Great Jewish Bride* and woodcut effects in three of the smaller religious compositions. It is strange that the author of these plates could and did, nearly at the same date, etch such a marvellously perfect little masterpiece as *The Mountebank* (B. 129. M. 117.). The execution is most intelligent, not a line too many nor a shade too dark, and no one doubts that it is by the hand of Rembrandt, though the original idea of the subject has been attributed to Jan Van de Velde. The well-known portrait of *Johannes Uijtenbogaerd* (B. 279. M. 114.) is a realisation of that complete scale of lights and darks which Rembrandt had for some time, in an intermittent way, been aiming at. It is very fortunate that the desire for depth and richness did not lead, in this instance, to any overshading of the face which is delicately and most observantly drawn. There is an early state of the plate before the darkening of the background. As in the *Uijtenbogaerd* the scheme of light and dark is a bright centre surrounded by dark shades, so in *The Pancake Woman* (B. 124. M. 264.) the scheme is a dark figure surrounded by lighter ones and by a light background. The style is as different as possible from that of the other plates of the year 1635. The idea and composition are hardly like Rembrandt and have been credited to the original author of *The Mountebank*.

The Mountebank.
B. 129. M. 117.

Rembrandt continued the practice of his lighter style in 1636. For example, the portrait of *Menasseh Ben Israel* (B. 269. M. 127.) is an excellent example of plain straightforward etching in clearly bitten black line. I take the liberty of recommending it as a good model for amateurs; if they think such etching does not look delicate enough they can work over it, sparingly and judiciously, in dry point. Mr. Middleton says

that Menasseh Ben Israel "was one of Rembrandt's most intimate friends, living near him in the Breedstraat. He early established his reputation as an author; and it shows the high estimation in which he was held

THE PRODIGAL SON. B. 91. M. 201.

by his co-religionists that he was deputed by them to undertake a mission to the Protector Cromwell to obtain from him the recall of the Jews to England."

A very important little work from the biographical point of view is

the etching of *Rembrandt and his Wife* (B. 19. M. 128.). By an effect of what is called "exaggerated perspective,"[1] Rembrandt's face appears enormous in comparison with that of Saskia. It is pleasant to know that she was a good wife to him, and that their short married life was a happy one. She appears again in the plate of sketches called *Rembrandt's Wife and Five other Heads* (B. 365. M. 129.). They are all masterly sketches without more than a clear suggestion of light and shade. The year 1636 is also the date of *The Prodigal Son* (B. 91. M. 201.), an etching in Rembrandt's simplest manner, not agreeable at first sight, as there is little charm of execution and the personages, especially the wretched youth himself, are ill-favoured, but the subject has never been treated with deeper imaginative sympathy. The repentant humility of the son and the affectionate forgiving tenderness of the father are enough to disarm criticism.

IV

The years through which we are now passing were the happiest of Rembrandt's life. The great fertility of his mind and hand and a habit of regarding an "old master" as a very experienced man may easily make us forget that in 1637 Rembrandt was only thirty years old and his beloved Saskia only twenty-five. Yet if Rembrandt had died at that time his name would still have survived as that of a great master. He had already done some of his very best work both in painting and etching. He had painted *The Anatomical Lesson* five years before and, before that or after, many a picture now in the most famous collections of the world. As for what he had done in etching, I need only say that the plates I have mentioned give an inadequate idea as I have restricted myself, hitherto, to those which bear a date. Rembrandt was a man of great courage, great fortitude, so that he bore

[1] The expression is not accurate but we know what is meant by it. When the draughtsman is too near to the nearest objects which he represents, he may draw them quite truthfully and accurately and yet make them look too big relatively to what is behind them. This is a very common fault even in the present day and in the works of the most distinguished draughtsmen, who do not seem to perceive how objectionable it is.

well in later life the stress and strain of sorrow, solitude, and adversity, but it is pleasant to think that he lived the golden days of his life's summer at Amsterdam with Saskia, a summer of fame and love, of pecuniary ease and peace, surrounded by works of art, and in a large richly furnished mansion which we may be sure that Saskia, as a Dutch lady of good family, would keep for him in the most exquisite cleanliness and order. It is true that there had been changes in the old paternal home at Leyden. Rembrandt's father, Harmen, had died about 1632, his mother lost three of her children before 1640 and lived with her youngest daughter Lijsbeth. The eldest son Adriaen, who was seventeen years older than Rembrandt, kept on the paternal mill. Such was the situation of Rembrandt and his family when he was thirty years old. He was already a father, his son Rumbartus having been born in December 1635.

Three of the most perfect of Rembrandt's smaller plates belong to the year 1637. We have *Abraham sending away Hagar and Ishmael* (B. 30. M. 204.), an exquisite work by no means overcharged with labour, and not pretending to be in full tone, yet extremely rich in materials and in the abundant but not obtrusive indication of details. The dramatic action of the figures is very finely conceived, especially that of the majestic, unpitying patriarch. In the same year we find a portrait, also of the patriarchal type, *An Old Man wearing a rich Velvet Cap* (B. 313. M. 131.) highly finished, but not over-shaded and well preserving the different qualities of flesh, and hair, and dress in which it is much superior, for example, to the *Young Woman reading* (B. 345. M. 109.) though that is also, in other ways, an excellent etching. A very admirable portrait of 1637 is *A Young Man seated, turned to the Left* (B. 268. M. 132.). This is called in the French catalogues "Jeune homme assis et réfléchissant" because he has a serious expression of thoughtful meditation. Without being so highly finished as the portrait just described it is equally sound in workmanship and unquestionably one of the most faultless pieces in the whole collection. It always strongly reminds me of Francia's absorbing and entrancing picture of the melancholy young man in the Louvre. The reader will remember that in 1636 Rembrandt made several sketches of heads on the same copper, including a pretty portrait of Saskia. He repeated the experiment in

1637 with one head as a study of sleep. The etching is entered in Mr. Middleton's catalogue as *Three Heads of Women, One asleep* (B. 368. M. 130.). The plate is not quite so light and elegant in touch and treatment as that of the preceding year, nor are the models so agreeable, but the sleeping woman is most closely observed.

I hope the reader will not take it as evidence of disrespect towards our first parents if I say that it is impossible to look at Rembrandt's etching of *Adam and Eve* (B. 38. M. 206.) without a lively sense of the ludicrous. Rembrandt did not flatter our vanity by telling us that we had such ancestors as these. So remote are they from all our notions of what is comely in the human form, that one regrets the impossibility (whilst remaining faithful to the text) of providing them with decent habiliments. Even M. Dutuit, with all his admiration for Rembrandt, admits that "Adam et Ève ont réellement une figure repoussante." So, indeed, they have, and yet, in spite of their ugliness, the etching as a whole is far from being destitute of artistic beauty. It is finely composed and well lighted. The dragon that represents the serpent is grandly conceived, and the attitudes of Adam and Eve would have been appreciated in handsomer bodies. The manual execution of the simple linear work all about the tree and dragon is strong and masterly, bearing some resemblance to the pen-drawing of Titian.

A less questionable scriptural subject of this year is *Joseph telling his Dreams* (B 37. M. 205.), a rich little composition, as the subject was a good pretext for crowding many figures into a small space. This etching is closely related in style to such plates as the little one of *The Disciples at Emmaus* and *The Stoning of St. Stephen.* The portraits of the year include *Rembrandt in Mezetin Cap and Feather* (B. 20. M. 134.), a plate which looks less effective than many others because there are no intense blacks, and because it is almost uniformly etched with a fine point throughout, but there is much beautiful drawing in it, and much character, and Mr. Middleton observes that, "when rich in tone and exquisitely clear, as in the superb impression at Amsterdam, it is a work of singular beauty."

There is a well-known little etching of 1638, which has been called by two different names, *Saint Catherine*, and also *The Little Jewish Bride* (B. 342. M. 135.). It is pretty, both from the pleasing character of

the model and the absence of all pretension in her pose. The execution is equally unpretending, the very simplicity of treatment and biting having led to a certain wiriness in the hair. Some believe that this is a study of Saskia, but this girlish face is not like that of the clever-looking young woman in the plate of sketches (B. 365. M. 129.), and, for my part, I remain incredulous. The title *Saint Catherine* was suggested by the wheel in the corner.

V.

Rembrandt's family increased in the year 1638, when Saskia had a little girl whom they called Cornelya, but she lived only from the twenty-second of July to the sixteenth of August.

Two changes of residence may also be noted, but for these we have not precise dates. In February 1636 he had quitted the Breedstraat, and was living in the Niewe Doelstraat. In January 1639 he lived on the interior quay of the Amstel in a house called the Suijkerbackerij We do not exactly know at what date he left this residence for his fine mansion in the Jodenbreedstraat.

The year 1639 is of great importance in the history of Rembrandt's career as an etcher. He had already done such excellent work that it seems as if improvement must have been impossible, but his experiments in various directions appear to have left a temporary conviction in his mind that etchings loaded with heavy work, like *The Great Jewish Bride*, were not the best adapted to expression in this art, and that a lighter style was preferable. Nevertheless, his experience in various styles, even in the heaviest (as in the background and lower part of Johannes Uijtenbogaerd) had increased his power of execution. The portrait of himself, *Rembrandt Leaning on a Stone Sill* (B. 21. M. 137.), is a splendid example of high culture in the art of etching, going far enough in the darks for the expression of power but completely, even in the darkest parts, avoiding the mere thickness and density of printing ink, whilst the treble notes of this linear music are light and clear and faithfully true in tone. Observe how greatly superior is the shading on this face to that of *Rembrandt with a Scarf round his Neck* (B. 17. M. 99.) or to the face-blackening of *Rembrandt with Bushy Hair and*

Small White Collar (B. 1. M. 51.) or to that of *Rembrandt in a Fur Cap and Dark Dress* (B. 6. M. 17.). The hair, too, is treated with great skill, and in such a manner as to convey at the same time the sense of mass and a certain vigour of individual growth in the hairs themselves. It is far better, for example, than the coarse hair of *The Great Jewish Bride*, and, in itself, a sufficient answer to Mr. Ruskin's statement that nobody had ever etched hair. It would be interesting to see an attempt to copy it with a burin. The technical excellence of this plate is accompanied by a most animated expression of countenance; not histrionic, as in the studies of assumed expressions, but that of a keen intelligence in its ordinary condition of observant wakefulness.

Another great masterpiece, small and slight as it may look, is *Youth Surprised by Death* (B. 109. M. 265.), a plate very lightly sketched but with a rare degree of delicacy and elegance both in the execution and in the conception of the subject. No one able to feel the charm of first-rate sketching would wish to see a line added to such a performance as this, or a shade of it darkened.

And lastly, this year 1639 brings us to the magnificent *Death of the Virgin* (B. 99. M. 207.), which if the dimensions of the copper, the nobility and grandeur of the conception, and beauty of style in execution are all to be taken into account, is certainly the greatest of all Rembrandt's works. It is not so popular as *Jesus Christ healing the Sick* (the Hundred Guilder Print) for which one reason may be that it has not so striking an effect of chiaroscuro, but it is equal to it both in human sympathy and in picturesque treatment, and superior in the superb energy of its most masterly style. I am well aware that such a display of manual power, of executive *bravura*, is incompatible with the perfection of form, and I know that the shapes of the angels will not bear scrutiny, still there is much wonderful drawing in the Virgin herself, and in the people round the death-bed.

VI.

The year 1640 is marked in the biography of Rembrandt by his mother's death, which took place in the month of September, at Leyden. He had a second daughter this year, who was baptized in July, and received the name of the first, Cornelya. There is no dated etching of 1640 worth special mention except the *Portrait, Unknown, of an Old Man with a Divided Fur Cap* (B. 265. M. 145.), a work of great dignity and beauty, but not likely to be popular from the absence of vigorous blacks. It is, however, admirably drawn, and though the distinctions of tone and local colour are slight this etching is one of the most faultless that Rembrandt ever executed, and perfectly harmonious in its own key.

This brings us to the year 1641 when, in all probability, Rembrandt removed to his fine house in the Jodenbreedstraat. My limits are too restricted for more than an occasional glance at the artist's private life. With the help of the inventory of Rembrandt's effects, Vosmaer made a most interesting description of the interior of the house with its well-furnished entrance hall where there were six Spanish chairs and twenty-four pictures, then the antechamber full of pictures including a Palma Vecchio, a Bassano, and a Raphael; there were also a mirror in an ebony frame, a big walnut table with a Tournay table-cover, and Spanish chairs with cushions in green velvet. Beyond this room again was another room that interests us particularly, for here was Rembrandt's private press. However, it was not a bare and simple printing room, but rather a picture gallery, including, as in Turner's gallery two hundred years later, only too many of the prolific artist's unsold works, now of inestimable value, but along with these many pictures by other masters. Here he had his etching-table with the usual shade to temper the light, and his oaken printing press, which was, I fear, but a clumsy piece of mechanism in comparison with the iron machines that our scientific makers construct for us to-day. Then there was a general sitting-room, also full of pictures, by Rembrandt himself and others, including a Raphael and large Giorgione.

So much for the ground floor. Above it were a suite of rooms more like a museum than apartments in a private mansion. There was a rich

collection of paintings, sculpture, casts, porcelain, and armour, besides many natural objects that had a picturesque interest for the master, such as plants, shells, and stuffed birds, in a word everything that could charm or amuse the most cultivated visual sense. There was a smaller room near to this, also a museum, and then came the studio adorned with a quantity of arms and costumes, a vestibule with lions' skins, and a small study rich in pictures. The collection of books consisted chiefly of volumes of drawings and engravings, abundant enough to prove the keen interest that Rembrandt took in the works of others.

The reader may imagine him living in this palace of art with his dear Saskia, the steps of Death, however rapidly advancing, as yet inaudible in the distance.

The etchings of 1641 are remarkable for an extreme diversity of manner and also, with one notable exception, for a general appearance of haste as if their author had been too much occupied with his painting to bestow much time upon his secondary art. The exception to this rule is the highly finished portrait of *Cornelis Anslo* (B. 271. M. 146.) which may have been taken as a model by our modern etchers from pictures. It was, in fact, executed deliberately from a drawing. Another attempt at full tone, but much coarser in execution, is a black little plate of this year entitled *The Schoolmaster* (B. 128. M. 271.). It is a night effect—a schoolmaster with several children arriving at the door of a house and a woman is speaking to him from the inside. What light there is comes from the interior.

Amongst the etchings of 1641 is a curiously mediæval-looking *Portrait of a Man with a Crucifix and Chain* (B. 261. M. 147.). It is not merely that the costume is of a time anterior to that of Rembrandt, but he has adopted an archaic interpretation of life. In works really his own there is always expression of some kind, but here the face is as void of mind as it is of beauty. The same model, in the same costume, but less elaborated, reappears in *A Man Playing Cards* (B. 136. M. 269.), a rapid sketch on copper. Another sketch is that of *The Virgin and Child in the Clouds* (B. 61. M. 211.), which only proves how little the genius of Rembrandt was fitted to rise above the earth and its familiar realities, and the same may be said of *The Angel ascending from Tobit and his Family* (B. 43. M. 213.), where the substantial legs and feet of the angel in the

air (all that is seen of him) inevitably suggest those of Harlequin leaping through the window.

The Baptism of the Eunuch (B. 98. M. 210.) is a sketch principally *au trait*, and *The Large Lion Hunt* (B. 114. M. 272.) is a far swifter sketch of a most spirited composition, in the execution of which the

The Angel ascending from Tobit and his Family. B. 43. M. 213.

artist has not given himself time enough for any accuracy in form. *Three Oriental Figures* (B. 118. M. 212.[1]) may be taken as an example

[1] In Mr. Middleton's catalogue this plate is entered as *Jacob and Laban*, a title given to it by M. Charles Blanc. It has, however, been cogently pointed out by M. Dutuit that the incident which Blanc supposed to have been illustrated by this etching occurred in camp life. Laban had followed Jacob, who had pitched his tent in the mount of Gilead; Laban stopped and encamped near him, and then went to Jacob's tent to remonstrate with him for having stolen his goods. In the etching we see nothing of the picturesque of camp life, which Rembrandt, who was a close reader of the Bible, and a great lover of the picturesque, would have been sure to seize upon. Instead of that, we have a house without even any signs of travelling, only three people in Eastern costume who have come to speak to the occupant. I called the plate "Jacob and Laban" in *Etching and Etchers*, merely from deference to Charles Blanc. However, I

of simple linear work, with a suggestion of shade, the whole without any attempt at delicacy in biting, so that the plate remained in a good condition for printing even to our own time, and I had an edition taken from it in the year 1868.

The activity of Rembrandt's observant mind was always likely to lead him in new directions, and it is not surprising to find him, in 1641, turning his attention to landscape, for which he had a strong natural sentiment. Two plates of this year, *A Large Landscape with a Dutch Hay Barn* (B. 225. M. 306.) and *A Large Landscape with a Mill-sail* (B. 226. M. 307.) are of more importance, perhaps, as examples of Rembrandt's skill in the treatment of picturesque rustic buildings than as interpretations of pure nature, but although the buildings predominate the foregrounds are treated with a lively sense of beauty in vegetation and the distances are delightful. Rembrandt had already fixed, in its essentials, his method of interpretation in landscape. Another plate of 1641, *The Mill, often called Rembrandt's Mill*[1] (B. 233. M. 305.), is a proof of his interest in picturesque buildings with a distance of very slight importance, though not without its own decided character.

VII

In the year 1641 Rembrandt had a son, Titus, baptized in the December[2] of that year.

In the month of June, 1642, he lost his beloved Saskia, who died at the early age of twenty-nine years and eleven months, her husband being then within a few weeks of thirty-five. So the fine house, with all its treasures, was made desolate, and the still young widower was left with his little child Titus.[3] Courage and strength of will remained to him, but the perfection of his happiness was gone for ever.

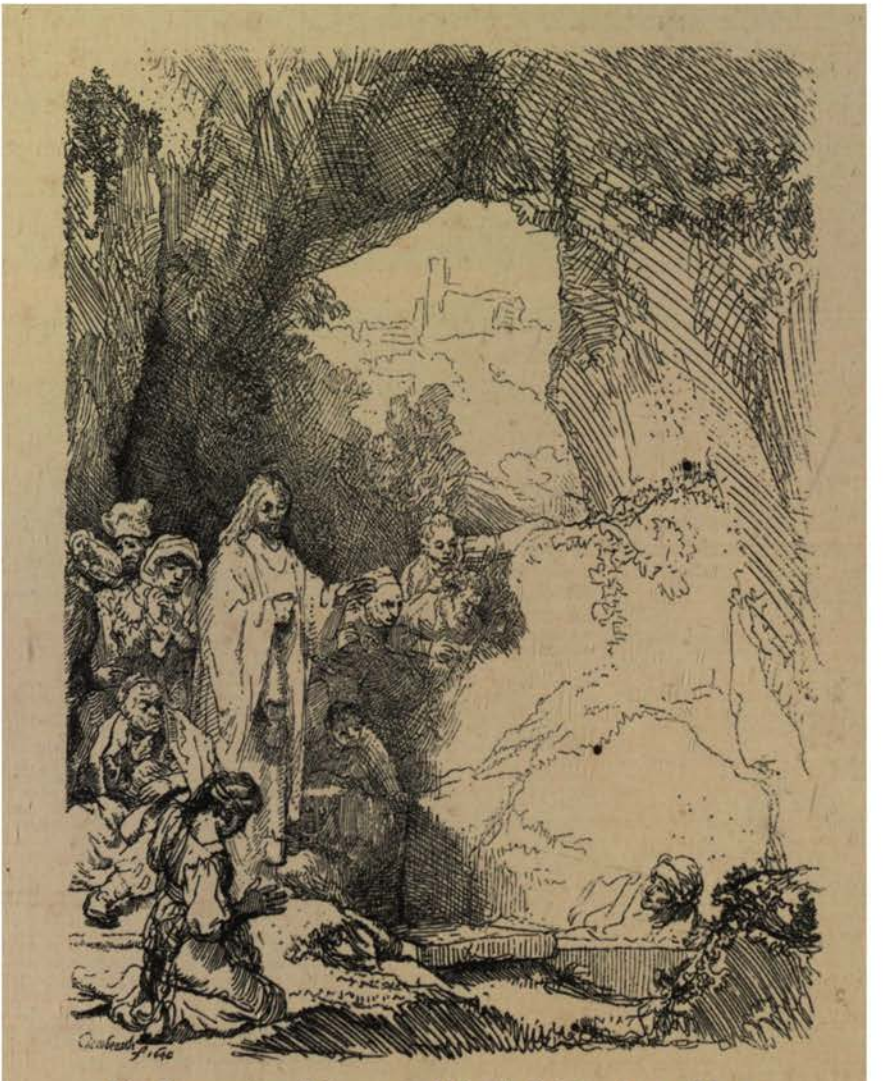
mentioned the other title also. The plain truth is that nobody knows what Rembrandt intended to illustrate in this plate, or whether he had any intention at all, beyond the mere grouping of some picturesque personages.

[1] M. Dutuit says, "This mill is not that where Rembrandt is said to have been born. We know positively that he was not born in a building of this kind. It is thought that this mill was situated at Carwijk, on the Rhine."

[2] Vosmaer says December in his text and September in the pedigree.

[3] Vosmaer does not give the dates of death for the first boy Rumbartus, and the

The dated etchings for this sad year are neither numerous nor important. There is a *St. Jerome: in Rembrandt's dark Manner* (B. 105.



The Resurrection of Lazarus, A Small Print. B. 72. M. 215.

M. 214.) of which I shall have more to say elsewhere, a very slight linear sketch *The Descent from the Cross* (B. 82. M. 216.) a study of

second girl Cornelya. Mr. Middleton says, "to this marriage were born four children, three of whom died in their earliest infancy, the fourth, Titus, alone survived." M. Dutuit uses almost the same expressions.

The Three Trees. B. 212. M. 309.

a picturesque cottage with a boarded fence entitled *A Cottage with White Pales* (B. 232. M. 308.) and *The Resurrection of Lazarus: a Small Print* (B. 72. M. 215.). The last is known in French catalogues as *La Petite Résurrection de Lazare*, and will be referred to later in comparison with the large etching of the same subject.

The year 1643 brings us to two good things—an excellent animal study *The Hog* (B. 157. M. 277.), in which the animal is represented lying down with its hind legs tied together, and a fine landscape well known to all lovers of Rembrandt as *The Three Trees* (B. 212. M. 309.). I happen to know by a positive test, that this plate is far more popular than one would have been likely to imagine. The best test of popularity is the separate sale of Amand-Durand's reproductions. He tells me that this plate sells better than any other.[1] It is a grand suggestion of landscape effect, but without any attempt (probably without any desire) to imitate the quality of clouds or the softness of falling rain.

I have only found one signed etching for 1644, a small plate called *The Shepherd and his Family* (B. 220. M. 310.).

It is unquestionable that after the death of Saskia Rembrandt was led much more than formerly to the study of landscape. He probably went out more, or his walks were more solitary, so he made sketches from nature, sometimes on paper, sometimes directly on the copper. For the year 1645 we have the *View of Omval, near Amsterdam* (B. 209. M. 311.), an important and masterly performance, and also the summary sketch of *Six's Bridge* (B. 208. M. 313.), a first-rate example of rapid selection in landscape by which all the parts of a scene, in their due relations, are described with a minimum of labour. The influence of this plate is visible in the slighter works of many modern artists, particularly in those of Jongkind. Two religious subjects of this year, *St. Peter* (B. 96. M. 219.), and *A Repose* (B. 58. M. 218.), are slightly sketched and very little bitten, that little being in one biting. Possibly Rembrandt may not have intended to leave the plates in this condition,

[1] Judging by his separate sales, M. Amand-Durand believes that *Christ Healing the Sick* (the Hundred Guilder Print) is the most popular of Rembrandt's etchings, but its sales are not so large as those of *The Three Trees*, because the price of it is six francs, whilst that of *The Three Trees* is four only. Still, it is very surprising that a landscape should come second, as many of the figure-subjects are sold for its price, or less.

but they are charming sketches, answering, in etching, to work done with the silver point or a very hard, well-sharpened, lead pencil.

The reader will remember that mention was made of a portrait of J. C. Sylvius, etched in 1634. I ventured to say that I did not admire it. I do, however, very heartily appreciate the merits of the etching of 1646. *Jan Cornelis Sylvius; an oval Portrait* (B. 280. M. 155.) is one of Rembrandt's finest works, as the other, if entirely by his hand, ought to be frankly classed amongst his failures. Still, even this expressive and most life-like portrait of the preacher is injured by the superfluous work round

Six's Bridge. B. 208. M. 313.

about it, by the rude oval frame, by the too numerous engraved words, and also by the dull shading in the background which has so little artistic quality that it may easily have been put in by an assistant. The face is so strong and earnest in its eloquence that after looking at it for a minute we feel ourselves to belong to the congregation. "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

The year 1646 may be noted for some attempts in a kind of art for which etching is not particularly well qualified, the representation of the naked figure. Two studies of that year deserve especial attention, *An*

Academical Figure seated on the Ground (B. 196. M. 278), and *A Figure, formerly called "The Prodigal Son"* (B. 193. M. 279). It appears that the second is still called "The Prodigal Son" in Holland though it is obviously nothing more than an ordinary study of the nude. The model is seated on a stool or chair behind which is a dark curtain that puts his flesh into vigorous relief. He is etched strongly and simply as one might sketch with a pen, and without any idealisation of the forms. The other study has the same general characteristics but without such strong oppositions of light and shade. They are good straightforward sketch studies of very poor models, executed on the principles of the strictest realism. After saying this, I need not add that they are far from being beautiful, but they are honest and strong work.

Two etchings, only, bear the date of 1647, but these two are of capital importance. One is the noble portrait of *Ephraim Bonus* (B. 278. M. 158.) and the other the not less remarkable *Portrait of Jan Six* (B. 285. M. 159.). It was Rembrandt's habit to try over and over again for some quality that he desired but not to fatigue himself by toiling continuously for the same object. He always gave himself intervals, not of leisure, but of variety in his work, after which he tried again to do better what he had before attempted with more or less partial success. Almost every etcher has tried, at one period of his existence, to etch a plate in full tone. It is not necessary, as some of the finest etchings present only a selection of tones, but it seems to be an inevitable ambition, as every prose-writer has written verse and every engraver has tried to colour. These two etchings are both in full tone. Ephraim Bonus was a Jewish physician, he has been to see a patient, and is still, perhaps, reflecting on the case as he pauses with his hand on the banister of the stair. The plate looks like an etching from a picture, and there is, or was, in the Six collection a portrait of Bonus in the same attitude painted by Rembrandt, on the same scale as the etching.

The portrait of Jan Six is unquestionably Rembrandt's masterpiece in the way of highly-finished shading, and was evidently executed with the intention of carrying his art, for once, as far as was possible for him in that special direction. For a hand like his, accustomed to the utmost freedom, such success in patient labour may appear surprising, but it

has an exact parallel in the high finish of some of Rembrandt's paintings. The interest of the plate is, however, by no means limited to its technical excellence. It is a charming, and was in its own day also a new and original, presentation of a cultivated gentleman in the privacy of his own room. Tranquillity and sobriety in everything are here the dominant notes. The subject appears quite unaware that he is watched, and reads, as he thinks, in solitude, near his window, and so it is one of the most unaffected of all portraits. I ought to add that the perfection of the technical work can only be appreciated by consulting a fine impression. The copper began to wear early and is now worthless for printing, however interesting as a relic or a curiosity.

Jan Six, afterwards Burgomaster, was already, when portrayed by Rembrandt, the author of a tragedy which gives its title to an etching of the following year, *Medea, or the Marriage of Jason and Creusa* (B. 112. M. 286.). It is rather a large plate but not otherwise worth especial notice. The year 1648 also gives us the most important of all the artist's beggar subjects, *Three Beggars at the Door of a House* (B. 176. M. 287.), a brilliant etching, in which the search for full tone is entirely abandoned, as there is no indication of local colour in the beggars, and it is suggested only in the dress of the almsgiver in his doorway. This plate is very nearly related to *The Rat Killer* (B. 121. M. 261.) which is almost the same composition and has the same absence of local colour. There is some relationship too between *The Three Beggars* and *The Three Oriental Figures* (B. 118. M. 212.) who are also at the door of a house. Judging by the sales of the Amand-Durand reproductions, the etching of the Beggars comes third in modern popularity amongst all the works of Rembrandt. A minor etching of the same year, *A Jew's Synagogue* (B. 126. M. 288.), remarkably full of human character and artistic effect, is executed precisely on the same principles. One of the numerous St. Jerome subjects also belongs to this year, that is *St. Jerome writing, seated near a Large Tree* (B. 103. M. 223.). Practical students will notice that Rembrandt first etched his subject, and then, not being satisfied, made some hurried and vigorous additions in pure dry point which do not at all harmonise with the rest. This etching is a good specimen of the mighty master's autograph, but the tree is so predominant that St. Jerome is little more than a landscape figurine. The most inter-

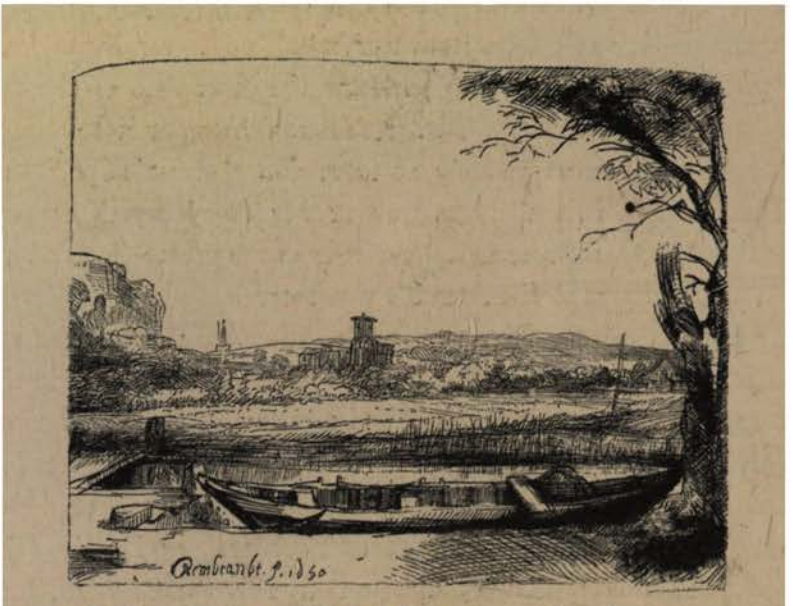
esting plate of 1648 is a very fine and very serious portrait of the artist himself, *Rembrandt Drawing* (B. 22. M. 160.). The days are now gone by when he dressed up for his own amusement and drew himself as a study of costume. He has gone through sorrow, but what a firm, strong, resolute face it is! And he needs all his strength to face the evil that lies before him.

There is no dated etching for the year 1649. A small sketch on copper, *The Bull* (B. 253. M. 289.); was dated by Rembrandt, but the last figure is lost. Mr. Middleton supplies its place with a 9, Vosmaer with a 0, Dutuit avows his inability to make a guess. In reality it is quite impossible to fix dates from Rembrandt's ever-varying styles.

It would be very interesting to know the exact date of the famous "Hundred Guilder Print." Mr. Middleton assumes it to be 1649, Vosmaer places it more vaguely at some date "about 1650," so does Mr. Haden. M. Michel gives "about 1649." I myself venture no further than to say, from technical evidence in the use of line and shade, that the plate belongs to Rembrandt's ripe maturity.

Our certain dates for 1650 continue to illustrate the extreme variety of Rembrandt's methods of work and the range of his interest in things. One day he sketches, in his roughest and most rapid manner, *Jesus Christ in the Midst of his Disciples* (B. 89. M. 225.) and the next he sets himself to imitate, with the utmost patience, a beautiful sea-shell of a pattern presenting dark irregular reticulations. *The Shell, or Damier* (B. 159. M. 290.). This is sometimes also called *The Spotted Shell*, but inaccurately, as the pattern is a sort of dark network upon a light ground. The plate is of the greatest interest as Rembrandt's most decided attempt at pure and simple imitation, the model being chosen for its imitable character, and it is curious to see the great artist humbly giving himself this elementary lesson at the mature age of forty-three. At the same time he continues his practical studies of landscape and picturesque buildings, for example, in *The Three Cottages* (B. 217. M. 325.) and *A Village with a Square Tower* (B. 218. M. 321.). He also likes variety in the use of his tools, sometimes using etched, that is bitten, lines, and sometimes the dry point. Some of the etchings and sketches appear to afford evidence of travel. For example, there is a little landscape, otherwise unimportant, *Landscape with a Canal and Swans* (B. 235. M. 322.),

which according to Vosmaer resembles the hilly scenery about Cassel, and the same authority saw in some picture or study a resemblance to the scenery of Oldenbourg. In another small etching of the year 1650, *Landscape with a Canal and Large Boat* (B. 236. M. 323.), the distance, though not mountainous, shows hills for which the artist must have wandered beyond the perfectly flat landscape of Holland. As to Rembrandt's studies in landscape, Vosmaer observes that although he began them early, his imagination did not take its flight until 1640 and reached the sublime about ten years later. However, he was always



Landscape with a Canal and Large Boat. B. 236. M. 323.

changing, and in 1651 we find him making an important landscape etching, *The Goldweigher's Field* (B. 234. M. 326), which has every appearance of simple topography, the plain portraiture of a familiar place. So, in the human figure he makes, in the same year, a most prosaic little study of ugly nudities, *The Bathers* (B. 195. M. 292.), and one of his most touching Biblical illustrations, *Tobit Blind, with the Dog* (B. 42. M. 226.), a work in which the mental conception, which is most pathetic, is everything, and the manual performance so simple, so devoid of all pretension, that it requires some knowledge of etching to recognise the strength of a master. I much prefer the *Tobit Blind*, even as a piece

of etching, to the black *Flight into Egypt: a Night Effect* (B. 53. M. 227.) which was etched in the same year. There is a strong resemblance, as to execution, between the *Tobit* and the dress of *Clement de Jonghe* (B. 272. M. 164.) also belonging to 1651, but the face of de Jonghe is carried much further and the quiet reflected light in the shadow

Tobit Blind, with the Dog. B. 42. M. 226.

of the hat is one of the best proofs of Rembrandt's complete mastery at this time.

The year 1652 offers rather a repetition of former successes than triumphs in any new variety of the art. The reader will understand that it was becoming rather difficult for Rembrandt, at the age of forty-five, and after at least twenty-four years of practice, to produce anything that

was not visibly rooted in his own past. The *Jesus Disputing with the Doctors; the Larger Plate* (B. 65. M. 231.) is a masterly sketch like the *Tobit*, in which the imaginative conception of the scene far predominates over the simple handicraft. The *David on his Knees* (B. 41. M. 232.) has more "colour" but is near akin to the Tobit in pathetic intensity of sentiment. The reader may profitably compare it with official pictures of great personages going through prayer as a public function. King David is rather rudely drawn, and I will not undertake to defend

Jesus Disputing with the Doctors; the Larger Plate. B. 65. M. 231.

the shading of his face, but he is thinking neither of crown nor harp, his whole soul is with the God of Israel. A landscape with this year's date is accurately called in the French catalogues, *Le Bouquet de Bois* (Charles Blanc, 323, Dutuit 219), by Mr. Haden, *A Landscape with a Vista*, whilst Mr. Middleton calls it *The Vista* (B. 222. M. 328.). The Italian word means either a prospect or an opening which gives the eye an escape into the distance (in French *une échappée*) and it is in this latter sense that the word is used in the English catalogues.[1] The objection to

[1] The plate might be called in English *A Clump of Trees with an Opening to the Right.* If that is too long (it is not longer than many of the titles used for other etchings), *A*

Mr. Middleton's title is that the use of the Italian word by itself conveys the notion of a wider prospect, or of a landscape in which the distance is the chief thing.[1] Here, the etching is blocked by a clump of trees with an issue round the corner to the right. It is one of Rembrandt's finest works in pure dry point. There is not a dry point in existence, by any master, that shows a more comprehensive and magisterial style.

David on his Knees. B. 41. M. 232.

VIII

The date 1653 is of sinister importance in the life of Rembrandt. He then began to borrow money in large sums. On the twenty-ninth of January he gets a loan of 4,180 florins from Cornelis Witsen, to be paid in a year. On the fourteenth of March, in the same year, he goes to Isaak van Hertsbeeck for 4,200 florins and also promises to pay in twelve months. He is now rushing quickly down the slope, the end of which is ruin. As in most instances of a like nature several different causes were operating together against him. They will be enumerated later.

There is only one etching certainly of this year but it is of capital size and importance, *Christ Crucified between Two Thieves; otherwise known as The Three Crosses* (B. 78. M. 235.). This magnificent

Wood Side would distinguish the work sufficiently and be more descriptive than *The Vista*, which one has to seek for.

[1] An excellent example of a vista in the sense of *une échappée*, may be seen in *The Flight into Egypt, called 'In the Style of Elzheimer,'* (*B.* 56. *M.* 236), where everything leads the eye to a lovely distance in an opening between the richest and densest masses of foliage, not a sneaking outlet on one side, like a servants' gate in a garden.

etching is in Rembrandt's broad and rapid manner, it is a linear sketch with masses of shading, the whole being far too quickly executed for any accuracy of form. We must take the work synthetically, as a whole, and not apply any detailed criticism. Rembrandt's sense of the grandeur of Christ has led him to give an exaggerated height to the body on the cross which, if we judge by the foreground figures, must at its own distance measure twelve or fourteen feet. The lighting is both supernatural and unnatural, but extremely effective. Our sense of its wonder and sublimity is perhaps diminished by our familiarity with the electric light, which gives similar effects of intense fan-shaped illumination whilst leaving outside things in darkness.

The Descent from the Cross: a Night Piece (B. 83. M. 242.) is called in the French catalogues the "Descent by Torchlight" which distinguishes it better from the great *Descent from the Cross*, where the lighting is supernatural. Both in conception and execution this is one of the most vigorous etchings of 1654. Its technical principles are the same as those of *The Three Crosses*, that is, organic lines with shade thrown over them, and with massive shade elsewhere in the plate. The idea is not so like that of a picturesque sculptor as the lofty group of the great *Descent from the Cross*, and this seems preferable in an etching.

The Flight into Egypt is one of Rembrandt's favourite subjects, and he treated it in the most various ways, at one time placing the Holy Family in a magnificent landscape, more Italian than Oriental, and at others in viewless nooks. *The Flight into Egypt, the Holy Family crossing a Rill* (B. 55. M. 240.) is of no particular locality, but we may suppose that the fugitive travellers have not yet escaped from Palestine and are crossing one of its brooks. This is one of the best of Rembrandt's small sketch plates in which an entire subject is indicated with little labour both in form and light and shade. The technical work, with a less display of power, is the same as that of the last plate we have been considering. The date is 1654. An excellent sketch plate of the same year, but in which line is somewhat more important and shade less, is *Jesus and his Parents returning from Jerusalem* (B. 60. M. 244.). The attitudes are most natural, the grandeur of the scenery seems to confirm the belief that Rembrandt must have travelled out of

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS: A NIGHT PIECE.

B. 83. *M.* 242.

Holland. Another of his favourite subjects was *Christ and the Disciples at Emmaus* (B. 87. M. 237.) of which we have a new version in 1654. It is a slight and rapid sketch, finely composed, but open to the obvious objection that if the disciples had prepared a stately seat under a canopy for their Master they must have known beforehand who He was, whereas St. Luke says He was revealed to them only after breaking bread. The nimbus is more defensible, for it may be explained as a sudden effulgence that astonishes even the innkeeper (or cook) who is descending

The Flight into Egypt, the Holy Family crossing a Rill. B. 55. M. 240.

the stairs. A still more striking interpretation of the same subject is a drawing by Rembrandt of which the reader will find an effective etching in Blanc's catalogue. The figure of the Master is entirely absent from this composition; we see only the empty chair from which he has just vanished.

Jesus Disputing with the Doctors is one of the most interesting subjects for pictorial treatment in the New Testament, and we find Rembrandt recurring to it again in 1654 in a small plate (B. 64. M. 245.). The attitudes, no doubt, are very natural, but I may be

excused for preferring the conception of the boy Jesus in the larger plate, and also the placing of the other figures which seems to me more artistic.

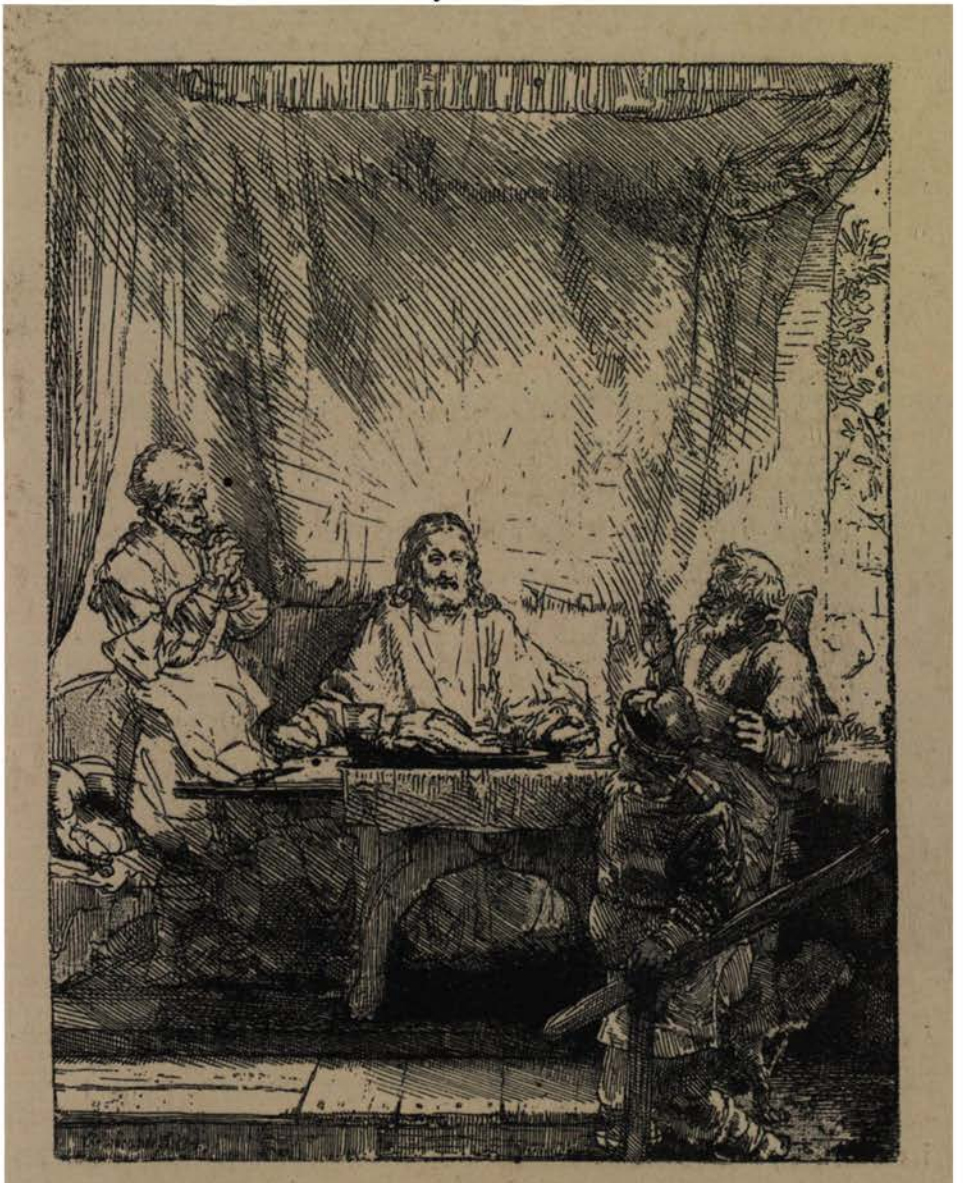
IX

The close of the year 1654 is marked by another step on the downward path, for in the month of December Rembrandt appears before the sheriffs because he owes interest amounting to more than fifty-two florins

Jesus and his Parents returning from Jerusalem. B. 60. M. 244.

on account of 1168 florins borrowed on mortgage, the security being his house in the Breedstraat. A portrait etched in 1655 has an interest connected with Rembrandt's affairs. It is that of *Thomas Jacobsz Haring* (B. 275. M. 169.) of whom, as a man of business, we shall hear more presently. The portrait is of a grave character, which is enhanced by a rich dark background resembling that of Jan Six, but of a coarser texture. Like the Six, it is obviously a study in darks. *Abraham's Sacrifice* (B. 35. M. 246.) is technically in the manner of *The Three Crosses* and *The Descent from the Cross by Torchlight*, and by its grandeur and originality of invention and composition may well take rank as one

of Rembrandt's finest plates. *Christ before Pilate* (B. 76. M, 248.), which is more descriptively named in the French catalogues as *Jésus*



Christ and the Disciples at Emmaus. B. 87. M. 237.

Christ présenté au Peuple, is a very large plate, boldly sketched, representing a court in Pilate's palace where he shows Jesus to the people

on a raised platform. There is some very grand and powerful linear sketching in this plate, having the characteristics of the etched line in all

Abraham's Sacrifice. B. 35. M. 246.

its strength, but it seems certain that Rembrandt intended to shade a good deal over it, a process already begun in the building to the left.

X

In 1656 Rembrandt's affairs were in such a bad position that he transferred his house and land to his son Titus, then a minor of fifteen. However, with the consent of Saskia's relations, he is still to have charge of the property.

This was in the month of May, but the arrangement left the unfortunate artist little respite, for he was declared insolvent in July, all his possessions seized, and an inventory made of them by order of the Court of Bankruptcy.

These miseries do not prevent Rembrandt from etching one of his finest portraits, that of *Johannes Lutma* (B. 276. M. 171.), a most powerful and characteristic study, both of face and figure. The reader ought to see a fine impression of the *first* state.

Abraham entertaining Angels (B. 29. M. 250.) is in some respects an unfortunate attempt. The manual execution, for a sketch on copper, leaves nothing to be desired, but the conception of the scene is too matter-of-fact. For God and the Angels Rembrandt has given us simply Dutch burghers enjoying themselves at table, in a garden. It was Wilson who first observed that the old man with the wine-glass is not Abraham but God the Father, or according to some theologians, God the Son. The patriarch himself is humbly serving his guests and sits to the right, holding a ewer.

There is just one plate for 1657, *St. Francis Praying* (B. 107. M. 252.), of considerable importance as to size and of great technical interest. M. Dutuit decidedly calls it one of Rembrandt's best works, and praises, as admirable, the patches of bur raised by the dry point. I see, of course, much manual power in this performance, and the figure of the saint expresses devotion well, but the plate is technically all out of tune. This may perhaps be attributed to the terrible trial through which Rembrandt was now passing.

XI.

Thomas Jacobsz Haring, whose portrait Rembrandt had etched and whose grave face will thus be known to future generations so long as human beings continue to take any interest in the fine arts, was appointed by the Commissioners in bankruptcy to sell Rembrandt's goods. This first sale, however, which took place towards the end of 1657, did not include more than a part of the prints and drawings in the artist's collection. These were sold in September, 1658, at the same place, the Imperial Crown Hotel, kept by one Schuurman, who little knew the future value of what his house then temporarily contained. In February of the same year Rembrandt's mansion had been sold for 11,218 florins, its indescribably precious contents fetching about 5,000 florins, sums that went to his creditors and to the trustees of the interests of Titus, as his mother's heir, Rembrandt himself being left absolutely penniless at the age of fifty-one and severed from all the treasures of art in which he had taken delight.

Little remains to be said about the dated etchings. In 1658 the great etcher recurs to the interesting subject of *Jesus and the Samaritan Woman* (B. 70. M. 253.), a pleasant, harmonious plate with a distance reminding us (not in execution) of Dürer. There are also several studies of the nude, of no beauty, except a little perhaps in the recumbent figure of *A Negress lying on a Couch* (B. 205. M. 300.). In 1659 we have *Antiope and Jupiter* (B. 203. M. 301.), a composition that seems inspired by an Italian influence, probably that of Titian, whose genius the subject would have suited better. Even Rembrandt's etching is not without a suggestion of beauty distantly imagined, yet unattained. In the year 1661 he etched *The Woman with an Arrow* (B. 202. M. 302.), a naked figure seated on the edge of a bed, holding an arrow in her right hand, and turning her back to the spectator. This is one of those examples in which a work tells powerfully and effectively as a whole though it may be criticised in some part, even in a principal part. One might say, with truth, that the figure is still very inferior to the best Italian or even French drawing, yet the plate, as a whole, is fine because the figure is made to harmonise so perfectly with its well-invented surroundings.

It is impossible to prove that Rembrandt etched anything after this, but he did not die till October 1669.

His son Titus had died thirteen months before him at the age of twenty-six, leaving a posthumous daughter, Titia. Her mother died less than three weeks after Rembrandt.

Vosmaer thought he had found satisfactory evidence that Rembrandt lived comfortably in his latter years, and in a good house on the Rozengracht, or Canal of Roses, which he says was not at all a poor quarter, only a little out of the way.[1] The ingenious Dutch biographer of Rembrandt also founds what appears to be a powerful argument on the merry looks of *The Laughing Portrait*, a picture that formerly belonged to M. Léopold Double, who kindly lent it to us for the

[1] The passage in Vosmaer's biography is so interesting that the reader may thank me for translating it.

"One day I went hunting about the Rozengracht to see if there were no traces of Rembrandt's last dwelling, no longer known. In front of what was formerly the site of the old *Doolhof*, on the north side, I noticed two fronts in an old style with shields dated 1652. Now, it was about 1656 that Rembrandt went to live on this quay. On the ground-floor of one of these houses is the studio of M. Stracke, a sculptor. As soon as I entered and looked about me I was struck by a resemblance. Rembrandt had made a sketch of an entrance, probably in his own house. Through the doorway the drawing shows an entrance with two windows and an open door, and through these the foliage of a tree, a quay, and the fronts of houses across the canal. I found myself in the same place! M. Stracke had the kindness to show me the whole house, and its present state made the past intelligible. The wooden floor that separated the cellars from the ground-floor is gone, but the brackets are still visible on which rested the ends of the beams. There are two rooms on the first floor; that which looks out upon the quay once had a beautiful chimney-piece, and the walls are still covered with painted tiles, but they are now hidden under a modern wall-paper. Another room that may very well have served as a studio, is behind, and has three windows with a northern aspect. The owner told the present tenant that the building was formerly so rich in marbles that the value of them was equal to the price given for the whole house, even a pathway leading to some out-buildings was paved with marble, and still at the present day the kitchen floor is in marble from the quarries of Carrara!

"There is a drawing in the British Museum which was evidently made from the room with three windows in this house of the Rozengracht: it represents a studio, the three windows have small panes and look out upon a roof; on a table before one of the windows is an object that may be a board or a portfolio.

"It is evident that in Rembrandt's time the house cannot have had the aspect of a poor place of refuge, where he had gone to live in destitution." Vosmaer's "*Rembrandt, sa Vie et ses Œuvres.*" Chap. XXXIX.

Portfolio. The reader will find the etching from it by Flameng in the *Portfolio* for January 1872. So far as we are able to ascertain, this is the last piece of self-portraiture that Rembrandt ever made, and the last we see of his honest face is jocund as the spring! Let us keep this cheering impression of the hard-working artist, the uncomplaining, practical philosopher!

Rembrandt was laid in his grave on the 8th of October 1669, at the age of sixty-two, having laboured incessantly at his vocation, as pupil, or master, about forty-nine years.

PART II

THE GENIUS AND CULTURE OF THE MASTER.

I

An Old Man with a Short Straight Beard. B. 306. M. 120.

THOUGH Rembrandt is a predecessor very difficult to approach in his own lines of work, it does not seem that his nature is hard to understand. It was a sound and simple nature with straightforward impulses and strong gifts. Amongst the supreme artists of the world no one had the graphic instinct and endowment more peculiarly and exclusively. Michael Angelo could turn aside from his painting and drawing to carve a statue or build a cathedral; Raphael, besides being painter and decorator, had the sense of construction so well developed as to be a competent, practical architect in the style of the Renaissance; Leonardo da Vinci was constructive, both as architect and engineer, besides having the acumen of a discoverer in science; Rubens had brilliant social and linguistic gifts, but Rembrandt was turned aside from his graphic occupations by none of these talents or tastes. He was, indeed, a lover of variety, he liked to refresh his intellect by change, but he found such variety as he needed in the graphic arts themselves, without seeking it outside of them. Though essentially a painter in oil colours, he was also a draughtsman in the most various materials, and he treated etching in such different ways as to divide it into five or six different arts.

Rembrandt was not entirely without literary instruction. He was sent, according to Orlers, to a Latin school with the intention of

preparing him for the classical Academy of Leyden, "so that by his acquirements he might in due time serve the city and the Republic." We know from the same authority that Harmen's little son disliked his Latin studies, and may safely infer that his success in them was small. Still, the effect of this early schooling was not entirely negative, as in after life Rembrandt wrote letters in his own language of which Vosmaer gives a few in his biography, adding the remark that "any one at all versed in the epistolary style of that age in Holland, will see that these letters come from a cultivated man."

It is possible to have a sense of culture without much scholarly attainment, and the truest description of Rembrandt is to say that he was educated but not learned. He possessed a certain number of volumes, of which those specially mentioned in the inventory of his effects (when he became insolvent) are, with the exception of an old Bible, either books entirely made up of drawings or engravings or else, like his Josephus, illustrated. "Fifteen volumes of various sizes" are mentioned without separate designation, and it has been assumed that they were books to read, but some of them may have been purchased, like the rest, for their engravings. All this amounts to conclusive evidence that Rembrandt had not a scholarly or a literary turn of mind, for he lived in what was then, as it is still, an eminently learned little country. The evidence seems all the more convincing when we reflect that Rembrandt was an extravagant man and that he had the peculiar form of extravagance which does not consist in ostentation in style of living but in purchasing what one desires to possess. Such a man, if he had cared for books, would have collected a magnificent library. If, however, any reader feels inclined to accuse Rembrandt of Philistinism, let me say in his defence that he was not more Philistine with regard to literature than most people in our educated classes are with regard to art. If he bought only fifteen books, have we not many gentlemen and scholars who have *not* bought fifteen portfolios of original etchings or engravings? The essence of Philistinism lies in insensibility to the influences of genius and in unawakened observation. On these two points the evidence in Rembrandt's favour is overwhelming. His collections prove conclusively that he delighted in the works of other artists, for which he competed enthusiastically and beyond all prudence

in the auction-room, whilst as to the observation of nature, his own works are still with us to testify like a multitude of living witnesses.

Rembrandt is the representative of the graphic intellect which notices, imitates, and remembers the forms of things, yet does not stop at the form but perceives that all shapes are significant. The scholarly intellect substitutes words for things and proper names for personalities, after which it deals with these substitutes as financiers deal with figures. The graphic intellect has its own processes of substitution of which Rembrandt's etchings afford many curious and interesting examples, but the visible forms of nature, though often noted in a sketcher's shorthand, are never lost sight of or forgotten.

"In the mind of such a man," said the elder Leslie, "the immense amount of knowledge accumulated by close and silent observation, knowledge of a kind not to be communicated by words, is something wholly inconceivable to the learned merely in books; and if their reading has opened to them a world from which he is shut out, he also lives in a world of his own, equally interesting, the wisdom and enjoyment of which his pencil is constantly employed in communicating to all who have eyes for the sublime aspects of nature, and hearts fitted to receive such impressions through their eyes."

I believe that Rembrandt was as safely guided by his instincts in his abstinence from certain pursuits as in the zealous industry with which he addicted himself to others. The dictionary tells us that "the humanities," in the plural, are "the branches of polite or elegant learning, as language, grammar, rhetoric, poetry, and the study of the ancient classics." But surely if any works in the world belong essentially to the "humanities" they are the works of Rembrandt himself, for no one has ever shown a profounder or a more catholic interest in man. Both the limits of this essay, and its special subject, forbid me to range at will over all the fields of Rembrandt's art, but in the one field that is open to me I find ample proof of the most catholic human sympathies, and it may be for this reason that whilst we admire the skill or culture of some artists (as, for example, the stern self-discipline of Ingres imposes itself on our respect) we do not admire Rembrandt merely, but it seems to us that we have known him personally and that we keep the memory of him fresh and green in our affections. Let us remember, too, that his interest in humanity was

unfeigned, that it did not express itself merely in pictures that he might hope to sell, but in hundreds of memoranda done evidently for himself and out of pure love of his subjects and pleasure in the constant practice of his art. Even the etchings, which might legitimately have been a source of income, were unprofitable in the artist's life-time. The famous *Hundred Guilder Print* is not believed to have brought Rembrandt that number of coined guilders, he only exchanged a proof of it for some engravings by Marcantonio which the dealer who offered them chose to value at that sum. Vosmaer says that the time and trouble he gave to

A Sheet of Sketches, afterwards divided into Five. B. 366. M. 83.

his etched portraits were certainly not remunerated. We cannot affirm that more than two of the etchings were sold by the trade, the others were kept for presents or exchanges, or disposed of occasionally by the artist.

It is clear, I think, from the etchings themselves that they cannot have been in any sense a mercantile speculation, with the exception of a very few plates, principally of large dimensions. The great majority are simply an artist's expression of his own mind, many are simply memoranda, like *A Sheet of Sketches, afterwards divided into Five* (B. 366. M. 83.), all may be taken as faithful reflections, during at least thirty-

three years, of Rembrandt's varying interests in human life, in landscape, and in the technical resources of etching itself. I propose to consider life and landscape in this Part and to reserve technical matters for the next.

II

The very earliest stage of human existence is generally more attractive to the feminine than to the masculine mind. It was not entirely neglected by Rembrandt, but he does not appear to have taken any very lively interest in infancy by itself, the charm of it, to him, was in its dependence upon parental love. If the reader is able to refer to a plate called *Academical Figures of Two Men* (B. 194. M. 280.) he will see in the background a slight and pale sketch of an entirely different subject, a child in a go-cart encouraged by an old woman. This little scene of infantine life is charmingly imagined, but Rembrandt valued it so little that he used the same plate for a commonplace study of the nude. Other works[1] prove that Rembrandt was not indifferent to babies, but it was the affection of parents that interested him most, an affection touchingly expressed in the attitude of the Virgin in *The Holy Family with the Serpent* (B. 63. M. 241.) where she is bending over the child so lovingly and laying her cheek to his. So in *Abraham caressing Isaac* (B. 33. M. 203.) the patriarch caresses the boy's face very tenderly and the boy is happy to be there between the paternal knees. Rembrandt had himself lost children in their infancy and could sympathise with all parental feeling, as when he etched *Jacob lamenting the supposed Death of Joseph* (B. 38. M. 189.) and the affecting plate of *The Virgin mourning the Death of Jesus* (B. 85. M. 202.).

The peasant children in Rembrandt's etchings are far from being attractive little creatures, and it is probably not a loss that we are unable to see those in the dark plate of *The Schoolmaster*. Nor is the child in

[1] There is a delightful little sketch of a sleeping child in the possession of Sir Frederick Leighton, reproduced in M. Michel's book on Rembrandt, and the reader will find in the same volume a family picture from the Brunswick Gallery, in which are three little children that appear both graceful and good-tempered. A very touching sketch, anticipating a well-known English picture, represents a widower gently trying to feed his baby, that appears to be unresponsive.

the *Three Peasants Travelling* (B. 131. M. 153.) a promising specimen of his race. It cannot be said that the etchings prove any delight in the beauty of young children. Even when we follow the models to maturity we do not often meet with any grace or elegance, quite a rare and exceptional instance being the figure of the young man in *Youth Surprised by Death.* The etchings in which Rembrandt attempted to represent the naked figure at its best time, for example the *Academical Figures of Two Men* (B. 194. M. 280.), are the most matter-of-fact interpretations without any sensitiveness to the beauty of the body or any evidence of the instinct which disengages a latent elegance that nature obscurely suggests. Closely connected with this indifference to the corporal beauty of youth, is the inability to conceive or express voluptuousness, of which there is never any trace in the works of Rembrandt. I am aware, of course, that three or four of his etchings represent certain actions that belong to the animal nature of man, but they are completely severed from everything that is seductive or poetical in form or motion. The plastic and graphic arts have often, like poetry, made it their business to idealise physical passion, and this may be done successfully by associating it with beauty of form and tenderness of sentiment.[1] There is nothing of this refinement in Rembrandt. He cannot approach a certain side of

Three Peasants Travelling. B. 131. M. 153.

[1] The classical painter, David, a most severely-disciplined artist, once painted Cupid and Psyche so as to tell all that painting ought to tell of youth, and beauty, and love, and he did it with an art so delicate that it is impossible to reprove him. Shelley had the same delicacy, as for example in his Epithalamium and in his little Italian poem containing the stanza :—

"Solinga, scura, cupa, senza speme,
La notte quando Lilla m'abbandona :
Pei cuori che si batton insieme
Ogni notte, senza dirla, sarà buona."

nature without grossness and therefore keeps habitually away from it as if warned by a consciousness of deficiency. There are, indeed, two deficiencies in Rembrandt with regard to this, his lack of ideality and the insufficiency of his classical culture.

It might be argued that Rembrandt drew the body with the same veracity as the hands and face, and that our criticism betrays a want of consistency in ourselves, since we approve of truth in the representation of the features and object to it in the trunk or limbs. Certainly Rembrandt never palliated plainness, he described even the ugliness of his own nose (B. 4. M. 42.), but whenever the human face is in question there may always be a ready and ample compensation for the lack of beauty in the presence of intellect and character, or, if these are wanting, in pathos. It is a sign of gentle feeling in a young man to take a respectful interest in age. Rembrandt began early in life to write on copper his own immortal treatise *de Senectute*. His strength lay in his respect for the wisdom of maturity and the dignity of declining years. His best portraits always represent either grave and learned men like Ephraim Bonus and Cornelius Sylvius, or old men like *Jacob Haring* (B. 274. M. 168.), one of his finest works. No author ever described more gently than Rembrandt has done in that portrait the slow approaches of senility. Some of the most interesting heads of old men are without names, and all we know is that they once existed. Rembrandt seems to have taken an interest in them for the most various reasons. Their hair and beards, if luxuriant, were delightful to etch, but baldness interested the artist also, and we find several studies of bald men, like this one called a *Profile of a Bald Man with a Jewelled Chain* (B. 292. M. 39.).[1] He amused himself by noting the various stages and degrees

Profile of a Bald Man with a Jewelled Chain. B. 292. M. 39.

[1] It is the first state that shows the chain of the order, the second state is altered, and the third shows heavy additional work, which M. Dutuit supposes to have been added by another hand.

of baldness, for example, it is incipient in the little etching called by M. Dutuit *Tête à demi chauve*[1] (B. 296. M. 95.), whilst it is lamentably complete in another little etching, *Bust of a Bald Man, leaning forward to the Right with his Mouth open* (B. 298. M. 56.). We know from many pictures and etchings that Rembrandt fully appreciated a fine beard, yet he could turn aside to note the poverty of a thin stubbly one as well as cranial nudity in *An Old Man with a Short Straight Beard; a Profile to the Right* (B. 306. M. 120.), reproduced on p. 59.

Amongst all Rembrandt's numerous studies of old age, I know of none more observantly truthful than the delightful little etching of *An Old Woman Sleeping* (B. 350. M. 116.). This seems to have been long a popular plate, as it has been often copied, once by Andrew Geddes. I do not know any work by the master that contains so much of his human sympathy and such abundant evidence of observation on so small a scale. The old lady, comfortably as well as picturesquely clothed, has been reading her Bible and has been surprised by a sudden need of sleep, her head resting on one hand, the spectacles, no longer wanted, on the other. As a study, the little etching could not have been carried further. It reminds me of Leslie's opinion that "the prevalent tone of Rembrandt's mind, as shown in his art, is serenity. Where the subject allows him, his natural disposition seems always tranquil, and though serious, yet the very reverse of gloomy. He is the painter of repose, as Rubens is the painter of action." Rembrandt sometimes attempted violent action, as in the three rapidly executed sketch plates of lion hunts,[2] and it seemed to be a usual coincidence in his sketching

An Old Woman Sleeping. B. 350. M. 116.

[1] I give a French title for once, as it is much more accurate than Mr. Middleton's, "Head of a Bald Old Man, inclined to the Left." The man is not old, his hair is still dark, and he is scarcely bald, as it is only thinning at the top.

[2] The large one (B. 114. M. 272.) has been already mentioned. The two smaller ones are etched in the same violently vigorous style for composition and action only, form

that when the subject was connected with energetic action the handling was bold, quick, and decided, concerning itself as little about a multitude of minor truths as a war-horse thinks of the field-mice beneath its feet. The reader may accept *A Battle Piece* (B. 117. M. 275.) as an expression of a temper which sometimes, but rarely, manifested itself in the works of Rembrandt. What he felt to be most in harmony with his own nature was quiet thought or peaceful and deliberate occupation. I

A Battle Piece. B. 117. *M.* 275.

should say, for instance, that the beautiful, lightly sketched *Old Man resting his Hands upon a Book* (B. 147. M. 156.) well represents the quiet thought, whilst the *Student in his Chamber* (B. 148. M. 276.) and *St Jerome; in Rembrandt's dark manner* (B. 105. M. 214.) represent the solitary work or study which the artist, though not himself a bookish man, could still appreciate and understand.

being of necessity sacrificed, as the shapes of letters are in the swiftest writing (B. 115. M. 273.) (B. 116. M 274.).

III

Some artists have an aristocratic turn by nature, as Rubens, Vandyke, Reynolds; others are naturally plebeian like Ostade, as in literature we have our genteel novelists who always introduce us to gentlefolks, and our plebeian or middle-class novelists who pride themselves on an intimate knowledge of the people. If it were asked to which category Rembrandt belonged, the right answer would be that he was too great to be either enviously hostile to the wealthy or contemptuous towards the poor. One of the imputations currently received against him was a taste for low society; the class he habitually lived in was that which follows the learned or the artistic professions; most of his friends were doctors, lawyers, clergymen, or painters and etchers like himself. He was not a tuft-hunter; he did not run after great folks. Having work enough in his art he sought only recreation in society, and expressed his taste in words that have become immortal. "Als ik mijn geest uitspanninge wil geven, dan is het niet eer die ik zoek, maar vrijheid." "When I wish to give rest to my mind, it is not honours that I seek, but liberty." A life divided between hard work and perfect ease left no room for that mysterious art of social advancement which has been for many a painter the secret of success.

IV

If Rembrandt was neither aristocratic nor democratic, ought we to say that he was religious? No one can deny that he was a most successful illustrator of the Old and New Testaments, not to mention the Apocrypha. Here he is a strong competitor with Raphael and Michael Angelo, though on principles the opposite of theirs. Whilst they endeavoured to idealise prophets and apostles, and to rise even to the representation of Divinity, Rembrandt had a clear vision of all religious personages as human beings. One of his compositions is called the "Ecce Homo." In a certain sense the title is applicable to them all. Even God the Father, in *Abraham entertaining the Angels*, is represented

as an amiable human friend who appreciates a glass of wine. Christ, in the Hundred Guilder and many another print, is the Son of Man who sympathises with suffering in others or endures it patiently himself. When Christ is preaching, as in the etching known as *La Tombe* (B. 67. M. 229.), Rembrandt no more despises the humble listeners than did

Christ's Body carried to the Tomb. B. 84. M. 217.

the Teacher who addressed them. When the voice is silenced, a pathetic little group bears the body, tortured no longer, to its quiet resting-place. This scene is represented in a little etching, *Christ's Body carried to the Tomb* (B. 84. M. 217.), in which the simple-hearted, affectionate followers are unconscious that theirs is the grandest funeral procession of all time.

V.

In judging Rembrandt as a etcher of landscape we ought to bear in mind two considerations, first, that landscape was quite a secondary pursuit for him; and, next, that he was situated in a country where the grander manifestations of natural glory in landscape are unknown. It is supposed that he may have visited some hilly, but not mountainous, district in Germany, and it has been affirmed, on very insufficient evidence, that he knew the neighbourhood of Hull. However this may be, Rembrandt had not a tithe of the landscape experience of Titian, nor a hundredth part of the opportunities of Turner. He knew nothing of Scotland, France, Switzerland, or Italy. He was deprived of at least half the materials accessible to him by his complete indifference to, and corresponding ignorance of, the sea. Neither had he Claude's exquisite sense of the richness of inland landscape. Add to this the peculiar limitations of the art of etching which are not favourable to those delicate distinctions of tone on which all the most impressive effects of distant landscape must depend. The consequences are, first, confinement to simple and homely subjects, and, secondly, great simplicity in the treatment of those subjects.

And yet, notwithstanding these limitations, we all look upon Rembrandt as a master, even of landscape. The reason for this may be expressed in a single phrase, his powerful expression of character. If he does not attempt to imitate the exact forms of a scene, or the tones of an effect, he shows you the nature of the place at the first glance and makes you feel as if you were there. No delineation of landscape was ever more penetrating or more comprehensive. Take, for instance, the *Landscape with a Ruined Tower and a Clear Foreground* (B. 223. M. 317.) and see how everything about the place is either explained or suggested. We have the rural village with its old church, and houses, and haystacks, and its gloomy wood, and the road that passes by. At the same time we are made to feel that it is in the open country, and an effect of stormy weather is suggested in dark distance and threatening sky, without any attempt at imitation. Nothing more, in the way of impression, could be communicated without colour. Essentially the same landscape in

principle is the one called by Mr. Middleton *An Arched Landscape with a Flock of Sheep* (B. 224. M. 319).[1]

Here, too, we have an open foreground, the chief interest of the subject, as before, being in a mass of trees and a hay barn that occupy the middle distance, leaving an outlet to the left. I recommend the student to familiarise himself with the workmanship of this plate, because so many small landscape etchings have been attributed to Rembrandt that it is well to have in the memory a good type of his landscape executed on a small scale. For the same reason I mention *A Village with a Square Tower; an Arched Plate* (B. 218. M. 321.) and the *Landscape with an Obelisk* (B. 227. M. 324). There is also a small landscape that may be easily overlooked, but which has its own importance, *An Orchard with a Barn* (B. 230. M. 316.) These plates, notwithstanding their limited dimensions, are executed in as strong and simple a style as, for example, the *Landscape with a Ruined Tower and a Clear Foreground* (B. 223. M. 317.), whereas many little plates attributed to Rembrandt are weak and rather pretty, or not pretty at all but still weak, both in conception and in style.

On looking back over the landscapes I observe the following chief characteristics. First, a strong sense of the picturesque in foreground material as in the *Village with a River and a Sailing Vessel* (B. 228. M. 314.), next, in several plates, a disposition to throw the interest into the middle distance and sacrifice the foreground (see *Landscape with Ruined Tower, &c.*); lastly, a lively sense of the charm of a remote distance, as in the lovely outlook to the left in *A Large Landscape with a Dutch Hay Barn* (B. 225. M. 306.) and other instances. It is surprising that after the magnificent note of transient effect in *The Three Trees*, where the grandeur and motion of a sky are perfectly suggested, Rembrandt should not have attempted to etch other skies, but that remains alone with the single exception of the threatening weather in the sublime plate of *The Ruined Tower*. The inference is that Rembrandt was by no means indifferent to the impressiveness of skies in nature, but

[1] The French critics entitle the same plate *La Grange à Foin* or *La Grange à Foin et le Troupeau;* Mr. Middleton's title seems to attract too much attention to the sheep which do not strike the eye at the first glance. His word "arched" helps to distinguish the plate well.

was dissatisfied with their rudely linear interpretation in etching, as he practised the art. His knowledge of water appears to have been extremely limited, a mere nothing in comparison with that attained by modern landscape-painters. Rembrandt sometimes indicated the presence of water, but that was all; he never attempted to etch a wave, his study of reflections was rudimentary, the best instance being *A Cottage with White Pales* (B. 232. M. 308.). He was strongest in picturesque buildings and next to that in trees, though his merit as an etcher of trees lies principally in his fine sense of mass, for he does not seem to have had any extensive knowledge of species. Altogether, Rembrandt was a landscape etcher of great power, because he was such a forcible artist before he approached landscape, but, though he proved this in a few superb plates, his acquaintance with nature was most limited. He has, however, exercised a great technical influence on landscape etching and through it on modern pen-drawing and landscape illustration generally. Besides, it would be unfair to judge of Rembrandt's studies in landscape from his work on copper alone, as there exist many sketches by him in other materials.

VI

Rembrandt took but little interest in animals, which occur very rarely in his etchings, and the most finished of these representations, *The Little Dog Sleeping* (B. 158. M. 267.), is probably by another hand. There is another *Sketch of a Dog* (B. 371. M. 266.) in the corner of a plate of which the rest was left vacant; it is good, and evidently authentic. For the heraldic lion in *St. Jerome Sitting at the Foot of a Tree* (B. 100. M. 190.) I do not hold Rembrandt responsible, nor for the ass in *The Flight into Egypt; a Small Spright Print* (B. 52. M. 184.). He is, however, answerable for the wild beasts in the large and lesser Lion Hunts, which have energetic motion but are poor in size and shape (compare these wild-cats with the bronzes of Barye), and for the ass in

Sketch of a Dog. B. 371. M. 266.

A Village with a River and a Sailing Vessel. B. 228. M. 314.

The Flight into Egypt; the Holy Family crossing a Rill (B. 55. M. 240.), which has the genuine asinine character and action.[1] This does not amount to evidence that Rembrandt had the love of domesticated animals that distinguished Paul Potter. Where, in the etchings, are his sheep? Where are his cattle or farm-horses, either in harness or at liberty in the fields? For an artist with Rembrandt's power of drawing, his attention to animal life seems strangely rare and languid in its interest, as it is impossible that he can have been turned aside from it by any consciousness of technical inability.

VII

The artistic personality we have been studying is one of great range and mighty energy, yet far from being universal. It is marked by a strong preference of maturity to youth and by an unfailing interest in age. Full of the most intense and pathetic human sympathy, even its religion is a "religion of humanity." It is indifferent to the division of mankind into patrician and plebeian classes, but not indifferent to the signs of culture and of thought. Its sense of beauty is picturesque rather than plastic, and attaches itself to effect rather than to form. It strongly prefers costume to nudity. It seeks refreshment and consolation in homely landscape, yet has some appreciation of grander and more romantic scenery. It pays a slight occasional attention to animals. With remarkable and rare powers of memory, invention, and manual execution, it is without any sure guidance in a cultivated taste, and remains therefore at all times liable to such errors as the *Adam and Eve* or the *Woman sitting upon a Hillock* (B. 198. M. 256.), whilst the only attempt at decorative monumental arrangement, *An Allegorical Piece* (B. 110. M. 296.), is top-heavy, straggling, and out of all reasonable proportions.

[1] I am not forgetting some studies of animals (particularly a lion and an elephant) outside of Rembrandt's etched work, to which, at present, I am obliged as much as possible to confine my attention.

PART III

TECHNICAL NOTES

I

THE reader is already aware that modern criticism does not admit the whole of the etched work formerly attributed to Rembrandt as genuine.

The result of certain inquiries has been, briefly, this, that we cannot any longer accept with blind confidence any work whatever that is attributed to Rembrandt, with signature or without signature, dated or undated.

We find ourselves, therefore, in a situation from which there is no logical issue, as we can only test the spurious plates by a comparison with the genuine ones, but, to know which *are* the genuine ones, we must have already distinguished them from the spurious, so that, in order to make the selection, we, in fact, must have already made it.

The biographical test, in Rembrandt's case, is hardly available, as there is so little documentary evidence. There was no zealous contemporary to make an accurate catalogue in the artist's life-time, as Sir Francis Drake did for the etched work of Mr. Haden. We have a few facts or traditions. There is, for example, *The Hundred Guilder Print*, which Rembrandt exchanged for some Marcantonios, but if it pleased me to affirm that the linear work only was by the hand of Rembrandt and the shading by an assistant, I might have the opinion of artists and connoisseurs against me, yet they could not effectually defend themselves. I should answer that down to a recent date all expert opinion accepted plates that we now reject, and I should quote their prices. A print of *The Descent from the Cross* has fetched £36, a

Raising of Lazarus £72, a *Good Samaritan* the same. An *Ecce Homo* has fetched £190 and a *Gold Weigher* £260, all of them prices considerably exceeding the poor £8 15*s.* which Rembrandt is said to have got for the Hundred Guilder Print (but did not). I may remind the reader that Bartsch admitted 375 plates intc his Rembrandt catalogue whilst Mr. Middleton admitted only 329, and in a certain number of those admitted even by Mr. Middleton there is a great quantity of manual work that is not now believed to be by the hand of Rembrandt.

Mr. Haden and I may be asked why we did not discover the spurious plates twenty years sooner. Mr. Haden's answer is that he never admitted one of them into his private collection, or had the slightest desire to possess them; mine is that the plates selected for description in "Etching and Etchers" are all still admitted to be perfectly genuine. I well remember my feelings about the doubtful plates. I naturally trusted to the authority of the artists and connoisseurs of all nations who had accepted them, and as Rembrandt had adopted many different styles, I did not, at that time, see any reason why he should not have adopted at times what may be called an engraver's rather than an etcher's manner when it pleased him to reproduce designs already executed in some other medium. In a word I believed (and there were fairly good reasons for this belief) that Rembrandt occasionally executed for commercial purposes, what may be called industrial work in etching. It has since been suggested by Mr. Haden for reasons which to me are satisfactory and convincing, but which do not amount to positive proofs, that the industrial work formerly attributed to Rembrandt was, in reality, done for him by pupils or assistants, who, according to the practice of those days, and even the laws and regulations of their profession, were not permitted to sign their names. We are, indeed, compelled to choose between the two alternatives. Either, in certain plates, plates of which the conception and composition belonged to Rembrandt, the handicraft was done by himself purely as a matter of business, as we used to believe, or else it must have been done as a matter of business by anonymous pupils or assistants. It seems to me, now, that the latter is more likely—much more likely, considering the strong personality of Rembrandt's nature,—to be true, but our former belief is excusable for a peculiar reason. The case bears no resemblance to

ordinary cases. Rembrandt was not like a Ruysdael, a Paul Potter, a Turner, a Méryon, or a Samuel Palmer, who, each in his own way, had a settled style in etching. Rembrandt had at least half-a-dozen styles, and these did not succeed each other in any steady chronological order, but were resumed or thrown aside according to the whim of the moment. For example, in 1647, he etches the famous *Portrait of Jan Six* (B. 285. M. 159), which is the *ne plus ultra* of his finish as to tone and texture, but in the following year his style becomes linear again, as in the *St. Jerome writing, seated near a large Tree* (B. 103. M. 223.), or it combines line and shade, without any delicacy of tone or quality of darks, as in the *Marriage of Jason and Creusa* (B. 286. M. 112.). Instead of persevering in a style when he had succeeded in it, Rembrandt more frequently abandoned it for something else. It requires, then, considerable assurance in a critic to affirm of a changeable artist who works in six styles that he has not, on another occasion, tried a seventh. The most likely test is this. We know enough of Rembrandt to perceive that he must have been a highly intelligent man. If, therefore, any workmanship attributed to him is manifestly mechanical, it is probably due to some assistant. We also know that Rembrandt was immensely productive, and that he must have been a good economist of time. If, therefore, the mechanical execution had to be long and laborious (particularly in large plates) we may conclude that he would pass it on to another, unless, as in the case of the portrait of Six, there was some technical object in view which could not be attained by another hand. As for the morality of signing work not literally, as to handicraft, one's own, the old masters had no more scruples on that point in the graphic arts than our own contemporaries have in the practice of sculpture.

The questionable plates attributed to Rembrandt are not, however, confined to works of which the design is due to him whilst the manual labour was supplied by assistants. A considerable number of plates, particularly but not exclusively landscapes, formerly attributed to Rembrandt are now believed not only to have been executed by inferior hands but conceived and composed by men of inferior artistic endowments. The reader perceives how much more serious is this question than the other, as that related to handicraft alone and not to the first conception of a work of art or the interpretation of nature.

II.

The reader may perhaps be surprised to hear that the supremacy of Rembrandt in etching is not founded upon any unapproachable technical superiority. It is mental, and manual so far as it proves the possession of great executive power, but in such matters as the use of different qualities of shade, thicknesses of line, and depths of biting, the cleverest professional etchers of the present day are Rembrandt's superiors, and it is probable that if he could examine their performances he would acknowledge it. We have clear evidence that his grounds were not always well composed or skilfully applied, that the bitings were certainly often deeper and occasionally shallower than he intended them to be, and that his chemical and technical science in all ways was less advanced than our own is to-day. M. Amand-Durand, who has given a thousand proofs of the certainty of his own chemical operations, is persuaded that Rembrandt must have had what we should consider inferior resources at his disposal, that he must have been *mal outillé*. Such etchings as *Rembrandt in a Fur Cap and Dark Dress* (B. 6. M. 17.), *Rembrandt with Bushy Hair* (B. 25. M. 49.), and *Rembrandt with Bushy Hair, and strongly shaded* (B. 34. M. 43.), are good examples of involuntary face-blackening by too much acid, yet the hand that mismanaged these has given us the delightful little *Rembrandt with Moustache and small Beard* (B. 2. M. 106.), which, both for the perfectly intelligent management of the point and the precisely sufficient biting, is one of the most faultless works of art in the world.[1]

Rembrandt with Moustache and Small Beard. B. 2. M. 106.

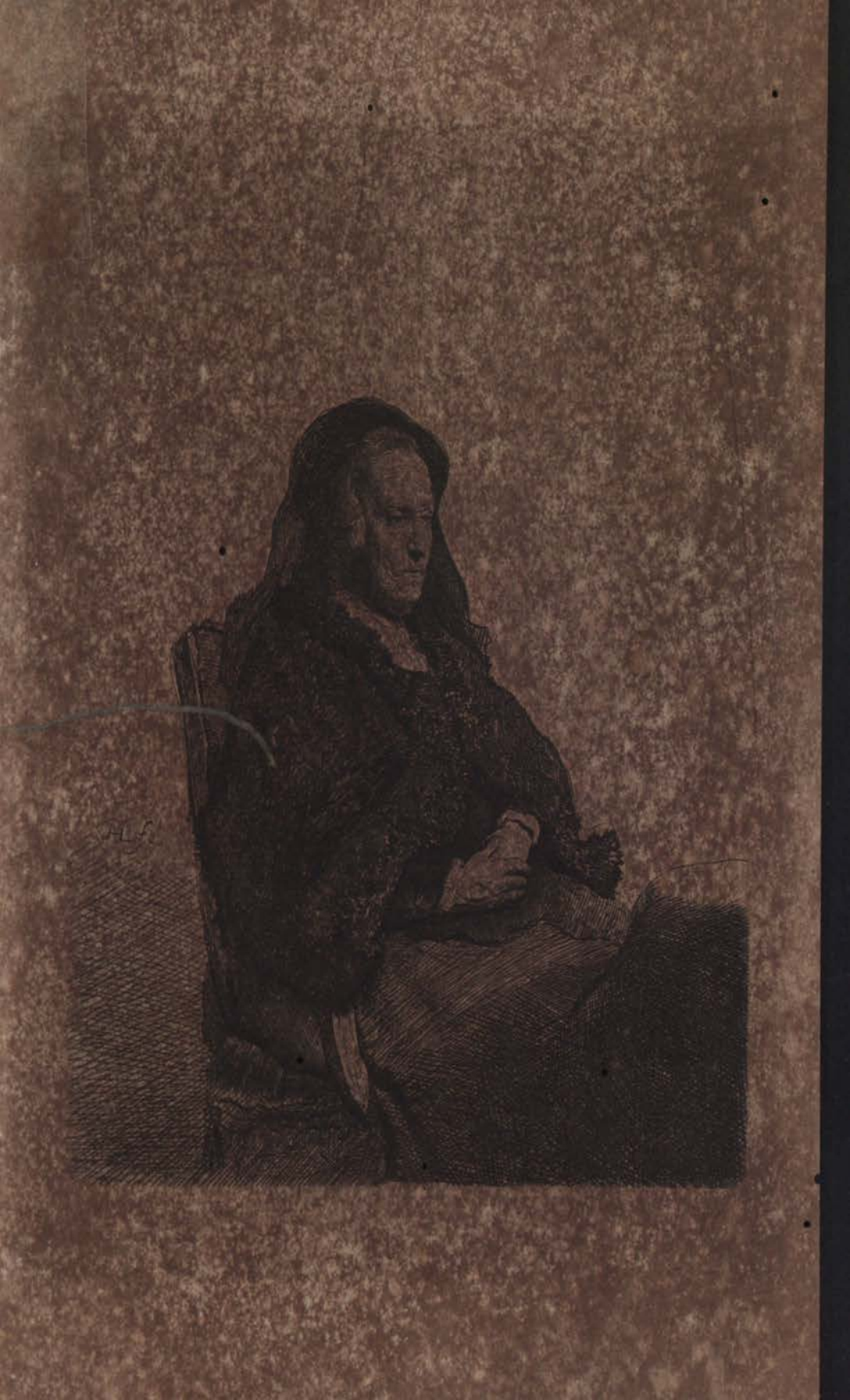
It is probably as a result of the bad quality of an etching-ground that Rembrandt's own great plate of *The Descent from the Cross* (B. 81. M.

[1] This plate has long been known by the ridiculous and almost unintelligible title *Rembrandt aux Trois Moustaches*. Even the "small beard" is objectionable, as it conveys an inexact idea. As we use the French word *moustache*, why not use the other convenient French word, *barbiche*, or, when a mere tuft, *impériale?*

186.) was destroyed in the biting. As the labour with the needle had been enormous, the artist does not appear to have summoned courage to begin the weary task over again, so he entrusted a replica to other hands, and it is from this copy that the current edition has been printed, the spoiled plate having only yielded trial proofs enough to demonstrate its worthlessness. This failure shows the importance of good biting, as the work with the point was much more artistic in the rejected plate than in the well-bitten one that Rembrandt too carelessly allowed to go forth under his own name. Amongst minor failures from the same cause may be mentioned *The Rat Killer; an injured Plate* (B. 122. M. 260.).

A technical merit that Rembrandt often displayed in an exceptional degree was his masterly way of combining strong and delicate work in the same plate, of which there is an excellent example in *Rembrandt's Mother, seated, looking to the Right* (B. 343. M. 54.), where the face and hands are treated in one style of execution, the dress in another, and the table-cover and background more summarily in a third. The etching-needle thus becomes like three different instruments which may be compared to musical instruments played together in concerted music. Such execution gives the pleasure of difference in unity. It strongly contrasts, for example, with the unintelligent uniformity of Van Vliet's execution, which was excessively industrious, but only resulted in opacity.

The intentional combination of different ways of handling the point in a single plate is not to be confounded with an involuntary mixture of styles, a fault to which the inexperienced are often exposed because they have not the power of will and foresight that predetermines the exact nature of a work of art from the first stroke to the last. Nothing can prove more convincingly the vigour and sanity of Rembrandt's intellect than the decision with which the executive scheme or project of each work is settled before it is begun. Each separate etching is an enterprise in itself and may be a new experiment. The artist has all his powers and faculties under control, he is never carried beyond his first intention by the seductive detail of nature, and he is never prevented from observing nature by any fixed habit of execution. Even in his full maturity he can cast aside styles in which he has been perfectly successful, either to resume the practice of an old one or



invent a new. Yet, in each work, he remains as faithful to the style determined upon for that work as if he had never mastered any other. Such a power of self-direction is very rare in art. All the engravings of Lucas of Leyden, of Albert Dürer, of Schongauer, are in each case technically alike. The etchings of Ruysdael, of Ostade, of Paul Potter, are, in each case, executed on the same principles. All Titian's pen-drawings are technically the same, all Turner's etchings, if we do not consider the subject, are but one etching. Samuel Palmer laboriously brought one kind of etching to its own perfection. Tenniel's variety as a draughtsman is in subject, not in execution. Gerôme has a fixed and uniform style with the hard pencil point, the modern substitute for silver-point. Sir Frederick Leighton always draws in the same manner with black and white chalk on brown paper. All these artists, by fidelity to one method, reached and maintained a particular kind of skill, but Rembrandt had not this special practice in his favour.

A Jew with a High Cap.
B. 133. *M.* 140.

For the same reason, no critic who has a special doctrine about the practice of etching can appeal to Rembrandt as an authority. When Mr. Haden says that an etching ought to be executed in one sitting to preserve the freshness of the impression we are at liberty to reply that this can be done in a small linear etching when drawing is preserved but light and shade only indicated, as, for example, in the little plate of *A Jew with a High Cap* (B. 133. M. 140.), or that it can be done in a larger plate when all accuracy of drawing is abandoned as in *The Large Lion Hunt* (B. 114. M. 272.), but that all etchings by Rembrandt in which drawing and any approach to complete shading are united must of necessity have occupied several sittings and certainly did so. If, on the other hand, a critic were to maintain with Samuel Palmer that so long as labour is intelligent the value of a work of art is increased in exact proportion with the amount of toil bestowed upon it we might answer that there are many plates by Rembrandt, very slightly executed,

such, for example, as *The Bull* (B. 253. M. 289.), or the little *Resurrection of Lazarus* (B. 72. M. 215), to which nothing could have been added even by the master himself without destruction as they are already complete according to the style of execution adopted. To turn a sketch into what is called a finished drawing is to destroy the sketch and substitute

A Sketch for the Hundred Guilder Print.

another thing in its place. There is of course, no objection to finishing a thing in its own sense. We have a beautiful unfinished etching by Rembrandt, *An Old Man lifting his Hand to his Cap* (B. 259. M. 139.), in which the head, hand, and cap are carried as far as the etcher intended, the rest being indicated, apparently for future work. To complete such

an etching would be to respect the work already done and go on elsewhere in harmony with it.

There is another doctrine professed and acted upon by some modern etchers (I know one who is quite faithful to it) that all work in original etching ought to be executed directly from nature. We have reasons for believing that Rembrandt did occasionally work from nature on the copper. The story is that once at Six's country house, where Rembrandt was present at an early dinner, there was no mustard. The host sent to fetch some from the village, and Rembrandt betted that before the servant (who was a slow fellow) returned he would etch a plate. He accordingly drew on copper the subject thereby immortalised as *Six's Bridge* (B. 208. M. 313.), which was visible through the window. If this story (told by Gersaint) is true, as it well may be, it shows that Rembrandt had a prepared plate with him, ready to do a landscape directly from nature, and it is highly probable that *The Goldweigher's Field* (B. 234. M. 326.) and several other plates that might be mentioned were done in the same way, though not so rapidly.[1] On the other hand, we have good evidence that some of the most important plates were done either from complete drawings of the whole subject or from experimental sketches of their different parts. I have not space to mention all the plates belonging to one or the other of these two categories, but amongst the important and most celebrated works I may mention *The Death of the Virgin* and *Christ Healing the Sick* (the Hundred Guilder Print) as executed with the help of preparatory studies of parts, which are well known to us, whilst as to portraits we have in the British Museum the original drawing of *Cornelis Anslo*, from which the etching was made. The etching of *Joseph telling his Dreams* (B. 37. M. 205.) is also an example of etching prepared for by previous work, as Rembrandt had made first a *grisaille* of the whole subject and afterwards a red chalk drawing of the figure of Jacob. Every kind of etching, even including the elaborate kind of tone-etching which has been adopted for the interpretation of pictures, may claim authority from the various and

[1] I had nearly written *not in such a hurry*, but that would have been inaccurate, as Rembrandt, with the consummate power of self-direction that we have been noticing, merely decided to adopt his most summary means of expression, and then hurried himself no more than the slow Dutchman who had gone to fetch the mustard.

versatile practice of the great master. If any one asserts that linear expression is a legitimate purpose in etching he certainly has Rembrandt on his side, but if he says that it is the only legitimate purpose of the art, then Rembrandt answers with tone plates like his *St. Jerome; in the dark manner* (B. 105. M. 214.), or he combines the most vigorous, and I may say magical, use of line with powerful and massive shading as in *The Presentation; in Rembrandt's dark manner* (B. 50. M. 243.).

III

I have still to consider the question of the spurious plates, and that of assistance given to Rembrandt by pupils or other artists in plates that were designed by him and probably more or less worked upon by his own hand. I was prepared to go into these questions fully, but limits of space and time compel me to be laconic, so that I can only give results. This can be done most quickly by a list with a few words of commentary.

The Descent from the Cross (B. 81. M. 187.). The large etching of this subject. Rembrandt himself first etched it on the same scale and with elaborate shading, all by his own hand. The etching ground, having been badly composed or ill-applied, did not resist the acid so that the plate was ruined beyond redemption in the biting. Three proofs were taken and the plate abandoned, but a second etching was made from it, a copy in which the drawing is vulgar and the shading commonplace, but the biting clear and sound. The copy is obviously not by Rembrandt himself, though made under his supervision. It is a commercial plate.

Ecce Homo (B. 77. M. 200.). Also a large commercial plate done by some assistant under Rembrandt's supervision, the etcher proceeding as a copyist (we know this from proofs of the work in progress) and guided by Rembrandt's corrections, but, of course, unable to give Rembrandt's handling in the shaded parts whilst he vulgarised his drawing. What remains of the original author is the composition, and the general arrangement of chiaroscuro.

The Raising of Lazarus (B. 73. M. 188.). Here the share of Rembrandt himself is rather more difficult to determine. Judging

from his usual habits I should say that he would never have been at the trouble to shade the arched border in this way. Several plates by Rembrandt are arched, but in a sketchy manner. If, then, an assistant was employed for the border he probably did other work besides, most likely all the heavy shading, perhaps all the figure of Christ and the figures to the left. Lazarus and the astonished spectators to the right are drawn without useless labour and display great power of expression, but if the reader will compare the manual execution with the firm, clear, and decided drawing of the faces in *The Hundred Guilder Print* he will see that these, though cleverly executed, do not display the same marvellous use of line. Mr. Haden thinks that the arrangement of the subject and the "melodramatic action" are not like Rembrandt. We know, indeed, the small *Resurrection of Lazarus* (B. 72. M. 215.), which is remarkable for the absence of stage effect. My own conclusion is that the framework and all the heavy shading are certainly not Rembrandt's handiwork, whilst Lazarus and the spectators near him are very doubtful.

The Good Samaritan (B. 90. M. 185.). A laborious commercial plate, very different from the preceding. After the sublime we come down to the pretty. What strikes me in this plate is that it belongs strictly to its own time. Its interpretation of nature and its peculiar finish are of the seventeenth century, all through, but Rembrandt's work in etching distinguishes itself from modern work by sheer superiority, not by being old-fashioned. The invention of the subject has been traced by Vosmaer to J. van de Velde. Mr. Haden attributes the execution to Ferdinand Bol.

The Mountebank or Charlatan (B. 129. M. 117.). Mr. Haden refers to Vosmaer as having attributed the design of *The Charlatan* to J. van de Velde, but Vosmaer only mentions the *Charlatan* in a list of things of a certain date and his remark did not refer to this etching but to *The Pancake Woman*.[1] This little plate is of first-rate excellence, and Rembrandt's.

[1] Vosmaer is giving a list of etchings executed at a certain time, and mentions, amongst others, "*le Charlatan, la Faiseuse de Galettes*—pièce qui rappelle beaucoup une estampe de J. Van de Velde." The reader sees that the word *pièce*, which is in the singular number, refers to one etching only, and that the last mentioned.

The Pancake Woman (B. 124. M. 264.). Mr. Haden says that J. Van de Velde is "the reputed author" of *The Pancake Woman*, and refers to Vosmaer as an authority, but Vosmaer did not attribute either the design or the execution to Van de Velde, he merely said that the etching reminded him very much of a print by that artist. I have always been struck by something foreign to Rembrandt's genius in the scheme of this very cleverly executed plate. He may have accepted a suggestion.

Three Oriental Heads. First Head, Full Face, "Jacob Cats" (B. 286. M. 122.), *Second Head, a Profile to the Left* (B. 287. M. 123.), *Third Head, a Profile to the Right* (B. 288. M. 124.).

There is nothing by Rembrandt resembling these heads either in conception or execution, and there are two plates by Lievens resembling them in subject and treatment but less bitten. Mr. Haden believes all three to be by Lievens, who had a taste for staring eyes and heavy headdresses. To this M. Emile Michel replies that Lievens never was a pupil of Rembrandt, and it seems that he lived away from him. As there is a certain lightness of hand in Lievens that there is not here, and as the conception is obviously influenced by Lievens, I should conclude that the plates were done by some contemporary unknown to us.

A Beggar and a Companion Piece (B. 177. M. 112.). Easily recognisable by the inscriptions *t'is vinnich Kout* and *dats niet.*

Suggested by two plates of Beham with inscriptions identical in sense though not verbally the same. These with Rembrandt's name are cleverly executed but not so delicately as many of his beggars. Mr. Haden thinks that Savry etched them. Vosmaer mentions a sketch by Rembrandt with the first inscription. He may have made two sketches, etched afterwards, somewhat heavily, by another hand, under his direction or by his leave.

St. Jerome sitting at the Foot of a Tree (B. 100. M. 190.). I give Mr. Middleton's title. Mr. Haden calls the plate "St. Jerome in Meditation," which may easily confuse the reader, as Charles Blanc calls his 76 (M. 210.), *St. Jérôme en Méditation* (*manière noire*) and his 77 (M. 176.), *St. Jérôme en Méditation* (*Vieillard Homme de Lettres*).

Mr. Haden says that this little plate, easily known by the curious heraldic lion (the size of a greyhound), is by Bol. Though effective in its own way as an arrangement of lights and darks, and prettily

executed in a neat old-fashioned style we may be sure that it was neither designed nor executed by Rembrandt.

The Flight into Egypt; a small upright Print (B. 52. M. 184.). I have no belief in the authenticity of this little etching, which would be creditable to a minor artist.

Adverse Fortune (B. 111. M. 262.). Very unlike Rembrandt, both in conception and execution.

The Gold Weigher (B. 281. M. 138). From a design by Rembrandt but mainly executed by some inferior and more mechanical hand. The head and shoulders of the principal figure are believed to be by Rembrandt himself.

Rembrandt drawing from a Model (B. 192. M. 284.). Probably sketched by the master to be shaded by some assistant, and then abandoned before the shading was finished.

St. Jerome, an unfinished Piece (B. 104. M. 234.). Mr. Haden says that this is from a drawing by Titian sold in London at Dr. Wellesley's sale which was still recent in 1877. The lion, however, was absent from the drawing and the saint's place was occupied by a recumbent figure of Venus.

Mr. Haden does not say that the drawing has been reversed in the etching, so we may infer that it was not. It was Titian's habit in work that he did not correct with the square always to incline lines to the right. We find an inclination in the same direction here (see buildings). Rembrandt himself had not this tendency.

The landscape has been executed cleverly on a principle not usually Rembrandt's, objects presenting themselves in the flat as if cut out of card-board (see tree trunk). It reminds one of Félix Buhot's style with flat facets and short, decided strokes, a manually skilful style, but unlike Rembrandt's most personal way of etching. The figure of the saint may be by him.

Jan Antonides van der Linden (B. 264. M. 167.). Charles Blanc thought that changes made after the fourth state of this portrait were modern. M. Dutuit thinks that changes after the third state are not Rembrandt's. Mr. Middleton agrees, in substance, with M. Dutuit. In other words the greater part of the shading has been added by somebody else.

To me the whole plate is unsatisfactory, considered as a Rembrandt. The face may be creditable and has some quiet character, but anybody could etch the costume and the background, and as for the hand it is wooden and the forefinger a mere stick. It is very inferior to Rembrandt's usual incisive marking of character in hands.

The Onion Woman (B. 134. M. 66.). Mr. Middleton attributes the coarse and ugly appearance of this plate to over-biting, but over-biting would not affect the original intelligence of treatment in the use of line which is here mediocre and destitute of Rembrandt's usual delicacy of observation. Mr. Middleton argues that the execution here is no worse than that of *Lazarus Klap* (B. 171. M. 72.). Perhaps both plates may have been executed by Rembrandt in a lazy mood. "It is impossible," says Mr. Ruskin, "to bring drawing to any point of fine rightness with half-applied energy."

The Little Dog Sleeping (B. 158. M. 267.). I like the little doggie who sleeps soundly and who for the last two centuries has been sleeping more soundly still. Rembrandt, who took an interest in sleep, may have been tempted by the subject. Mr. Middleton says, "It is an open question whether *The Little Dog Sleeping* is the work of Rembrandt at all." A copy is in existence in which the sharp linear touches are wanting. The best plate is still inferior to *The Hog* (B. 157. M. 227.) and even to the *Sketch of a Dog* (B. 371. M. 266.) in the use of line, but it is well lighted and was admitted as authentic in the Burlington Club exhibition of 1877.

Besides the plates already given in this list there are a number of landscapes, principally of small size, what may be called pocket plates, that have been unwarrantably attributed to Rembrandt, and others that are doubtful. One of the best of these is a dry-point *Landscape, with a Fisherman in a Boat* (B. 243. M. rej. 19.), which previous catalogue makers had accepted, but which Mr. Middleton rejects. The difficulty in ascribing it to Rembrandt lies in the fact that we have no other dry-point certainly by him, of a similar subject, with which to compare it, and bitten plates do not afford materials for a technical comparison. I incline to accept this as Rembrandt's work because it looks so modern, and his other dry-point work does the same. I have no hesitation in rejecting the unmeaning scrawl called *Landscape, with a Canal and a Man*

Fishing (B. 244. M. rej. 8.), though an impression of it has been sold for the relatively prodigious sum of £148. There may be twenty minutes' work in this perfectly worthless performance. I agree, too, with the rejection of *A Landscape with five Cottages, unfinished* (B. 255. M. rej. 12.). The subject might have interested Rembrandt, but the execution is much weaker and less assured than his. There is a long-shaped *Land-*

Landscape with a Fisherman in a Boat. B. 243. M. rej. 19.

scape, with a clump of Trees by the Road Side (B. 229. M. rej. 15.), which admirably expresses the peculiar character of Dutch scenery, with the road on a dyke above the level of the polders, but the workmanship is certainly not Rembrandt's.

I have not space to go through all the rejected landscapes, and have already invited the reader to the study of some undoubtedly authentic ones, by which he will be able to form his own judgment.

It is much easier to say that Rembrandt did not execute certain pieces of work than to affirm who did execute them, and it is safer to accept the negative part of Mr. Haden's criticism than the positive. For

example, it appears certain now that Lievens and van Vliet were never pupils of Rembrandt, and in 1631 Lievens had left Holland. There may have been a difficulty about Bol's collaboration on account of his age, as he was only sixteen in 1632. Besides, it is always difficult to *name* assistants, especially when their work is mixed up with that of the master. There is a celebrated and successful living etcher from pictures who has often employed an assistant whom I know personally. I am familiar with the styles of both artists, but should not be able to separate their work on the same plate. The collaboration is kept secret and not a critic or other artist living has ever suspected it, still less has he been able to guess the assistant's name. I know it because he told me.

Just a word in conclusion. I have been studying the works of Rembrandt's immediate predecessors and contemporaries in etching with a view to understand his relative position more accurately. The result has been only to deepen my sense of the master's incomparable greatness, of his sterling originality, and especially of that wonderful quality in him by which he does not belong to the seventeenth century but quite as much to the closing years of the nineteenth. In like manner, when it comes, he will be at home in the twentieth century, and in many another after it.

FINIS.

EVENTS OF OUR OWN TIME.

A Series of Volumes on the most Important Events of the last Half Century, each containing 300 pages or more, in large 8vo, with Plans, Portraits, or other Illustrations, to be issued at intervals, cloth, price 5s.
Large paper copies (250 only) with Proofs of the Plates, cloth, 10s. 6d.

THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA. By General Sir EDWARD HAMLEY, K.C.B. With Five Maps and Plans, and Four Portraits on Copper. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. Price 5s., cloth.

"A well-knitted historical narrative, written by a competent critic and well-informed observer of the scenes and events it describes."—*Times.*

"Clear, unbiassed, and free from technical verbiage, General Hamley's account of this memorable war is sure to achieve the wide popularity it deserves."—*Morning Post.*

THE INDIAN MUTINY OF 1857. By Colonel MALLESON, C.S.I. With Three Plans, and Four Portraits on Copper. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. Price 5s., cloth.

"Colonel Malleson's book is a valuable one, and should be universally read."—*Graphic.*

"A remarkably vigorous and telling narrative of the events by one who has an eye for the picturesque in description and a deep admiration for heroism. There could be no better short history of the Mutiny than this."—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

THE AFGHAN WARS OF 1839—1842 AND 1878—80. By ARCHIBALD FORBES. With Five Maps and Plans, and Four Portraits on Copper. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Price 5s., cloth.

"He gives a spirited account both of the earlier and later campaigns in Afghanistan."—*St. James's Gazette.*

"Mr. Forbes has done his work admirably, the events themselves, the localities in which they occurred, are described with admirable lucidity, whilst as occasion offers he gives us those realistic views of war as it is, in which Mr. Forbes has no superior.—*Yorkshire Post.*

THE REFOUNDING OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE. By Colonel MALLESON, C.S.I. With Five Maps and Plans, and Four Portraits on Copper. Crown 8vo. Price 5s., cloth.

"Gives a singularly clear and even masterly account of the campaigns by which the dream of a united Germany at length became an accomplished fact."—*Leeds Mercury.*

"His descriptions of some of the battles are amongst the clearest and most striking that have been given of them."—*Glasgow Herald.*

*ACHIEVEMENTS IN ENGINEERING DURING THE LAST HALF-CENTURY. By Professor VERNON HARCOURT. With many Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Price 5s., cloth.

"The absence of all technical phraseology renders it intelligible and interesting to the general reader."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"The author has endeavoured, with great success, to describe briefly the chief engineering work carried out during the last half century, both at home and abroad."—*Review of Reviews.*

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF NAVIES DURING THE LAST HALF-CENTURY. By Captain EARDLEY WILMOT, R.N. With Illustrations and Plans. Crown 8vo. Price 5s., cloth.

"An admirable summary and survey of what is perhaps the greatest series of changes in the methods and instruments of naval warfare which the world has ever witnessed in a similar period of time."—*Times.*

"A most informing and lucid book."—*Spectator.*

"The book is copiously and excellently illustrated."—*World.*

Of Volumes so * marked there are no Large Paper Editions.

LONDON: SEELEY & CO., LIMITED, ESSEX ST., STRAND.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY. By W. J. LOFTIE. With Twelve Plates and many Minor Illustrations, chiefly by HERBERT RAILTON. Price *21s.*
Large-paper Copies, *4l. 4s.*

"The volume is likely to be one of the most popular of the many books that have been written dealing with the great Abbey."—*Guardian.*

Also a Cheap Edition. Large crown 8vo., cloth, *7s. 6d.*

THE INNS OF COURT AND CHANCERY. By W. J. LOFTIE. With Twelve Engravings and many other Illustrations, chiefly by HERBERT RAILTON. Cloth, *21s.*
Large-paper Copies (100 only), *42s.*

CHARING CROSS TO ST. PAUL'S. By JUSTIN M'CARTHY. With Twelve Copper-plates and many Minor Illustrations by JOSEPH PENNELL. Price *21s.*
Large-paper Copies, with Proofs, *2l. 12s. 6d.*

"The topography of a practised writer like Mr. M'Carthy, whose notes on the life of the streets, the theatres, and so forth, are written in an animated style, forms an agreeable accompaniment to Mr. Pennell's clever etchings. The artist's skill in pen-and-ink drawing is never more strikingly shown than in his treatment of city life and open-air impressions of the bustle of streets and street architecture."—*Saturday Review.*

Also a Cheap Edition. Cloth, *6s.*

THE LAUREATE'S COUNTRY. Sketches of Places connected with the Life of Alfred Lord Tennyson. By A. J. CHURCH. With Fifteen Copper-plates and many other Illustrations by EDWARD HULL. Price *21s.*
Large-paper Copies, bound in vellum, *3l. 3s.*

"There can be no better gift for the lover of Lord Tennyson's poems."—*Guardian.*

OXFORD. Chapters by A. LANG. With Ten Etchings by A. BRUNET-DEBAINES, A. TOUSSAINT, and R. KENT THOMAS, and several Vignettes. Price *1l. 1s.*

"Told in Mr. Lang's best style, and beautifully illustrated."—*Literary Churchman.*

Also a Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo., cloth, *6s.*

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN FRANCE. By P. G. HAMERTON. With Etchings and other Illustrations. Cloth, gilt edges, *21s.* Larger Paper, *42s.*

LANCASHIRE. By LEO H. GRINDON. With Fourteen Etchings and numerous Vignettes. Price *1l. 1s.* Large-paper Copies, with Proofs of the Plates, *3l. 3s.*

Also a Cheap Edition. Cloth, *6s.*

"Cannot fail to delight those who admire good artistic work."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

PICTURESQUE ARCHITECTURE. Twenty Plates by ERNEST GEORGE, LALANNE, LHERMITTE,, &c., &c. Imp. 4to., price *21s.*, cloth.

IMAGINATION IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING. By P. G. HAMERTON. With Fourteen Copper-plates and many Vignettes. Price *21s.*, cloth, gilt edges.

THE BRITISH SEAS. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. With Chapters by P. G. HAMERTON, A. J. CHURCH, JAMES PURVES, and CHARLES CAGNEY. With Twelve Copper-plates and many Vignettes after J. C. HOOK, R.A., HENRY MOORE, A.R.A., COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A., HAMILTON MACALLUM, &c. Cloth, with gilt edges, *21s.*
Large-paper Copies (100 only), *42s.* net.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF SAMUEL PALMER, PAINTER AND ETCHER. Edited by A. H. PALMER. With One Etching and Eight other Plates on Copper. Cloth, *21s.*
Large-paper Copies, *42s.*

LONDON: SEELEY & CO., LIMITED, ESSEX ST., STRAND.

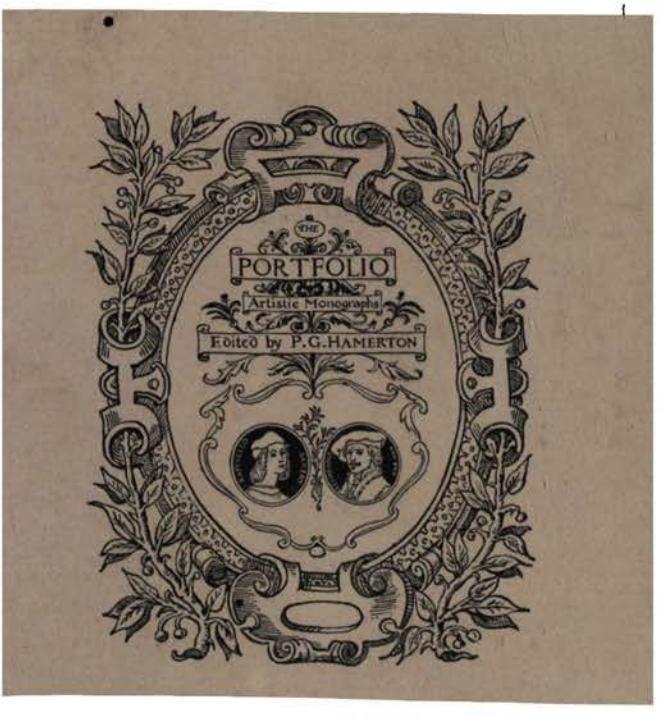
MALTA

AND THE KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS

By the

REV. W. K. R. BEDFORD, M.A.

Author of "The Blazon of Episcopacy"
"Regulations of the Knights' Hospital at Malta," &c.



LONDON
SEELEY AND CO. LIMITED, ESSEX STREET, STRAND
NEW YORK, MACMILLAN AND CO.
1894

Richard Clay and Sons, Limited
London and Bungay

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PLATES.

PAGE

Isola Point. Etched by A. Ansted . . . . . *Frontispiece*

Rabato, Gozo. Drawn by T. H. Crawford. Engraved by Walter L. Colls . . . 10

Citta Vecchia. Etched by A. Ansted from a drawing by Edward Lear 24

Chapel of Our Lady of Philermos. Engraved by Walter L. Colls 38

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT.

Ruins of Hagiar Kim 7

Kabiri in the Museum at Valletta 9

Phœnician Pottery 11

Egyptian Figure 13

Plan of Valletta 18

The Goose, Isola Point 20

Strada San Giovanni, Valletta. Drawn by A. Ansted 26

Exterior of St. John's Church. Drawn by R. Serle 29

Interior of St. John's Church 31

Tomb of the Grand Master Pinto 33

High Altar of St. John's Church 35

Crypt of St. John's Church 39

The French Chapel, St. John's Church 41

Tomb of the Grand Master Carraffa 42

PAGE

Tapestries in St. John's Church. St. Paul and St. Andrew 43

„ „ „ „ The Last Supper. 47

„ „ „ „ The Triumph of Charity, after Rubens . . . 49

Marsamuscetto. Drawn by R. Serle 55

Knights Hospitallers, from an engraving, 1676 59

Strada Vescovo, Valletta. Drawn by R. Serle 62

Strada Marina, Valletta. Drawn by R. Serle 63

Tapestries in the Council Chamber 65, 67

Romulus and Remus, in the Museum at Valletta 71

Norman Capital and Figure with Gnostic Inscription 72

MALTA

I

EARLY HISTORY

WHEN the traveller to the East has accomplished half of his Mediterranean voyage, which is generally on the fourth day after leaving Gibraltar, he enters the Malta channel, a stretch of sea between Sicily on the north, the snowy peak of Etna occasionally making itself visible, and on the south a rocky shore, which swells gradually up to hills of some 600 or 700 feet in height, without trees, and therefore presenting a heavy though undulating outline; about a third of its surface bare rock, and the other two-thirds partitioned off into small fields by enclosures of loose stones similar to those of Westmoreland or the North Riding. This is Gozo, and his eye will inform him that the country is productive and highly cultivated, even if another sense is not penetrated by the odour of garlic, the favourite green crop of the Gozo farmer. The fields in March are red with clover blossom; the orange groves are in flower or fruit all the year long, yet there is no vacuity or want of energy about the people. Passing the mouth of the strait of Comino where, upon the little island of the same name, the unlucky *Sultan* man of war was wrecked a few years ago, the steeper cliffs of the western coast-line of Malta come into view, in colour of a bright orange, and the eye can distinctly make out that great geological fault which traverses both islands, as Mr. Adams so happily says, "just as if Atlas had raised the entire island group to the level of the higher plateau, when a large portion in the middle gave way and sank, leaving the remainder of Malta south-eastward,

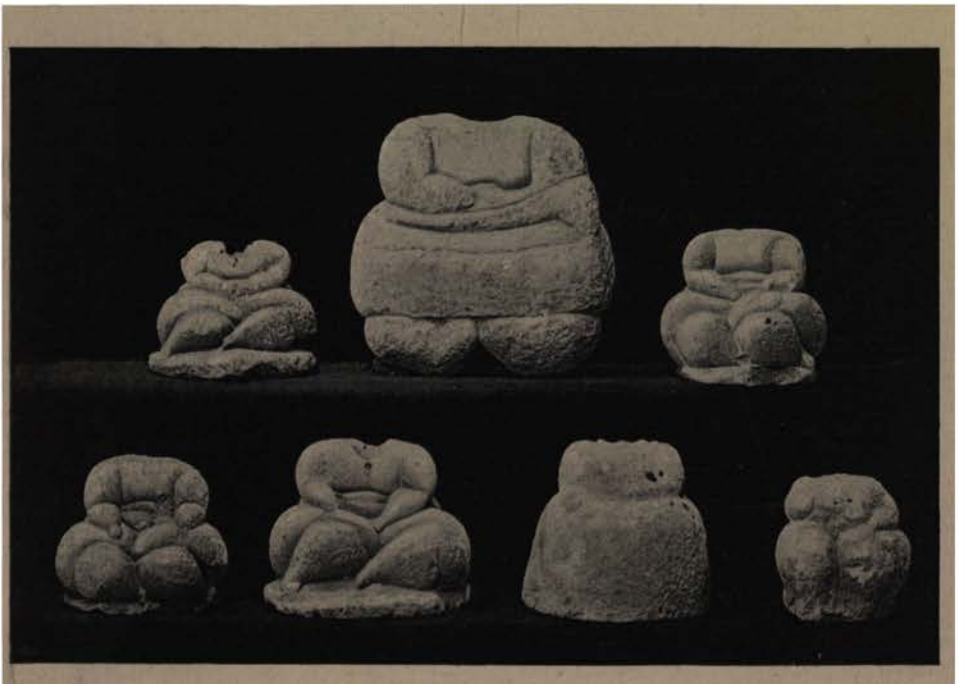
and the west of Gozo, beyond Migiar Scini gorge, at much about the same levels." As the voyager passes the bay of St. Paul, now clearly identified with the Apostle's shipwreck, the coast-line becomes less interesting, nor is there anything in the whole face of the country which can be called imposing or picturesque until the harbour of Valletta comes into view. There are, however, hidden among these unprepossessing terraces remnants of prehistoric architecture, which so good an authority as Professor Sayce has pronounced superior to any others to be found in the Mediterranean, relics which the visitor to Malta ought not to pass by without notice.

Hagiar Kim—the stone of Veneration—is the most accessible and best preserved of these vestiges of hoary eld. We can only carry back its modern history to the excavation in the year 1839, when the soil and stones accumulated during centuries of neglect were first cleared away—with unfortunately hardly adequate precaution—nevertheless the seven statuettes of sandstone, preserved in the museum at Valletta, were found here—images which are identified with the Kabiri, worshipped in Lemnos as the ancient workers in metal—though these, "figures fat as Tunisian Jewesses, seated on the ground like Chinese *poussahs*," headless, but with holes and sockets which indicate that a nodding neck was fitted into the vacant place, have assuredly, as M. Darcel notes, more to do with Ceres than with Vulcan, with abundance and fertility than with subterranean toil. There is also preserved in the museum an altar, and the sacred slab ornamented with an egg-shaped figure between two volutes symbolising the Universe. Later excavations carried out by the Director of Education, Dr. Caruana, have developed the complete plan of the temple, and ascertained the mode of its construction. The gigantic slabs of stone employed in the external walls, and the traces of the oracular chamber, the enclosures for the animals used in sacrifice, and other details, plainly connect it with the Sidonian period of architecture and worship; and the discovery of a little image of Astarte (Astaroth) supplies a link of additional certainty.

It would seem that these builders arrived in the island from the south-east, landing at the Marsa Scirocco harbour, in immediate contiguity to which are the remains of a large temple, and also (which is a primary requirement in Malta) a huge excavation with its roof

Ruins of Hagiar Kim.

supported by large blocks of stone for the purpose of a water-tank, now empty but in good preservation. Here too was found, some time previous to 1694, the bilingual inscription, which is the clue to much of our knowledge of the Phœnician language, a Greek translation following the Sidonian letters. It was engraved in duplicate on the base of a pair of marble Cippi, of which one is in the museum at Valletta; an urn or balustrade-shaped stem is ornamented with a large palmated leaf, and in the entablature is incised the inscription



Kabiri in the Museum at Valletta.

in both languages, presumably of the same date. It reads thus: "A vow from Abdosir and his brother Osirschamar, sons of Osirschamar son of Abdosir, to my Lord Melkarte, Lord of Tyre, praying that he may bless them whenever he hears their words." In the Greek the names of Dionysus, Serapion, and Hercules, are substituted for Abdosir, Osirschamar, and Melkarte.

The same palmated foliage of ears symmetrically arranged, rising from a kind of basket with two handles, forms the principal ornament of the altar already referred to, a disk of stone supported

by a small vase, decorated with pilasters at each angle, and in each face hollowed out into a niche; the whole of the smooth portions of the surface being riddled with punctures, as are many of the ordinary slabs and stones which compose the inner walls of the temples.

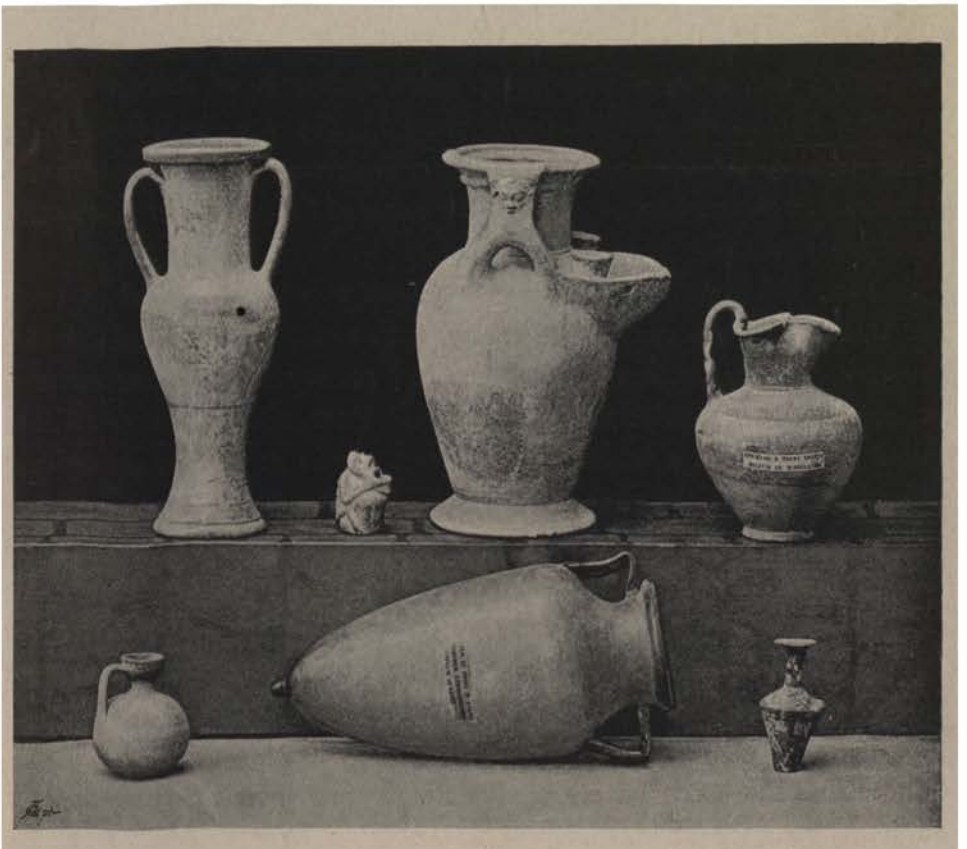
It may be conjectured that the immigrants selected Marsa Scirocco as their port, not only from its naturally presenting itself to the voyager from the east, but for its shelving shores, which allowed them to beach their galleys. A singular piece of evidence as to the subsidence of the island exists here. In the hard stone, tracks of wheels are found leading direct to the seashore and disappearing beneath the waves—in some instances at a considerable distance the same tracks reappear, and are an evident continuation of a well-frequented road once existing, now covered by the sea. With the exception of the two deep inlets of Valletta, the Marsa Scirocco and St. Paul's Bay, the island possesses no haven worthy of the name, the whole of the south and south-west portion of the coast being composed of abrupt, though not lofty, cliffs, their regular outline only broken by small chines hardly ample enough to hold a boat.

The southern side of the island appears to have had attractions for these settlers—while traces of their presence are not numerous on the north and north-eastern shores, a few foundations upon the Corradino heights near Valletta being sole indication. There is another large temple in good preservation scarce a quarter of a mile from Hagiar Kim, a strong testimony to the existence of a large population n the vicinity, and the whole of the range of eminences which rise on the southern and western shores, up to the very border of the grand fault—the abrupt fissure running in a north-westerly direction across both islands, Malta and Gozo—are honeycombed by caves, dwellings, and tombs dating from the period of Phœnician occupation. Beyond the straits and the little islet of Comino, indeed beyond the portion of Gozo affected by the fault, is one of the largest and finest of these temples, known familiarly as the Giant's Tower, which from its position in the side of a hill, admitting of its being shut off from the public, and from the care bestowed on its preservation by the owners, a cultured Maltese noble family, is not so much injured as its sister edifices. It is of the same general ground-plan—elliptical

Rabato in the Island of Gozo.

Walter L. Colls Ph. Sc.

chambers in pairs, with apsidal chapels attached, being the invariable characteristic of all of them, the altar with its pitted surface and the doorposts pierced with square holes for bars, being likewise invariably present. A few flint knives, bones of animals, often calcined, and rude pottery, mostly broken, are all that can now be discovered on these sites. But their builders have left a much more permanent trace in



Phœnician Pottery in the Museum at Valletta.

the present population of the islands, who, especially at Gozo, in language, superstitions, and usages, preserve a strong Oriental bias, and are evidently distinct from every one of the various nations who subsequently to the Phœnician period have held in succession a temporary supremacy over them.

The Phœnicians are supposed to have been in the islands B.C. 1519; the Egyptians were there also, as the triad group of deities carved of the

native stone, discovered in 1713, bears testimony, and in B.C. 736 the Greeks annexed the islands, and gave to the larger its name Melita. The Carthaginians expelled the Greeks, and at the conclusion of the struggle for supremacy between Carthage and Rome, Malta became a part of the extensive dominions of the latter power, and soon experienced the advantage of the rule of the great civilising empire. Its commerce was fostered, its industries stimulated, and it became a thriving mart. From various sources we learn that the islands were then wealthy, attractive, and adorned with many noble specimens of Roman architecture, but, as the Vandals seized them in 484 A.D., and from that time until about the end of the eleventh century they were a mere haunt of Arab and Saracen pirates, few relics of this period of peace and prosperity remain.

Thus the Roman remains a few years ago were comprised in two or three small statues of great beauty, such as the Romulus and Remus preserved in the museum, some glass and pottery in the same receptacle, and carved inscriptions and bas reliefs, there, and in private collections; but in 1881 a valuable discovery was made at the ancient capital Notabile, beneath the glacis of the fortifications. Some planting of an ornamental character was going on, when one of the labourers threw up with his spade a few squares of mosaic, which were fortunately noticed by a native ecclesiastic of learned and antiquarian tastes, who was passing by, and the matter having been brought to the notice of the Governor, a systematic excavation was commenced, which finally resulted in the disinterment of very considerable remains of a Roman villa of large dimensions and handsome ornamentation. Statues, mosaic pavements, and a large quantity of glass and pottery were brought to light, and are deposited in a kind of museum constructed within the house itself. Within a very few yards of the house is the entrance to the city, where, built into a niche in the wall, still stands a statue of Juno of Roman workmanship, and closer still is an early Christian monument, of which the original cross has been replaced by a modern one, displaying on the capital of its shaft the type of carving which connects the Roman period of art with the Byzantine. Near the cave of St. Paul, too, are catacombs which are probably Christian in their origin. Here, too, we find fragments of Norman architecture in the streets

of the old town, that profoundly silent city which so impressed the author of the *Crescent and the Cross;* but, with the exception of a part of the castle of St. Angelo, nothing else remains of Roger of Sicily's work, unless it be a fine Norman capital, preserved in the museum, which was formerly part of a well in the Borgo, or old town, behind St. Angelo.

Egyptian Figure in the Museum at Valletta.

It is not improbable that when handed over by the Emperor Charles V. to the Order of St. John in 1530, the island of Malta was really at a lower pitch of decay than when Roger expelled the corsairs, the population of Malta being estimated at only 12,000 and that of Gozo at 5,000 souls, who were represented as being almost in a state of destitution. The wretched villages in which the inhabitants dwelt, termed casals, partook of the general air of poverty and misery which everywhere prevailed. That this was partly caused by the exposure of the island to the ravages of pirates is evident, but the neglected condition of the arboriculture, which could not but have an influence on the climate, had much to do with the poverty and want of food of which the natives complained. Such however was the impression of the sterility and hopeless indigence of Malta in 1530, that the Hospitallers, homeless though they were, and unable to persuade their patron, the Emperor, to give them possession of the city and port of Syracuse, which they, like Nelson afterwards, preferred to Malta, would probably have found some plausible reason for declining what seemed to them at best

a questionable boon, if L'Isle Adam, and some of the more far-sighted and enterprising of the naval commanders, had not recognised in the matchless harbours of the north-east of the island their appropriate citadel from which to carry on the perennial war with the corsair. But before they were permitted to take possession of their new domain, the native population, like the men of Kent meeting the conqueror of Hastings, insisted upon having their independence recognised. Feeble as were their fortifications, Notabile being surrounded merely by a paltry rampart and ditch, and the only other place of strength on the island being Roger of Sicily's old castle of St. Angelo, on which two or three cannon had been mounted, but which otherwise was antiquated and ruinous, the Maltese displayed the same patriotic spirit which enabled them in after years to drive out the French, and refused to be handed over by their late lord in dumb acquiescence to a new sovereign.

Although essentially Oriental by race, the native population of Malta have never betrayed the slightest symptoms of any leaning towards Ismalism. A Maltese of the present day is prompt to confess that there is no God but Allah, for that is his vernacular word for Deity, but for the second part of the creed of the Moslem he entertains a hatred and contempt almost fanatical. The same feeling actuated the inhabitants who tendered their conditional allegiance to the Grand Master; and his religious as well as his political distinction disposed them to receive him with respect and amity. But one of the conditions of the concordat does not look at first sight as if it could be explained satisfactorily. No Maltese was to become a Knight of the Order. This article could not have been introduced because the islanders had no aristocracy; there are titles of nobility still existing in Malta, whose owners can trace back their pedigrees to patents as old as our own baronies of Camoys and Hastings; there are sculptured memorials of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries with the arms of untitled present-day gentlefolk emblazoned in all the dignity of scutigeri (esquires) upon their panels, and we can only conjecture that the desire to maintain the traditions of an independent nation induced the native dignitaries to forego a prospect, which though dazzling to ambition, would have been ruinous to autonomy. It was at any rate, as their conduct proved, from no servile instinct that they agreed to this self-denying ordinance.

The rule of the Knights of St. John is such an essential part of the

history of the island, had such an effect upon its fortunes, and left such vast and abiding memorials of its two and a half centuries of existence, that it is necessary to give a brief sketch of the previous history of the renowned fraternity, to be known henceforth as Knights of Malta.

Before the first Crusade certain merchants of Amalfi established in the Holy City of Jerusalem a hospital or lodging for the reception of pilgrims, dedicated to St. John, either the Almoner (a Greek Bishop) or, as in later years they contended, the Precursor—John the Baptist. When the fierce Turcoman horde overpowered the milder rule of the Caliphs, Gerard, Rector of the Hospital, co-operated with Peter the Hermit in originating the Crusade, and Gerard's successor, Raymond de Puy, remodelled the society upon a military basis, similar to that which had already given the Order of Templars so prominent a rank in the warlike concerns of Christendom. In 1187, after having gained an honourable place in the history of the struggles to maintain the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem, the Hospitallers were driven from their original abode, the ruins of which, in the Muristân at Jerusalem, have been excavated in later years by the Germans, and many interesting relics of the old buildings brought to light. The Hospitallers then settled down at S. Jean d'Acre, whence a century later they were again expelled, after a fierce contest, by the Moslems. Retiring to Cyprus, their Grand Master John de Villiers adopted for them a fresh career, and they secured and held with more or less success during several centuries the naval supremacy of the Mediterranean. One of their earliest and greatest exploits was the capture of Rhodes in 1310, whither they removed their headquarters, and received a considerable accession of resources from the suppression of the rival Order of Knights Templars, much of whose forfeited property was granted to them. Here, as the order began to attract recruits from different countries, commenced the system of *langues*, of which there were at first six—English, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French and German. Later this arrangement was changed, and three French langues were formed, namely, France, Auvergne and Provence. To Spain, or Aragon, one of Castile was subsequently added, absorbing Portugal, and with Italy, England, and Germany, making seven. In 1476 the office of Grand Master was filled by the election of Peter d'Aubusson, a soldier who had gained high distinction in the wars of Charles VII. against the

English in France, but who had not long to wait in his new capacity for an opportunity of gaining still higher distinction as a successful commander, by defending the city of Rhodes against the whole power of the Ottoman Porte, wielded at that period by the fortunate and talented Mahomet II.

The Sultan did not entirely depend upon force, for among other spies in his pay was an able and astute renegade, a German, generally spoken of in contemporary chronicles as Master George, who found admittance into the garrison for the purpose of betraying them on opportunity. His treason was discovered, and he paid the penalty with his life. The open attack was not more successful, and the remains of the Turkish host, whose original numbers have been stated at 100,000, and were certainly not less than 70,000, retired baffled with enormous loss. Mahomet was still bent upon the reduction of Rhodes when he died, and his two sons, Bajazet and Djem, or Zizim, disputed the succession. The latter, defeated, escaped to Rhodes, where he surrendered to the Grand Master. Bajazet, in consternation, plied the Order with promises and gifts, concluded a treaty of peace, and presented the hand of St. John, which Mahomet had taken with the city of Constantinople, but could not prevail upon the Order to surrender their guest, who was transferred to the protection, first of the King of France, and then of the Pope (Borgia), by whom he was poisoned in 1495. In 1521 Solyman, who had succeeded to the Turkish throne, determined again to attempt the expulsion of the Knights, and with nearly 200,000 soldiers and sailors succeeded in overwhelming a garrison of less than 7,000 of all ranks. In December, 1522, the Grand Master, after a six months' siege, was obliged to capitulate and lead the remnant of his forces in search of a new home. Candia, Messina, and Syracuse, were tried in vain, and many efforts made to obtain assistance to regain Rhodes, until at last the Emperor Charles V. offered the islands of Malta and Gozo, with complete sovereignty, clogging, however, his gift with the possession of Tripoli, which, during their brief tenure of it was simply a drain on their resources. The original grant remains preserved in the armoury at Malta, and with it the trumpet which sounded their retreat from Rhodes.

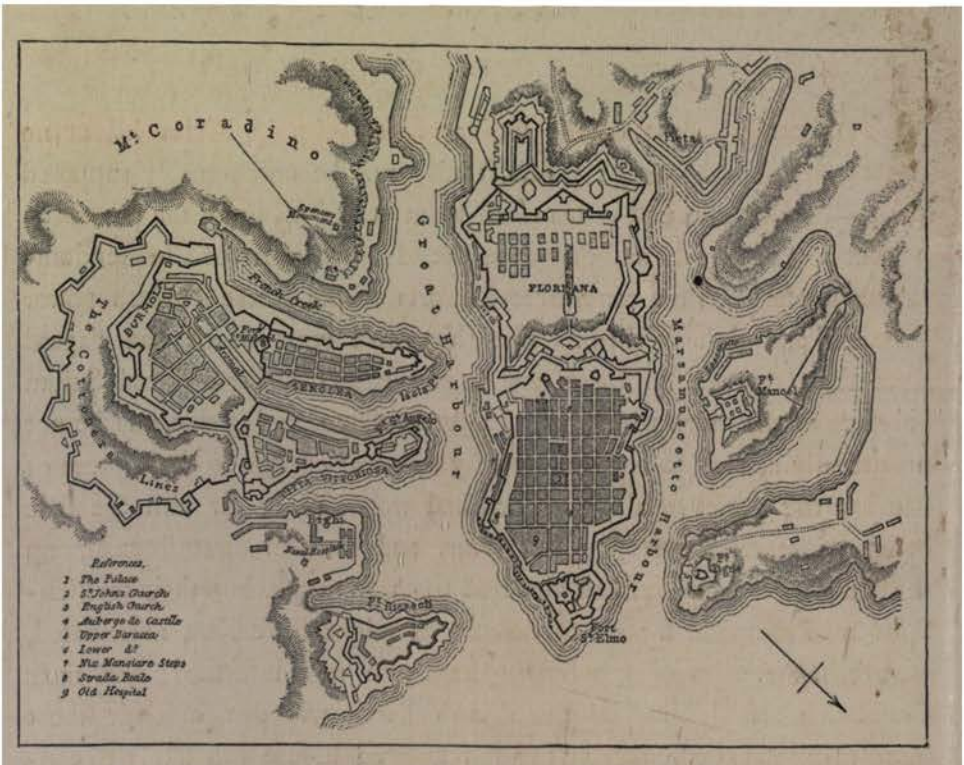
II

THE GREAT SIEGE

THE establishment of the Order of St. John in Malta led at no distant date to the event which it may not be unreasonably supposed the politic Emperor had in his mind when he offered them the possession of that post of dignity and danger as the advanced guard of Christendom; it drew upon them the concentrated efforts of the whole Turkish power to crush and destroy them. The thirty-five years which had elapsed since their removal to these new head-quarters had convinced Sultan Solyman of the thorn which had thus been planted in his side, and he not unnaturally aspired to consummate, by a similar exploit to the capture of Rhodes, the glories of a reign which had won already for him the title of Magnificent. Poverty of resources, and internal dissensions among the Knights themselves, had hindered them from placing their fortifications in so complete a state of defence as might have been anticipated, of which the spies of the Sultan kept him well informed; and their Grand Master, John Parisot de la Vallette, was one of their most enterprising naval commanders, and if allowed leisure was likely to continue to work mischief to the Moslem fleets. In 1565 a great armament was collected at Constantinople which La Vallette soon understood (for the Christians had their spies too) was destined for Malta. He did his utmost to improve his fortifications, and exhausted in his appeals for aid the Courts of Europe; finding at length that his main reliance would have to be upon his own Knights and the Maltese militia, about 6,000 in all. These, with some 1,200 regular troops, the 500 Knights, and a body of volunteers, chiefly Italians, made up less than 9,000 men, with which to sustain the assault of more than 30,000 Turkish troops, of whom 4,500 were drawn from that extraordinary force of Christian

conscript children bred to fighting, who, under the name of janissaries, were the backbone of the Turkish supremacy in war.

The position which the Knights had to defend may be seen on the plan of Valletta. The central tongue of land where the city now stands was then a rugged rocky eminence known as Mount Schebarras, uninhabited and unfortified save by a castle at the north-eastern extremity, which commanded the entrance to both harbours, named after St. Erasmus



*** *At the time of the siege the only fortified positions were Senglea and the Borgo, now Città Vittoriosa, with St. Elmo.*

Plan of Valletta.

the patron Saint of mariners, St. Elmo. St. Angelo, with the Borgo in its rear, stood upon the third promontory from the entrance to the Great Harbour, and the next projection called Isola or Senglea, from a garden and menagerie established there by G. M. La Sengle, had at its landward side, the castle of St. Michael, of which a few traces remain in the modern fort now occupying its site. On one of the turrets which face the Great Harbour, may still be seen the carved

figure of the eye, the ear, and a goose, perpetual reminders of the vigilance required of the garrison. La Vallette protected the upper or south-west flank of Senglea with a strong stockade on the edge of the water-line: from Isola Point to St. Angelo, across the mouth of the creek, he drew a huge chain; while at the other end of the creek a bridge of boats connected the two peninsulas, and served as a defence to the galleys laid up in the harbour, and another stockade on the north-east side of the Bourg completed the seaward circle of defence. He manned the inner line of defence shown in the plan, that is to say, the redoubts and bastions which faced the land, with his trustiest Knights, and told off for the garrison of St. Elmo a body of selected soldiers of approved valour. A small garrison was left in the ancient capital, but no attempt was made to defend the rest of the island, or its dependency Gozo. Having made these dispositions of his scanty force, he again addressed a final appeal to Christendom for aid, and directed the Knights who had not yet repaired to his standard, to rendezvous at Syracuse and rejoin the garrison on convenient occasion. On the 15th May, the huge Turkish Armada arrived off the island, and, under the command of the Grand Admiral Piali, disembarked from 180 vessels the host of troops, whose commandant was the veteran Mustapha, a brave but cruel and obstinate soldier, between whom and Piali considerable difference of opinion was often arising with the effect which divided councils always have upon any enterprise. For example, Mustapha insisted upon commencing the campaign by the siege of St. Elmo, which, as he justly argued, presented an insuperable obstacle to the entrance of their ships within the safe anchorage of the Marsamuscetto; and in spite of the desire of Piali to await the arrival of Dragut, the famous Algerine corsair, this course was adopted, batteries were erected upon Mount Schebarras, and an investment of St. Angelo from the heights above the harbour also commenced. Mark Anthony Viperan, a Knight who printed a narrative of these transactions in 1567, congratulates himself upon the foresight of the Knights in poisoning a spring at Marsa, where the Turks fixed their main camp, by which about eight hundred men were done to death! So far however as any military operations were concerned, La Vallette, feeling the inadequacy of his force, withdrew them within the walls, and only permitted any offensive movements when provisions could be brought

in by a convoy. He kept St. Elmo supplied with fresh defenders by reinforcements despatched under the cover of night, and by a judicious admixture of encouragement and rebuke worked upon the feelings of the garrison, until they became animated with a resolution to die at their posts.

The history of the whole siege has been so admirably written by the late General Porter, that it is unnecessary to do more than summarise his narrative. For more than four weeks the garrison of St. Elmo were

The Goose, Isola Point.

subjected to daily assaults from the overwhelming Moslem force, and from the cannonade of a battery which, if less rapid in its fire than that of the siege artillery of the present day, from the enormous calibre of the guns, exercised terrific power of destruction; thirty-six of these heavy pieces were employed, and had not the fortress been to a great extent composed of the solid rock of the peninsula itself, it would have been entirely swept away: this circumstance also preserving the defenders from attack by mines. The outworks were speedily taken by the besiegers, and the main fort not so much breached in any particular

place as reduced throughout to a mass of ruin. Still the brave defenders held on.

Again and again they appealed for recall or reinforcement. To the former step La Vallette could not bring himself to consent, and at one time actually proposed to take the command of the post in person—the latter requirement he supplied by despatching boats with volunteers from St. Angelo, who found admission through a subterranean passage from the rocky shore below the fort. When Dragut arrived, one of his first undertakings was to construct a battery which would command this landing place—and prevent any boat from reaching the fort. A great assault had been repelled upon June 16th, but now the defenders saw that their days were numbered; upon the 22nd another escalade was repulsed, but only sixty of the garrison remained; and an expert swimmer contrived to reach St. Angelo, and reported their desperate case. La Vallette despatched a force in five boats to bring off the survivors, but Dragut's battery, which stood on the rock now occupied by Ball's monument, prevented them from being able to succour their comrades.

Then, in the hours when trouble is succeeded by rest, the wounded and exhausted heroes partook of the Sacrament in the little chapel below the entrance of the fort, and prepared to die sword in hand; some, unable to stand upon their feet, were placed in chairs upon the breach, and for four hours the Turks were successfully resisted. At last the survivors were simply overwhelmed by numbers; a few expert divers made good their escape to St. Angelo, and nine were saved by some of Dragut's corsairs. Mustapha caused the heads of the knights to be cut off and placed on poles, while the trunks, extended on planks in the form of a cross, with the same figure gashed upon their breasts, were thrown into the harbour, and floating to St. Angelo, aroused the frenzied indignation of the garrison, who fired from their cannon the bleeding heads of Turkish prisoners by way of retaliation. During the progress of the attack, Dragut had received a mortal wound, and in his tent, on the point now known as Fort Tigne, he received the news of the fall of St. Elmo and expired, the one man of military genius in the Turkish army. In addition to this irreparable loss, 8,000 Turks fell. The loss of the Christians was 1,500, of whom 130 were members of the Order.

The chapel where the last consolations of religion were received by the garrison, was reedified in 1649 by G. M. Lascaris, and still remains on its old foundations, deep in the rock on the right after emerging from the tunnel which forms the eastern entrance to the fort. Its dimensions are forty feet by twenty; it is vaulted with round arches, and has a small recess for the altar; the sides and spandrils are carved in arabesque relief. There are several coats of arms undefaced among the ornaments, for at the time of the French occupation it was preserved from their vandalism by being full of rubbish, which was cleared out by General Montague, R.E., a few years ago.

That the obstinate defence of St. Elmo saved Malta is generally admitted by historians. "What will not the parent cost us, if the child has been purchased at so terrible a price?" is the recorded exclamation of Mustapha when surveying St. Angelo from the ruins of the captured work. Still its fall gave them a great advantage. Their fleet entered the Marsamuscetto harbour at once, and about eighty of the smaller vessels were hauled by slaves over the neck of land from the upper end of one harbour to the other, and launched on the waters above Senglea. Nor was it any longer feasible for supplies for the garrison to pass from the outer sea into the harbour. The greater part of the Turkish army were moved round to the rear of the two peninsulas, and enclosed them completely by their trenches. Just before being thus shut in, however, La Vallette had received a welcome reinforcement of about 700 men, including forty-two knights who had taken advantage of a mist which fortunately overspread the coast. They also brought news of a much larger force assembled in Sicily for their aid. The value of the reinforcement was soon put to the test, for Mustapha, alarmed at the rumours which reached him of the help which had been rendered and expected, determined to press the assault with vigour. He tried unsuccessfully to bring La Vallette to a negotiation for surrender, and on the 15th of July he made a great effort, attacking St. Angelo with his own artillery, while Senglea was assailed by sea and land by a fresh force of 2,500 corsairs who had just arrived, under the command of a leader named Hassan, son of the famous corsair Barbarossa and son-in-law of Dragut. Candelissa, Hassan's lieutenant,

led the attack of the boats upon the stockade, and effected a landing under the spur of Fort St. Michael, but after a severe struggle was driven ignominiously back by the Spanish commander Zanoguerra, who himself fell in the moment of victory. Hassan made no impression upon the landward lines, but the greatest loss sustained by the Moslem was the destruction of a large body of janissaries, despatched by Mustapha in ten boats, who, in endeavouring to round the point of St. Angelo, were exposed to the fire of a battery of three guns placed *à fleur d'eau*, by which nine of them were sunk with a loss of several hundred men. It ought to be mentioned that the success of the Knights on this occasion was owing in some degree to their having received full information of the enemy's design from a deserter, a Greek named Lascaris, who held a high position in the Turkish army. Although at first some suspicions were entertained of his good faith, he turned out to be a sincere and valuable ally, and one of his family in after years obtained the baton of Grand Master. Mustapha now assumed the command of the attack on Senglea, leaving the Borgo to Piali; the artillery on both fronts soon reduced the ramparts to a state of ruin, and on the 7th of August a combined attack was made, which on the Senglea front was almost successful; the horse-tail standards of the Moslem were planted on the breach, and the leading column had forced its way through the defenders, when on a sudden Mustapha gave the signal for retreat. The cause of this was a diversion from Città Vecchia, showing how correct was the criticism of Dragut, who pointed out on his arrival that the Turks ought never to have left an armed post in their rear, although he considered that it was inadvisable at that stage to withdraw forces for the reduction of the capital. The enemy therefore kept up a pretty strict blockade, with occasional demonstrations against the city walls, and on the other hand the garrison of Notabile used to send out parties of cavalry to forage and harass stragglers. One of these flying columns of about three hundred musketeers, and as many cavalry, were, as Viperan informs us, making their usual reconnaissance, when the noise of the combat and the fact that they were almost unopposed, led them to believe that a critical assault was taking place, and that a diversion would be of great use; so posting the

musketeers in a position to secure their retreat, they galloped into the camp of the Turks, only occupied by a few sentinels and the wounded, and with loud shouts and demonstrations cut down all whom they met. The rear of the assailing column took the alarm, imagined that the army from Sicily had landed, and rushed back to their tents.

From this date the story of the siege is the same from day to day: efforts, constantly repulsed, to take the city by storm, mines and counter-mines, fights in the water between Turkish swimmers armed with axes, endeavouring to cut the chain at the mouth of the creek, and Maltese swimmers with daggers defending it; all the while, however, the small body of defenders growing weaker, and less able to man the fortifications, until it seemed at last as if they must be worn out as the garrison of St. Elmo had been. The Viceroy of Sicily, who had by this time under his command at Syracuse a considerable body of troops and a large fleet, still made no sign of coming to the rescue. His supineness had two parents; one that, from the first, the Turkish fleet had the superiority at sea, and even now Candelissa with a large squadron was constantly hovering round the mouth of the port; the other that his master, the cold calculating Philip of Spain, had ordered him not to intervene until the decisive moment when the Order could no longer hold out against the force of the Turk. So greatly did he feel his responsibility, that he despatched an envoy, Salazar, to inspect personally and report upon the state of affairs. Viperan gives a curious narrative of this mission; the envoy reached Città Vecchia in safety, and with an escort of sixty horse started from thence at four o'clock in the morning for Tarscien, a village about a mile in the rear of the Turkish camp, where they left their escort, and Salazar, with five companions only, penetrated right through the lines of the enemy, left unguarded with true Oriental indiscipline, and returned at daylight to the city, not however without a skirmish with a Mahometan force. A characteristic incident is narrated in connection with this by Viperan. A Maltese horseman had seized a Turk, and tying his hands hoisted him *en croupe*, as a prisoner: the Turk got his hands free, and in his turn gripped his captor so tight that he could neither draw sword nor rein; another cavalier of St. John thereupon ran the Turk through, and tumbled him on the ground. The

Città Vecchia. Malta.

Isola Point. Malta

Maltese was not satisfied without a trophy, and while hacking at his foe's head, three more of the pursuing force fell on him and he lost his own!

It became evident however that succour could not be long delayed. When even Protestant England put up public prayers in her churches for the deliverance of Malta, the saturnine Philip must have felt shamed into action. The superhuman exertions of the defenders, continued so unintermittingly under the tropical heat of a Malta summer, could not endure for ever. La Vallette himself had moved his quarters to a small house near the chief point of attack, where his arms are this day visible carved in the wall: this movement was probably made in consequence of a suggestion which had been brought forward in anticipation of another grand attack, of which they had been forewarned, on the 23rd August, that they should abandon the towns, and defend themselves in the castle of St. Angelo. The assault was repulsed, and so was another on the 1st of September, when the besiegers actually were forced to the charge by blows from the swords of their own officers. Yet when the Viceroy of Sicily called a council, a speaker urged that considering the expressed intention of the Turks to abandon Malta after destroying the Order, it would be better to allow them to do so, and reoccupy it. Happily this prudent counsellor stood alone. At length a horseman brought news to Mustapha, just as he was assembling his hordes for one more effort to storm the defences, that an army had landed from Sicily: at once a retreat was commenced, and all the war material hurried to the ships, which was scarcely effected ere the garrison occupied the deserted posts, and the Turkish commanders learned that less than 9,000 men had landed from the Christian fleet. Hurriedly determining to try the fortune of war once more, Mustapha landed about an equal number of soldiers at St. Paul's Bay, and began a march towards the capital. An irregular skirmish with the advanced guard led to a general engagement, in which the Mahometan force was driven to the ships with heavy loss. So ended this famous siege; about 40,000 men had been engaged in the attack, of whom barely 15,000 survived to return to Constantinople. The number of those engaged in the defence was originally under 9,000, and about 700 were added in the course of the struggle, of these only 600 were left unwounded at the close. It

was a world-renowned effort of heroic endurance. A mass of requiem is still sung annually on the 7th of September for those who fell in this

Strada San Giovanni, Valletta. Drawn by A. Ansted.

famous war. As the bells of St. John's begin their mournful toll (for splendid as they are and silvery, the Maltese manage to make the worst

of their bells), the people may be heard to exclaim: "It is the deliverance of the Knights."

La Vallette survived until August 1568. He saw with pride and well-deserved pleasure the laying of the first stone of the memorial city, for which the funds were collected under the authority of a Bull from Pope Pius the Fourth from Catholics in all lands in honour of the Knights. It now occupies the surface of Mount Schebarras, and is known by the name of the victorious hero himself: but he did not live to see its completion, and in fact his plan was never carried out in its entirety. The original design was to cut down the rocky peninsula to a nearly level platform, surrounded by fortifications: but this purpose was only carried out through a very small area, and the "streets of stairs" represent the failure to realise it. In 1577 his remains were transferred to the crypt of St. John's, where they lie under a magnificent sarcophagus of bronze, surmounted by a recumbent figure in full knightly panoply, and with a Latin epitaph from the pen of his faithful secretary, the Englishman, Oliver Starkey, which it may be worth while to give, because Porter's book, usually so accurate, contains an erroneous version.

"Salvator eques, Vallettæ conditor unus;
Invicta ex Illo nobile nomen habet.
Hic Syriæ Lybiæque pavor, Tuletaque quondam
Europæ, edomitis sacra per arma Getis.
Primus in hac alma quam condidit urbe sepultus
Vallettæ eterno dignus honore jacet."

His hat and sword are still reverentially preserved in the church of St. Lorenzo in the old Borgo.

III

ST. JOHN'S CONVENTUAL CHURCH

A CHURCH of which Walter Scott could write that it was the most magnificent he had ever seen, is worthy of some special and detailed description, often as it has been attempted. The work of La Vallette's architect, Girolamo Cussar, it combines externally the characteristics of a place of strength with that of worship.

"Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot,"

as was said of Durham Cathedral ;—but if this causes the exterior to be in some degree heavy and meagre, it is internally admirable in its just proportion, superb in the profusion of its ornament, unequalled in its sepulchral magnificence. What it must have been before its spoliation by the French, only the imagination of the author of *Vathek* could conceive. Still grander must have been the effect when the central nave was filled by chevaliers of the Order, for chaplains, esquires, and others of inferior grades were relegated to the side chapels (whence came a by-word, "A gentleman of the transept")—when the magnificent silver-gilt chandeliers, one of which alone held 130, and another 97 lights, shed a rich glow upon their picturesque habits, and the splendour of the pictorial decoration was enhanced by the beautiful tapestry copied from the finest works of Rubens by the famous De Vos brothers of Brussels. Even the heavy exterior, looking all the heavier from being in line with the palaces of the Grand Prior and the Treasurer of the Order, has, viewed from the roof, a Cyclopean grandeur inseparable from huge symmetrical masses of stone, and the noble simplicity of the Campo Santo on the south side of the church has a dignity becoming the heroic traditions of the Knights of St. John, whose bones lie beneath. But within, from floor to ceiling, one blaze of rich memorial antiquity attracts you on every side. The simple barrel vault which

constitutes the nave is fifty feet in breadth, and is divided on either side of its length of 187 feet, by massive piers and arches, from six transeptal chapels, which again communicate by smaller arches, one with another, so as to produce the effect of side aisles. The floor, both of the nave and chapels, is paved with tombstones of chevaliers of bygone days, more than four hundred in number, one vast mass of heraldic emblazonment in mosaic of precious marbles of every shade and colour, the mere

Exterior of St. John's Conventual Church. Drawn by R. Serle.

catalogue of these elaborate works of artistic fancy being contained in three folio volumes; while gorgeous piles of sculpture interspersed with bronzes and paintings adorn the walls of the transepts, and mark the resting-places of the later Grand Masters of the Order, and of other illustrious personages.

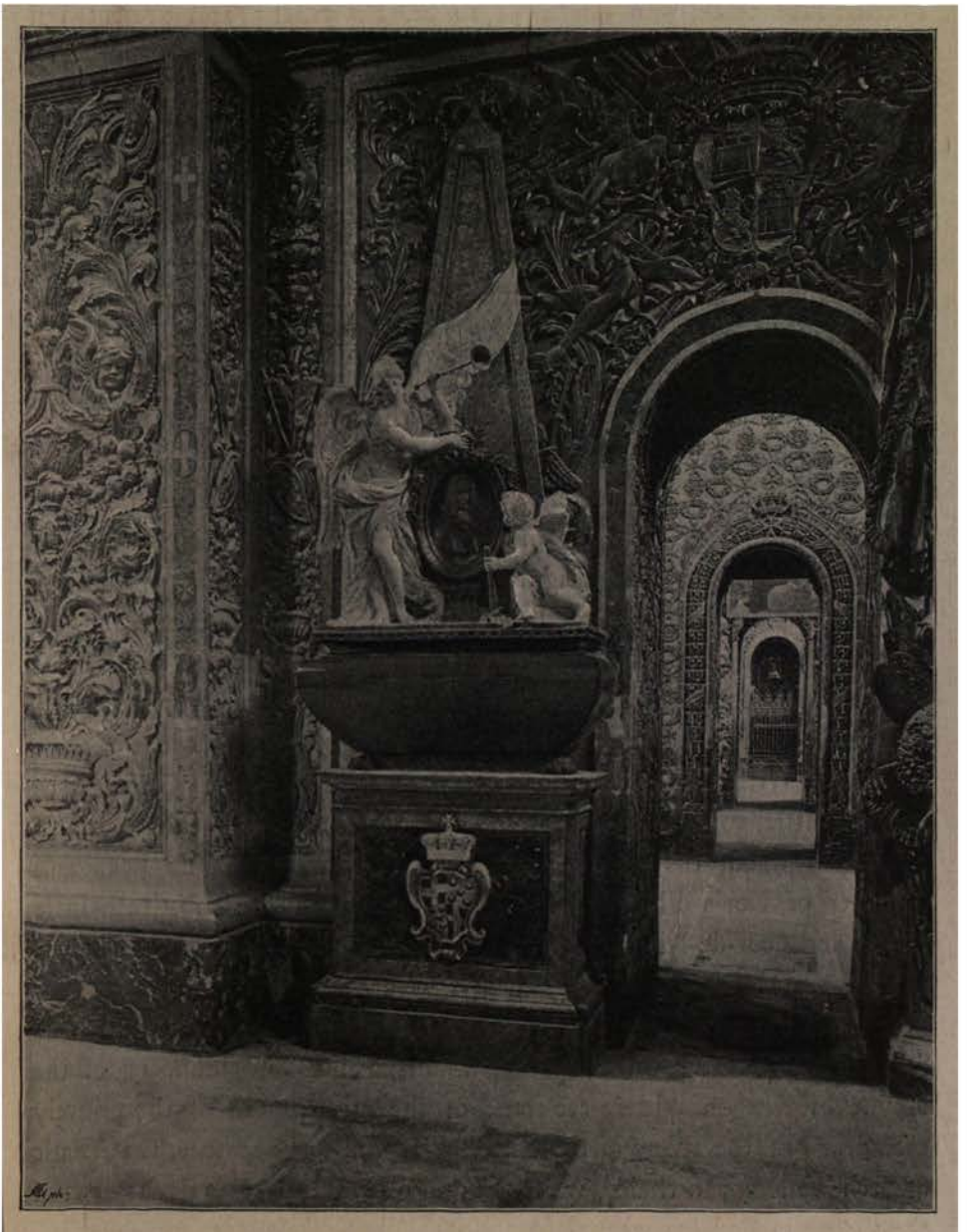
The roof is *à chevet plat*, of semi-cylindrical form, pierced with circular

apertures for light in lieu of dormers, an arrangement which detracts a little from the effect of the pictorial decoration, which is of the florid later Italian school. Matteo Preti, generally spoken of as Il Calabrese, from the country of his birth, was the artist of this ceiling, executing his designs in oil upon the stone in that style known to Italian artists as *Sotto in su*, which gives a relief to the figures as viewed from below. Preti resided in Malta from 1661 to 1699, and during the whole of that period was employed upon this roof and similar works for the Order.[1] He was buried among his patrons in the church which he adorned. The subjects which he selected are, appropriately, scenes from the history of St. John the Baptist, in seven zones or panels, which are again surrounded or divided by figures of saints, martyrs, and heroes, illustrative of the history of the Order. Between 1867 and 1874 the ceiling was restored by a native artist. The drawing of the various figures is extremely correct and spirited, and the colour rich without tawdriness. In one of the panels, which represents the daughter of Herodias dancing before Herod, there is a singular instance of that far-fetched fancy which in Elizabethan English goes by the name of "conceit." Hovering in the air over the damsel is a demon, who is engaged in moving her limbs by strings after the manner of a marionette figure—a misplaced piece of ingenuity, more defensible, however, than that of Michael Angelo da Caravaggio, who in his fine painting of the decollation of St. John, in the Oratory Chapel, makes the blood trickling from the trunk form the letters M A C. In spite of this bad taste, the painting is a superb one, and worth inspecting, though hung in a bad light. In this chapel, formerly used for the instruction of novices, there are some handsome benches carved or inlaid with the devices of the various langues of which the Order was composed. Here, too, was kept the great relic of the Order, the hand of St. John, sent as a present by Sultan Bajazet to Grand Master D'Aubusson, possibly with a hope that his brother and rival Zizim, who had fled to the

1 M. Darcel, the Director of the Gobelins, a competent critic, says of Preti, that though only a painter of the second rank he throws himself with such ease into vast and striking compositions, unites with such skill heaven and earth, poses his figures and draperies so unconstrainedly, as to compare most favourably with modern designers, whose decorative contrivances have been extolled by ignorant leaders of public opinion as too beautiful for the ceilings for which they were intended.

Interior of St. John's Church, Malta.

protection of the Knights of Rhodes, might be given up in return. It was brought hither from Rhodes, and inclosed in a splendid gauntlet



Tomb of the Grand Master Pinto.

shaped monstrance of solid gold, bedecked with costly gems ; in front of this lay a gold ring, set with a large diamond (or sapphire), which

Napoleon put upon his own finger, and ordered the case to be taken on board the *Orient*, contemptuously leaving the "dead hand" to Grand Master Hompesch, who carried it to St. Petersburg and presented it to the Emperor Paul.

If we take the chapels in order, the next on the right hand is dedicated to St. James, and assigned to the langue of Castile. Here is the monument of Grand Master Pinto, a Portuguese who presided over the Order at the time of the visit of the English traveller Brydone in 1770, "a clear-headed little sensible old man," the writer has recorded; "although he is considerably upwards of ninety, he retains all the faculties of his mind in perfection": he died however three years after this visit. His portrait in mosaic by the artist Favray is the principal feature in this monument. The walls of the nave, we may here remark, were inlaid with green marble at the expense of G. M.º Nicholas Cottoner, 1663, and the general character of the ornamentation is of a Spanish style, white on a gold ground, but in each chapel the design is varied with reference to the heraldic insignia of the langue to which the shrine specially appertained, or to the benefactor at whose cost the decoration was carried out. Thus the cotton tree of Cottoner and the pears of Perellos are eminently conspicuous, while the crowned dolphin of Auvergne, and the double-headed German eagle designate the respective oratories of these langues. With more than questionable taste the French Government was permitted to hack off the richly floreated surface of the chapel of France, in which the handsome modern effigy of Count de Beaujolais (brother of Louis Philippe) has been erected, and to substitute little crosses and fleur-de-lys stuck upon a plain surface of stone.

Next to the chapel of St. James is a transept merely used as a vestibule from the corridor which leads to the Campo Santo and the Strada St. Lucia; crossing this, we enter the chapel of St. John, or of the langue of Aragon. Here are some of the most superb of the princely memorials of the rulers of the Order. Bernini's two statues, the Asiatic and the African, in chains, which remind one of Southey's description of the throne in Padalon where

> "Human forms sustained its ponderous weight
> With lifted hands outspread, and shoulders bowed
> Bending beneath their load,"

High Altar, St. John's Church, Valletta.

are copies, we know, of two grand bronze originals by John of Bologna, but in wealth of decoration, pictorial and statuesque, the whole chapel can hardly be surpassed. Beyond it lies the chapel of Auvergne or Saint Sebastian, and last upon this side is the chapel of our Lady of Philermos, so called from a miraculous icon now at St. Petersburg. Here are the famous silver rails, which in 1752 cost £800, being the votive offering of one-fifth of the personal property of two of the Knights. By the Statutes of the Order, Grand Masters on their election, and all Knights on their promotion to higher rank, were bound to present to the Conventual Church a valuable gift of some kind, figuratively spoken of as a Gioja or Bijou. Hence are derived these costly decorative ornaments lavished upon the great Church, the portable part of which became the spoil of the rapacious French in 1798. Sir Ferdinand Inglott, the late Post-master-General of Malta, pithily observes: "A few objects were left, deemed indispensable for the services. These objects are still to be seen in the empty presses of the Church Treasury, provoking specimens of past marvellous magnificence, of which the Temple was sacrilegiously deprived." Although the rails in this chapel escaped the clutches of the plunderer from the happy thought of concealing them under a coat of paint, yet the historian of the *Expédition Française en Egypte* states that the sanctuary lamp and chain taken from the chapel of Notre Dame de Philermos, of solid gold weighing 1,840 ounces, were first converted into ingots at the camp, and afterwards coined into zecchins at Cairo." The keys which hang in this chapel are not, as usually described, those of Jerusalem and Rhodes, but actually of Patras, Passava, Lepanto, and Anameta, places once under the dominion of the Knights.

Our tour of the Church has now brought us to the High Altar of lapis lazuli and precious marbles, with its furniture of magnificent silver candlesticks and lamps. Of finer workmanship, if of less costly material, is a very elegant bronze eagle with the arms of Lorraine upon it, in the style of Jean Goujon, presented in 1557 by the Grand Prior Francis of Lorraine. Behind the altar, in an apse, is the representation of the Baptism of our Lord by St. John, sculptured in white marble by the Maltese, Melchior Gafa; it was not finished by him, and was placed here after his death in 1714. On either side the sanctuary are two seats under crimson baldaquins, one for the representative of Queen Victoria, the

other for the (titular) Archbishop of Rhodes, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Malta. It must not however be forgotten that St. John's is not his cathedral church—that being situate at the ancient capital Notabile—but the conventual church of the Order of St. John.

The crypt below the choir contains the most interesting of the memorials of the Grand Masters; among the twelve whose tombstones occupy its floor and walls, are L'Isle Adam, the first to take possession of Malta, and the hero of the siege, La Vallette. Oliver Starkey, secretary to the latter, lies at his patron's feet, the only Knight not a Grand Master honoured with sepulture here.

Returning to the upper world in the chapel of St. Carlo, the eastern-most on the north side of the choir, appropriated in 1784 to that revived Anglo-Bavarian langue which G. M. de Rohan endeavoured to establish, there is one very interesting relic of antiquity, more illustrious in its past associations than for any beauty—the wooden statue of St. John, which was the figure-head of the galley in which L'Isle Adam entered the port of St. Angelo, and thereafter occupied a like position on the flagship of succeeding Grand Masters. The chapel of Provence, St. Michael's, contains the monuments of two Grand Masters, one of whom, de Lascaris, who died 1657, derived his descent from a quasi-royal house in the Riviera, and was a lineal representative of the Greek fugitive whose aid was of such value to the Knights in the siege of 1565.

Had not the French chapel been so barbarously disfigured, it would have been one of the most worthy of notice, containing as it does the monuments of the princely de Vignacourts and de Rohan, besides the modern one to Count Beaujolais. At the foot of de Rohan's grave lie the bones of his niece (the only female interred in the church), by the authority of Sir Thomas Maitland—during whose autocracy the good old lady died. This chapel is dedicated to St. Paul, as the next, or Italian chapel, is to St. Catherine, in which is the monument of G. M. Carraffa. The German chapel bears the dedication of the Magi, the three kings of Cologne, and we next come to the entrance of the Sacristy. Robbed as the church has been of many of its treasures, there are still some ecclesiastical vessels of valuable material and fine workmanship preserved here; also many beautiful and ancient pieces of

Walter L. Colls Ph. Sc.

The Chapel of Our Lady of Philermos in St. Johns Church Malta.

The Crypt of St. John's Church, Malta.

embroidery, one piece in particular representing a miraculous repulse of the Turks in an attack on Città Vecchia in 1470; and some truly

The French Chapel, St. John's Church, Malta.

splendid robes of former Grand Masters, a delight to connoisseurs in embroidery. The beautifully illuminated service books, twenty-two in

all, of various dates from the commencement of the sixteenth to the close of the seventeenth century, are full of historical and artistic value.

Tomb of the Grand Master Carraffa.

The arms, devices, and mottoes of L'Isle Adam, Lascaris, Paula, and Carraffa, with others, decorate these books.

St. Paul.

St. Andrew.

Tapestries in St. John's Church, Malta.

One might linger for days over these relics of the past, and yet find new matter for admiration and reflection. The marbles below your feet, which glisten during a scirocco wind as if newly polished, are themselves a constant source of interesting observation; fantastic taste has run riot in some of them, and the skeleton figures of which the artists were so fond are in all the grotesque attitudes of a mediæval dance of death. There are paintings, too, of no inconsiderable merit, which repay inspection, though all but smothered in the splendour of their setting.

The crowning embellishment of the church is, however, rarely visible to an English eye. It is the grand tapestry, the present of the Grand Master Perellos (1697), which he had prepared, under the direction of the painter Preti, by the eminent Flemish *tapissiers* the brothers de Vos of Brussels, expressly to fit into the proportions and to harmonise with the decorations of the Conventual Church. The suite consists of fourteen large pieces, 20 × 22 feet each, and the same number of narrow pieces, 6 × 22 feet, with an additional panel containing the portrait of the donor himself, attended by two allegorical figures, one personifying Charity as an angel distributing alms to the poor, the other Victory, in full armour, trampling, sword in hand, on the Moslem enemy prostrate and in chains: this hung over the west entrance, flanked on right and left by two of the panels *en grisaille* containing figures of the apostles Jude and Simon. The *grisailles* are the narrow pieces already mentioned, exactly corresponding to the dimensions of the piers of the nave, each with the figure, treated as a statue in stone-colour, of one of the eleven Apostles, the Apostle Paul, the Virgin Mary, and our Saviour, making altogether the fourteen figures. They divide the large subject-pictures which are hung across the arches at the entrance of each of the lateral chapels, and constitute a serial history of the progress of Christianity in connection with the Papal Church. The splendour of their colouring is quite in harmony with the brilliancy of the roof above and the pavement below; twelve of the fourteen are unquestionably taken from pictures by Rubens, some of which are in Brussels still, some at the Louvre, some at Madrid; the remaining two are conjectured to be from originals by Nicholas Poussin. The large panels are arranged as pictures in highly

enriched frames, on each one of which appear the arms of Perellos—three pears quartered, as Grand Master, by the cross of the Order. The same escutcheon occupies the lower half of the narrow panels, with a trophy of arms surrounding it. It seems almost incredible that the whole of this great work should have been executed in less than three years, the tapestry having been placed in the church on February 7th, 1701. In order to expedite their completion it would seem that the manufacturer, Josse or Jodocus de Vos, was compelled to entrust portions of them, or even entire tapestries, to other looms, to be executed in separate portions and joined together; this haste somewhat impaired the beauty and symmetry of the work: in some of the *grisailles* for instance, a shadow is abruptly cut off and made to fall in a different direction. The proportions of some of the figures are distorted, and marks of junction are traceable occasionally throughout, but as a whole they are an extraordinary and majestic series. A distinguished native virtuoso, now no more, printed during the past year his ideas upon the subject of the design and arrangement of these fine works of art; according to Sir F. Inglott they depict, as just suggested, the scheme of the Catholic Church, and they were arranged in pairs to carry on by correspondence the dogmatic teaching of the Roman theologians. The first pair of subjects are the Annunciation, and the Four Evangelists, by whom the good news was made known to mankind: next we have the Incarnation of the Saviour and the Adoration of the Magi opposite to it: the third pair (Poussin's) being the Entry into Jerusalem, and the Last Supper. The fourth pair, the Calvary and the Resurrection, are from two of Rubens' best known works. In the next pair we enter on ecclesiastical symbolism, the one being the institution of the Feast of Corpus Domini by Pope Urban IV., bearing a great resemblance to the famous work of Raphael at the Vatican, known as *La Disputa del Sacramento;* and its fellow being the Triumph of Charity—a thoroughly Rubenesque work. Charity is represented in a golden car, drawn by lions, and two celestial beings are depicted as burning writhing vipers, the emblems of human hatred, strife, and contention. The two next allegories, also magnificent compositions, are the Triumph of the Church and the Triumph of Faith: and the series closes with Time unveiling Truth, and the most elaborate

Tapestry in St. John's Church.—The Last Supper.

Tapestry in St. John's Church.—The Triumph of Charity, after Rubens.

and spirited of all the compositions, representing the Destruction of Idolatry.

About twelve years ago "it was discovered that all the light and clear-coloured portions of the tapestries which were woven in silk were utterly ruined, the silk crumbling to dust at the touch; and thus the necessity for their being rewoven was imminent. In some cases this destruction only affected the lights in the hair or the beards, or a portion of the draperies, but in other cases the ruin was more widely spread, and the whole of the drapery had to be renewed, and even in the case of some of the brown and deeper colours which are in wool, these also were found to be in equally ruined condition, and their renewal to be as much necessary as in the case of the silk." It need hardly be added that the then Chief Secretary, Sir Victor Houlton, from whom the last sentence is quoted, did not allow this state of things to continue. An expert, Chevalier Palmieri of Naples, was employed to repair the fabric, and some doubts having been expressed as to the mode of restoration adopted, M. Darcel, the Director of the Gobelins factory, visited Malta, and in an interesting report, in which many facts about the history of the tapestry were elicited, pronounced in favour of the reparation.

In 1887 the repair of the tapestry was completed at an expense of £3,000 to Government, and it was handed back to the Chapter of the Conventual Church, to remain unseen and untouched for eleven months in the year, and to be brought out for a few days in June only. As in a Maltese June the visitors have left, the fleet has departed for its summer cruise, every officer who can obtain leave is on furlough, passers-by are rare, and even the chief native families frequently leave the island, it does seem unfortunate that these valuable works of art, upon which so large a sum of public money has been well spent, should be relegated to the dank shade of obscurity. If at Christmas, when the church is swathed in tasteless red hangings, these beautiful pictures were displayed, they would be admired and commented on by artist and amateur alike, as the similar gifts of Perellos in the council chamber of the Palace are now.

IV

VALLETTA

It is quite impossible to convey by any effort of word-painting the impression produced by the first sight of the city of Valletta from the sea, sweeping down by terraces from the summit of the rock, "the high walls, the houses rising one above the other, the arches of the two Baraccas, the three cities on the opposite side of the harbour, with Fort Ricasoli, St. Angelo, and the fortifications of Florian, the creeks with the merchant vessels and ships of war lying at anchor, and the walls of Cottonera form altogether a *coup d'œil* of a very imposing character." A writer in the *Quarterly Review* many years ago called it a picture which can scarce be paralleled in the world.

This is not much dissimilar to the opinion of the late Lord Beaconsfield: "If that fair Valletta, with its streets of palaces, its picturesque forts and magnificent church, only crowned some green and azure island of the Ionian Sea, Corfu, for instance, I really think that the ideal of landscapes would be realized." It has a beauty also, beyond the external symmetry and magnificence which it presents, the beauty of suggestion, tempting you to the study of its history, and repaying in ample abundance any pains which you take to investigate it.

Valletta proper is not an ancient city, by comparison at least with other famous places of pilgrimage. It was only projected in 1565, and St. John's was not finished until 1577, while during the latter part of the seventeenth and nearly all the eighteenth century successive Grand Masters in turn each modernized his predecessor's work. To talk of the Auberge de Castile "echoing to the mailed tread of the Castilian," is mere misleading verbiage. The Auberges are stately Italian palaces, more modern than St. James's or Hampton Court, the churches florid

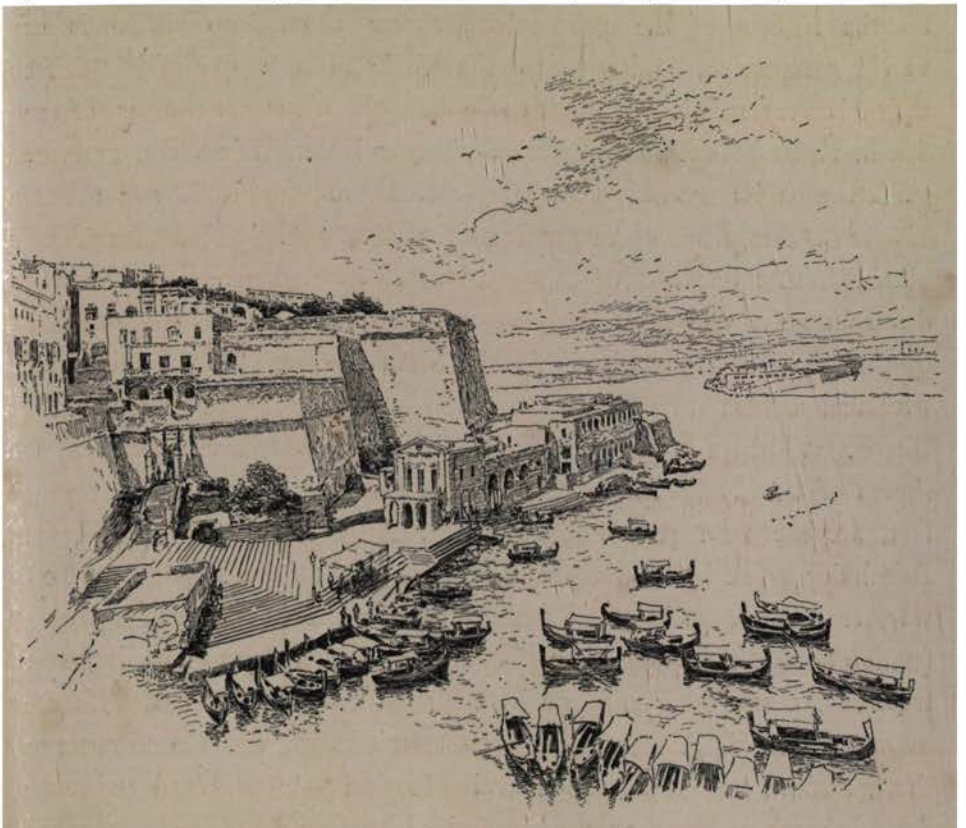
renaissance, with no more Gothic about them than St. Paul's, the forts English redoubts of our grandsires' time. The French, too, during their happily brief occupation, not only looted with persistent cupidity, but recklessly destroyed any armorial mementos of the rule of the Order. Nor have the proceedings of the English Government been always as correct in point of taste as in intention. To remove statues from the position to which they belonged for the sake of adorning another public place, is a falsification of history which carries with it its own condemnation. Yet the lover of the picturesque and romantic cannot fail to admire the trophy-capital of the Knights of St. John.

It is indeed essentially a chivalrous city, interpenetrated with the legends of the history of the Order. When a fine building presents itself and you ask its name, it is probably an auberge, one of the barracks of the seven langues. Of these the finest, that belonging to the langue of Castile, is the mess-room and quarters of the officers of the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers; the Auberge d'Italie in the Strada Mercanti, nearly opposite, being the office of the latter corps. This plain, well-proportioned building, has on its front the bust of G. M. Carraffa, 1680, in a florid trophy of white marble, and in the court-yard, round which it is built, is an elegant stone arch over a well, which bears the same Grand Master's arms. These two auberges are situated in the upper part of the city near the Porto Reale, the only exit to the country. Not far off, in the Strada Reale, the main street, is the Auberge de Provence, occupied at present as the Union Club. With a plain *façade*, this building internally contains a fine suite of stately apartments, including a spacious ball-room (one of the two with floors of wood which the city can boast, the saloons and corridors of the palaces being all stone), gaily decorated with arabesques by an Italian artist in the early part of the present century, when it was appropriated to its modern purpose. It was the scene of the entertainment given by the garrison to Sir Walter Scott, on the occasion of his visit in 1831, when he remarks that he had some difficulty in escaping a mimic coronation with laurel by some local poetaster. A little lower down the street is the Auberge d'Auvergne, now appropriated to the Courts of Justice. The Auberge de France which stands at the head of Strada Forni (the bake-house street), where

the ovens of the Knights still supply the needs of the garrison, though spacious, has nothing in its architecture worth notice, and the same may be said of the Auberge d'Aragon, now the official residence of the general commanding the garrison. Close to this building stood the Auberge of Germany, which was pulled down when the English church was built at the foot of Strada Vescovo, as the Auberge d'Inghilterra, a small building suited to the moribund condition of the English langue at the time of the foundation of the city, was, when the handsome Opera House was erected after the design of Mr. Barry in 1861. Not far from the Auberge d'Aragon, in the same north-western quarter of the city, looking over the entrance to the Marsamuscetto harbour from an elevated rampart—under which is the curious subterranean entrance known as the Jews' sally-port, from this part of Valletta having been appropriated as a Ghetto—stands the handsome building generally styled the Baviere, the officers' quarters for the regiment stationed in Fort St. Elmo, but originally erected for that Anglo-Bavarian langue which the Grand Master de Rohan endeavoured to found in 1784, and to which he united the Grand Priory of Poland.

In mentioning subterranean communications, one must not be forgotten, which is often talked of but seldom visited, called the Manderaggio, a word which means a "place for cattle." Disembarking at the stairs in the quarantine harbour, and passing towards the centre of the city through the bustling Strada St. Marco, a doorway on the left may excite the wayfarer's attention from its evidently leading into a public stair or steep alley, while a little further on a wider open street runs down a declivity to a level apparently lower than that of the pier at which you have just landed. In fact this small portion of the town is an excavation in the lowest level of the promontory, intended to be used as a dock for the warships of the Order, and after that purpose was abandoned, occupied by the poorer class of work-people, to whom the recommendation of being close to their work outweighs the drawbacks of the closely-packed, ill-drained alleys and cellars in which they herd. It is however only fair to observe that the death-rate of this district is not exceptionally high, nor are the houses, though foul and damp, reduced to that sordid disrepair which would be the case in similar situations in London or New York. All Maltese houses are solid, stone being the

cheapest, and wood the dearer material. The climate also makes cool and even damp positions less injurious to health than in a more temperate zone, and probably the greatest hardship of the denizens of the Manderaggio is want of free circulation of air. Many projects have been formed by successive Governments for transplanting the residents in the Manderaggio, and utilising the site, but none have been found at present feasible; one great obstacle in the way being the steady increase in



Marsamuscetto Harbour, Malta. Drawn by R. Serle.

population, which threatens ere long to constitute one of the most serious problems with which the rulers of the country will have to cope. Five and twenty years ago there were 1,248 human beings to every square mile in Malta, and the increase has become extremely serious, ten per cent., it is alleged, annually since that date. It is true that the Maltese is to be found in every country that borders on the Mediterranean, and even farther afield, where a livelihood is to be made, but, like the

Chinaman, he desires to lay his bones at home, and having saved a small sum will invest it in buying or building a house in Sliema or San Giuseppe, or some other suburb of his beloved Valletta.

But to return to the Fior del Mondo. Had the original plan of the architect been carried out, the city would really have had an air of symmetry almost too regular. Under existing circumstances, although the streets are all at right angles, yet the inequalities on the surface of the promontory throw them into all kinds of varied perspective, and give to the whole mass a pyramidal effect which is very striking. The two highest elevations are the part of the Strada Reale between the Palace Square and the Main Gate, and the garden with its arcaded, though unroofed promenades, known as the Upper Baracca, from which the finest panorama of the Grand Harbour is obtained. At one end of this spacious elevated terrace you may look down into the vast fosse cut through the solid rock from bay to bay by the labour of thousands of Turkish slaves. Beyond is the suburb of Floriana, and in the distance the heights of Città Vecchia and the Bingemma hills, a landscape which reminds some of the visitors to these shores of the Holy Land. On the other side of the harbour, at your feet, are the twin promontories of St. Angelo and Isola,. with the Admiralty creek between them crowded with British shipping, men-of-war, troopships, yachts, and merchantmen, while hundreds of *dghaisas* (native boats), and small craft of every description carry on an incessant traffic. At the other end you look across the lower Baracca, with the monument to Sir Alexander Ball, to Fort Ricasoli and the entrance to the harbour; nor must the Naval Hospital on the Bighi point be forgotten, where Napoleon announced his intention, when he had subdued England, of erecting his palace, that he might control Europe with the one hand, and India with the other.

The stately range of arches called Baracca was roofed and enlarged at the expense of Fra Balbiani, Prior of Messina in 1661—English engravings of it in that state subsequent to 1760 are extant; but in 1775, having been the rendezvous of the members of a formidable conspiracy, the roof was destroyed by order of the Grand Master. The garden contains the monument of Sir Thomas Maitland, Governor from 1813 to 1824. Passing from hence between the Castile and the fort called St. James

Cavalier, a garrison chapel and a gymnasium being close at hand, and turning down the Strada Mercanti past the "Italie" gateway, there stands on the opposite side of the road the present Post Office, formerly the Palazzo Parisio, occupied by Napoleon I. as his headquarters when in the island. The recess where his bed was placed, is still traditionally identified, and the late Postmaster remembered his father having related that as the dishes for the General's dinner were brought up to his room, the sentinel, with Republican equality, helped himself to a portion of one which took his fancy, much to the amazement of the young Maltese. At the corner of this street and S. Giovanni, is a handsomely ornamented building, which, rebuilt and adorned by Grand Master Pinto, was used as the Courts of Justice. At the junction of the two streets the corner is cut away and a pedestal or pillar, large enough for a single person to stand upon, occupies its place, a large iron hook projecting above. This was used for the punishment of the *strappado*, the criminal being made to stand on the pillar, and be hoisted by the arms by a rope from the hook. Popular legend asserts that a bankrupt might obtain a discharge from his debts by volunteering to undergo this penalty, if a creditor chose to exact it. On the doors of this building, now a High School for Girls, are a beautiful pair of brass knockers adorned with the armorial bearings of G. M. Pinto. Nowhere is this style of decoration more general than in Valletta. The favourite pattern is very elegant—a dolphin, beautifully modelled, and still manufactured by the metal workers, whose shops are in Strada Irlandese near the lower Baracca. In Strada Mercanti, a little lower down, there were upon the doors of the "Archives," then the Post Office, a superb pair, so much above the common size, that a classical postmaster insisted that they represented the "Balæna Britannica delphinis major." At one time the lady of the outgoing holder of the office was returning to England, and from "information received," as the police are in the habit of saying, she was favoured with a polite message from the Governor to the effect that she would not be allowed to depart until an article of Government property, one of the knockers of the gates, was restored to its place. She no doubt had anticipated that if she could only get it safely to London, it would adorn her own street-door, for there are a few of similar construction on houses in Mayfair and Belgravia.

Strada Mercanti is indeed a kind of epitome of life in Malta. In the vicinity of the market from which the street takes its name—a modern, convenient, and well-ordered building—may be seen specimens of every class of the population, native and visitor. Ships' cooks, caterers for messes, clubs, and hotels, with native representatives of every grade from the palace to the cottage. Outside, an open air collection of stalls offering second-hand goods of every description, besieged by a motley crowd of Greeks, Arabs, Negroes, &c., from the merchant vessels in harbour, every one chaffering in his own language, and traders, porters, and idlers generally, shouting at the top of their voices in guttural vernacular chorus. Greater interest however attaches to the seaward end of this street, for it is here that the great hospital of the Order still subsists in the original building, though improved by modern science, which was erected for the service of the sick in 1575.

When the Knights arrived on the island they found an ancient hospital at Città Vecchia. This having been entirely rebuilt and reorganized by G. M. Manoel del Vilhena, is now used for the accommodation of a small number of patients, under the title of Santo Spirito. As St. Angelo was henceforth to be the *chef lieu* of the Order a hospital was erected in the Borgo, of which the doorway still remains, the building being now a nunnery. In the chapel however there is an interesting painting dated 1557, with the arms of L'Isle Adam and the date of the foundation, 1533. On the completion of the new city this hospital was transferred to the other side of the harbour, and unfortunately placed on the south-eastern sea front close to the great harbour, the inducement no doubt to choose this site being that patients might be landed from ships at the mouth of the harbour, and brought in by a covered way below the sea wall into the lower ward of the hospital, without making a tedious and dangerous circuit of the streets. Unfortunately it is thus completely sheltered by the high ground behind it from the healthy north and north-west winds, while it is exposed to the enervating scirocco.

This is much to be regretted, as the great ward is a stupendous piece of architectural skill. It is 503 ft. in length internally, 34 ft. 10 in. in width, and 30 ft. 6 in. in height—one of the grandest interiors in the world. There is another apartment at right angles, forming part of the

same great hall, but now divided, as is the hall itself, by party-walls about 12 ft. high. All down the sea side of the apartment are little niches, one to every pair of beds, originally intended for latrines. Up

Knights Hospitallers, from an Engraving in "Statutes of the Order of St. John," translated by Bogoforte, 1676.

to 1863 the windows were very small, occupying only a fifteenth of the space proportionate to the contents of the hall. Even now the apartment is very dismal, and we no longer hang the walls with tapestry and

pictures, as the Knights did by way of relieving the monotony of the prospect. The soldiers dislike and dread to be sent there, and we ought to have a military hospital in a better situation.

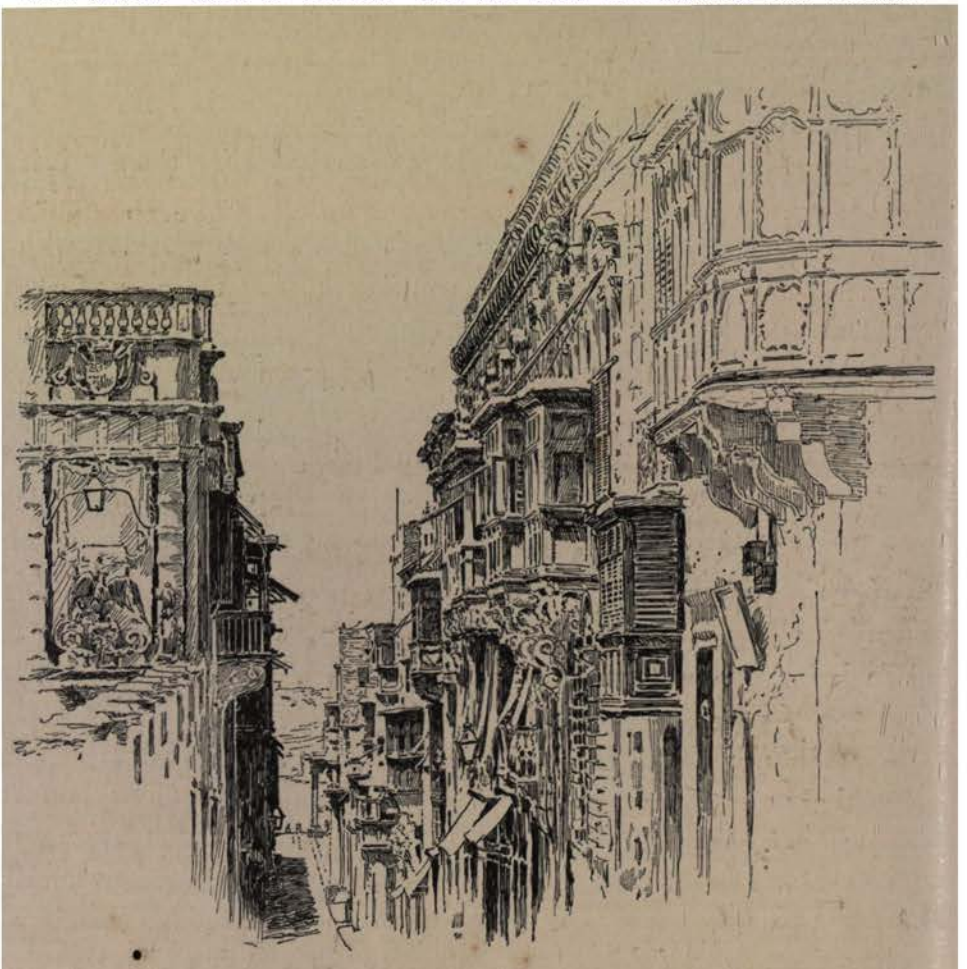
But the fault lay in the ignorance of true sanitary science which prevailed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In 1662, and again in 1712 under Perellos, large sums were spent upon the improvement of the hospital, but the erection of a front quadrangle facing Strada Mercanti, at an elevation of thirty-five feet above the existing one, shut out more completely air and light from the buildings on the lower level, and in 1780 a very injudicious addition of some rooms, afterwards used as Government stores, was made. Howard visited it in 1786 and speaks with much disfavour of the management; the servants were dirty, inhuman wretches, the beds not clean, the plate—for the hospital was supposed to be served on silver, only the *gente di catena*, the malefactors or galley slaves, condescending to pewter—badly kept, and the number of attendants below the stated staff. Possibly the Grand Hospitaller, who was always a Knight of the French langue, may have been at that time inefficient; for it is suggestive that every five years, the period for which the Knight who had been nominated was bound to serve, a change in the office took place. Yet we cannot believe that there was actual parsimony. In 1796 the Order were expending £6,000 a year on their hospital, when the purchasing power of money infinitely exceeded anything which we can find a parallel for. Nor at the present day does there appear to be any reluctance upon the part of the Maltese to make ample provision for the sick. The Civil Hospital, now wisely removed to a healthy site in the suburb of Floriana, is admirably conducted, and no fault save that of position can be found with the Hospital for Incurables, hard by the Military Hospital. It is beneath this building, which adjoins the burying-place of the Knights who died in hospital, and who were buried in their mantles *à bec*, with the white cross, that the singular piece of ghastly ingenuity, the Chapel of Bones, is situate, every detail of the architecture being rendered in the bleached remains of humanity. Almost as singular a relic is the mortuary where the body is left for twenty-four hours after death with straps fastened to hands and feet, so that the slightest motion would set a bell ringing and prevent the catastrophe of a living interment.

V

VALLETTA (continued)

It is to Spanish influence that Valletta owes the leading characteristic of its architecture, the balconies which project from every house, forming an integral part of its construction, roofed in, and provided with windows and blinds for the purpose of intercepting the rays of the sun, and of controlling the currents of air which in sultry days are admitted to refresh the interior apartment. They are indeed the Spanish *miradores*, a modification of the Oriental *moncharbis*, supported upon solid brackets of stone and closed with gratings. In traversing the streets which lead to the centre of the town, the steep incline of Strada Vescovo from the quarantine harbour, or the streets of stairs upon the other side, these balconies present a broken outline of the most varied character, the street itself bathed in shadow with bars of light breaking in at the intersecting thoroughfares; the gloomy shops and basements darkened by awnings or deep projections; statues of saints, foreshortened by their elevated position, hang suspended overhead with lighted lamps burning in front of them, while higher still the bright sunshine brings out in strong relief the cream-coloured upper stories of the buildings against the azure sky. As you pursue your way you notice the vaulted vestibules admitting to the court-yards of mansions, sometimes closed by folding doors with a wicket for entrance, sometimes by a high wooden gate, the object of which is to keep out the goats, a flock of which creatures may often be seen dawdling down the streets, supplementing the scanty forage they can find on the ramparts, by nibbling orange peel, old newspapers, or any refuse they espy. Behind them comes their herdsman in half seafaring guise, with bare feet, sash, long drooping knitted cap, shirt-sleeves, and a bag, for the most part empty, over one shoulder, who will suddenly pounce upon a goat, catch it by the hind leg, and milk it deftly into the can which some maidservant has just

handed to him. These are the touches of nature which make daily life in Malta so amusing. The plan of a Maltese town house is this: a corridor leading to the street, a court-yard, sometimes planted with flowers or shrubs, sometimes simply paved for kitchen purposes—always with a well—used or unused. At the back the kitchen and servants'



Strada Vescovo, Valletta. Drawn by R. Serle.

offices, the front rooms on the level of the street being generally let as shops, stables, anything, to a separate tenant. There is always a mezzanine floor also, with a distinct entrance and tenancy; these apartments have no chimneys or ventilation of any sort except from the front, and should any cooking be required by their occupants it is

done by a little square stone oven brought out into the balcony or the pavement, filled with charcoal and lighted *sub dio*, the fumes ascending to the apartments above, which, approached by a broad handsome stairway, are often palatial in dimensions, on an average eighteen feet high, and all with stone floors. All the wood in a house in Valletta, except window cases, shutters, and doors, is comprised in the massive beams which support these slabs of stone, so fires are very rare. The old Teatro Manoel, built by G. M. del Vilhena in 1732, is the oldest

Straaa Marina, Valletta. Drawn by R. Serle.

theatre in Europe, every other, even the more modern Opera House in Valletta itself, having suffered from fire. The Opera, though the stage, the roof, and all the internal fittings were consumed in 1873, remains externally the same as when erected in 1866. The houses of Valletta have stone and concrete roofs also, upon which the occupants climb to take the air, and enjoy the lovely sea prospect to the northward in the most advantageous light with the sun behind them.

As ought to be the case, the palace is quite the typical mansion of the

city. The courts are large and beautifully adorned with trees and shrubs, on the ground floor are the printing establishment and other government offices, guard-rooms, and the like, and you wind up a wonderful circular stair of shallow steps, a careful restoration of the one which in 1788 elicited the eulogium of Howard, to the wide marble corridors and spacious saloons appropriated to the social functions presided over by the Queen's representative. Not that this story is altogether devoted to purposes of mere court pageantry or official dignity; the room in which the grand tapestry, designated *Tenture des Indes*, is placed, is used as the House of Assembly for the local Parliament, and resounds to the harangues of patriotic members who evince their nationality by using a foreign language, Italian—which also by a strange perversity has been retained in the Courts of Justice of the island. The commercial classes, the artizans, and the labourers, would much prefer the general use of English as a supplement to Maltese, and the discontinuance of Italian. Under present conditions the trilingual teaching in the schools deserves the highest commendation, and the ease with which it seems to be acquired, speaks strongly for the aptitude of the scholars; but why a certain official patronage should be extended to an exotic tongue is difficult to understand. Whether a dialect of the old Punic tongue or a corrupt Arabic is the origin of the native language may perhaps be doubtful, but it would repay a more careful grammatical study.

Except for the beautiful hangings of its walls the council chamber is not a particularly imposing apartment, though of good proportions. A chair of state for the representative of Majesty, seats for the officials, and benches for the elected members, covered in orthodox crimson, constitute its furniture, with a few forms at the lower end for the public, who can gratify ear or eye *ad libitum*, and when tired of the discussion revert to the figures of birds and beasts, Indians, and Negroes, wrought in superb colouring into these triumphs of the skill of Le Blond, for their mental refreshment.

It would appear that G. M. Raymond de Perellos had a passion for tapestry, for having adorned the church of St. John with this kind of decoration made at Brussels, he repaired to the famous factory of Gobelins for tapestry for the palace. The panels represent exotic and rare South American plants and animals, the designs having been composed in the

school of Le Brun, the designer for the factory of the Gobelins, in the seventeenth century, from pictures given to Louis XIV by the Prince of

Tapestry in the Council Chamber.

Nassau. The cartoons, worn out by use, were renewed about 1725 by Francis Desportes, who modified and amplified some of them; several

versions of these favourite designs are known to exist, of which one is in the *Garde Meuble* of Paris, and is occasionally exhibited at the opening of the Salon in the Champs Elysées. The tapestry at Malta belongs, however, to the more ancient period, the name of the maker, Le Blond, is woven into the list, and on the border appear the arms of Perellos, while on a fringe, also worked in panels, apparently by the same hand, the arms are repeated with Turkish prisoners as supporters, no memorandum of such design being found by M. Darcel in the Archives, either of the factory or of the *Garde Meuble.* He surmises therefore that these tapestries were purchased by the Grand Master from Le Blond's private establishment, where he is known to have executed commissions from favourite patterns, sometimes those belonging to the Royal establishment, and sometimes his own property—the *Tenture des Indes* being one of these—woven outside the government factory, but from designs by the same artists, and probably with materials identical with those employed for the tapestry produced from the looms of the State. M. Darcel, in the interesting monograph which he has written upon these tapestries, comments very shrewdly upon the total ignorance often displayed on such subjects, mentioning one author upon Malta who uses for these hangings the words "*i damaschi effigiati*," the figured damasks: a blunder the more extraordinary because they are commonly known in Valletta as the Arazzi, from the town of Arras, the great seat of the manufacture, which as readers of Shakespeare will remember, gave them the same name in ordinary English parlance.

One of the prominent features of the palace is the armoury, a finely proportioned gallery, lined, as are the corridors, with effigies in suits of armour bearing pikes and round shields, upon which in questionable taste are painted the arms of the successive Grand Masters from Gerard to Hompesch, and of English Governors to the present day. The armour itself is poor, and of the least interesting period. There are a few suits of more elegant design in the saloons, one of which, richly inlaid with gold, belonged to G. M. de Vignacourt, of whom there is a fine portrait by Caravaggio. There is rather an interesting full length of Catherine II. of Russia, but the majority of the portraits and other paintings are of no very conspicuous merit.

The stands of arms are effective as a mass, from a decorative point

Tapestry in the Council Chamber.

of view, but in detail are not of great value or curiosity. The sword, axe, and coat of mail of the great enemy of the Knights, the corsair Dragut, are preserved in a case, and a few Oriental weapons are deserving of notice; a cannon made of copper, four inches in bore, covered with cement bound round with rope, is one of the most singular trophies, and there are other small pieces of artillery of ornamental workmanship preserved here. In 1888 the English Government restored to Malta certain cannon captured from the French, who had taken them from the island; these, which are of elegant design and ornamentation, were, for the most part, originally presented by foreign princes in token of amity, or by way of acknowledgment for hospitality or services rendered by the Order. They are placed in conspicuous situations in Valletta, and form, says a late visitor to Malta, popular hobby-horses for the ragged urchins of the town.

Communicating with the palace by a prolonged balcony of the construction already described, is the Public Library, to which the ordinary entrance is by a staircase from Victoria Square, now appropriately adorned by a statue of Her Most Gracious Majesty, replacing one of G. M. Manoel del Vilhena, which had been translated by Sir Gaspard Le Marchant from the fort which the Grand Master constructed and called by his own name, ignoring an inscription which stated that he stood in the midst of his works. The building was erected by G. M. de Rohan for a library, but was not used until 1812. The library itself dates from 1650, when a room in the building adjoining St. John's Church was set apart for the purpose, which appears to have been first contemplated nearly forty years before. In 1760 the books collected by Cardinal Portocarrero were bought for a public library by the Bailiff Tencin, and in 1763 a librarian was appointed; additions were also made from other libraries over which the Order had control, and from the private collections of its individual members, which by a resolution of the Chapter were directed to be handed over to the library, the duplicate books being sold to defray establishment expenses. Thus in 1812 there were 30,000 volumes to be placed on the new shelves, and since that date 20,000 more have been added. This does not, unfortunately, represent the actual state of the library, which we may regret to learn does

not reflect much credit upon the English Government. In 1881, when Dr. Vassalo, a learned, courteous, and in every way admirable librarian, had in the course of nature to leave his post, a very considerable percentage of the books were reduced to a condition not far removed from absolute powder by the ravages of the *agaricus* and other insect foes of literature. The sum allowed for dusting the books, taking each book in order, would suffice for a septennial cleansing; the floor of the large book-room, instead of marble, wood, or some material which resists wear and tear, was of the friable native stone, and the dust from the streets made its way through the casements; nor, said the authorities, was there a sufficient fund at hand to remedy this melancholy state of things. Dr. Vassalo's successor grappled to the best of his ability with the disastrous condition of his charge; large quantities of the volumes were committed to the flames, and the remaining works were fumigated and otherwise defended against the foe; fortunately the devastation had been chiefly confined to the upper shelves, the depository of the additions made from the libraries of bygone Knights, which, as Thackeray astutely noted when he passed through Malta, were "none of your works of modern science, travel, and history, but good old useless books of the last two centuries"; but the pest was fast spreading to works of far more interest and value, so that even now, when matters are certainly in a greatly improved condition, one asks for an ancient chronicle, or a fine specimen of typography or binding, with fear and trembling. When we consider that the outlay of a few hundred pounds, and a comparatively simple rearrangement of premises by no means inadequate for their purpose, would convert this into one of the most interesting and handsome museums in the world, one cannot but regret that local aversion to change, and the short tenure of the office of Governor, which prevents many plans from being brought to fruition which have been commenced in a true spirit of conservative reform, should have stood in the way of a thorough renovation of a most interesting inheritance of the past.

It is at the back of this building that the small museum is located in two or three minor apartments. Small as it is, however, it con-

tains many objects of great value and rarity, forming an epitome of the history of the islands of Malta and Gozo. In addition to the remains of the Phœnician period of which mention has been already made, there are several pieces of pottery, vases, bowls, and lamps: there is also a most interesting terra-cotta sarcophagus of that period, found with a skeleton inside, and an iron ring, at Ghar Barca in 1797. In the same locality similar discoveries are recorded to have been made in 1624 and 1800; and fictile relics have been at times

Roman Sculpture.—Romulus and Remus. In the Museum at Valietta.

unearthed in other places which found their way into private hands, and have been lost sight of. The suggestion cannot fail to present itself that if the museum were a little more *en évidence*, public interest in it might be aroused, and some of the treasures now in private houses find their way into the national collection. The late Dr. Vassalo printed a very readable and accurate description of the contents of the museum, classifying them according to the period and region of art to which they belonged. From Phœnician and Egyptian, we come to the Greek and Roman periods; of the former, the curious Sicilian altar with the three bended legs familiar as the ensign of the Isle of Man, but with the

addition of a human face in the centre of them; a beautifully sculptured miniature Hercules; several vases with figures in the Etruscan style round the bowl—of the latter the fine she-wolf with the children, of pure alabaster, are very noteworthy; also a great variety of lamps and articles of pottery bearing Christian emblems, and the remarkable bronze statuette of a crippled beggar holding a dish and bearing on his body curious letters, said to be of the mystic alphabet in vogue among the Gnostic heretics, and read thus, "Christ was scourged." Of the Norman period there is only a capital from a small column, formerly part of a well in the

Norman Capital, and Greek Vase. *Figure with Gnostic Inscription.*
In the Museum at Valletta.

Borgo, and a very curious and interesting Saracenic inscription of the eleventh century, cut upon the back of a piece of marble which had formed, it would appear from the remains of the carving on the reverse side, a portion of some ornament of a classical building. The masks, taken after death, of L'Isle Adam and La Vallette, have found an appropriate resting-place here, and the dies for the coinage of the three last Grand Masters conclude the representative tale of centuries. The very handsome majolica vases once used in the Knights' Hospital are not deposited, as one would expect, in the museum, but in the armoury and corridors of the palace. They are very quaint in design and some are of great beauty; one of the most singular stands quite three feet in height, and is made to represent an owl with ears and beak, the head taking off for a lid.

In cases in the main library are preserved some of the most valuable

printed books, old editions curious in woodcuts like Cavorsin's siege of Rhodes, &c.; also some beautifully written and illuminated MS. books with splendid artistic and elaborate specimens of binding, generally presentations to Grand Masters; there are other MSS., heraldic, &c., and engravings of Malta in former days, recently acquired.

A collection of fossils in the same great hall seems less in place here than it would be at the University in Strada S. Paolo, where the higher education of the place is very efficiently carried out, the only matter of regret being that of the numerous young men annually qualified in law and medicine a small proportion only can possibly find employment in so limited a sphere. The managing body of the institution however wisely seek to elevate the popular taste generally by lectures upon history, geography, the rudiments of science, &c., and do a good work outside their walls as well as within them.

In the educational language of the day, the elementary schools of the island may be classed as "efficient, but not sufficient." They do not possess accommodation for those of the population who would voluntarily attend them, and anything like compulsory attendance would necessitate an enlargement to triple the present available space. At the same time, for those fortunate enough to obtain it, the instruction is sound and intelligent, and the discipline admirable. One of the prettiest sights in Valletta is to visit the model school in the Strada Cristofero, where the ancient slave and civil prisons, of which Howard has left us a melancholy account, are now tenanted by little learners as bright, clean, and happy as those whom Thackeray saw and heard at Dundalk, and described so touchingly in his *Irish Sketch-book*. If an English visitor to Malta really wishes to do good, let him obtain permission from the Director of Education to visit these schools, which, I doubt not, he will find doing the same good work as in '91, and by whose conductors a slight encouragement from England is highly appreciated.

The religious susceptibilities of the natives are sometimes the occasion of external manifestation of distaste or misunderstanding, as a worthy chaplain to the forces once discovered who excited vehement wrath in the breast of a boatman by telling him that the figure of Neptune upon his *dghaisa* was the god of the sea. Like all primitive races the islanders are deeply attached to their national usages, for which perhaps

our own countrymen sometimes display a want of consideration. One of the most remarkable features of the city is the peculiar mantilla of black silk worn by the women which is called the *faldette* or sometimes the *onega*. It is in the shape of a skirt turned over the head, which was no doubt its origin, but gathered in on one side only and kept stiff by an arched piece of whalebone, which can be managed ingeniously by the hand so as to give the nun-like effect which strikes the visitor as so remarkable. This is connected with some religious scruple; the ladies of the first fashion wear it on certain occasions of devotion, and a servant going to England with her employer's family will go on board the packet wearing it and commit it to the care of a friend to take ashore, who will meet her with it on her return. It is most probable however that the colour, not the shape, was really the subject of the vow. In the country it is worn of ordinary stuff, and called *tsolkâna*, resembling in fact an Arab garment of somewhat similar name. Perhaps the only male piece of costume which can be called national is the *khorg*, a piece of cloth made into a bag about three yards long and two feet wide, with an opening in the middle and worn full or empty over the shoulder. This forms an invariable adjunct to the out-of-door costume of the labourer, who runs in to his work in Valletta from some *casal* perhaps half a dozen miles away. A large portion of this labour is employed in the coaling of steamers, and it is one of the sights of the harbour to watch the two streams of human ants running out from the depôts and back again from the boats, laden and empty. There may be some ground for fear, should the improvements in science in any way interfere with this employment by enabling steamers to coal less frequently, that an industrious race may suffer.

That the island could support a population increasing at the present rate, if deprived of the English expenditure, is quite impossible, the fertile ground being so small, consisting only of nooks and crannies. The pits in front of St. Elmo and on the rocky plain of Floriana, in which a store of corn is kept, covered in the antique style with round stones sealed and marked, evidence the necessity for an extraneous supply. It seems strange that in a community under British influence a duty on imported wheat should still be payable,

but it is the indisposition of the Maltese themselves to its abolition which retains the impost, nor can it be said that the price of bread has ever been so high as to cause any widespread distress as long as employment is plentiful; the wants of a native are few, and so modest is his expenditure that we still coin the "grain," a little copper piece, ten making a penny, which has been the common circulating medium ever since the era of the Grand Masters.

The effects of British rule are more in evidence on the other side of the Great Harbour, in what are called the three cities, Vittoriosa, Burmola, and Isola. On the point opposite the Knights' Hospital, Bighi, in the very place where Napoleon boastfully said he would build his palace when Europe, Asia, and Africa were all subjugated to his Empire, is the very spacious and beautiful Naval Hospital, erected in 1830, in digging the foundations of which Captain (afterwards Sir Harry) Smith, R.E., discovered the Egyptian inscriptions now in the British Museum. Here begin the defensive lines called Cottonera, after their founder, Grand Master Nicholas Cottoner, whose bust ornaments the Zabbar gate, the scene of some fighting during the French blockade, conspicuous from its lofty position. Here, in the airiest situation, stands the main military hospital, plain, large, and well-arranged. Vittoriosa, for so has the Borgo been entitled since the siege, is now one vast congeries of naval institutions; even the caves at the back of the Admiralty, where the wretched Mahometan galley-slaves dragged out a miserable existence, a suggestive trace of which is found in the appellation of the neighbouring creek, the Bay of Insects, are utilized for shops and stores. The suburb of Burmola, at the head of this creek, is densely peopled by workmen employed in the docks, which now are being enlarged on a suitable scale to the requirements of our Mediterranean headquarters. The third of these subsidiary towns, Isola or Senglea, is also now nearly as much a dockyard as the Admiralty Creek itself, and the buildings in all three, which were raised for the accommodation of the forces of the Knights, military and naval, have been modernised into or supplanted by barracks, quarters, and factories appropriated to the service of the British fleet and garrison. On the adjacent hill is a military and a civil prison, and government stores occupy the shore of the whole of this portion of the harbour on the

other side of Valletta. Beyond the Marsamuscetto harbour and the little bay of St. Julian, are the spacious barracks designated Pembroke Camp, with shooting-ranges for musketry practice.

Thus Valletta is a capital city, a garrison town, and a naval arsenal of the first magnitude. Yet it speaks volumes for the character of the Maltese that the dangerous classes are far from being numerous; vice is nowhere prominent, order reigns unbroken; and except during the Carnival and at Easter, even the natural love of noise inherent in the population seems to go to sleep with the setting sun. It must be acknowledged that the noises in Malta form a distinct drawback to the visitors' pleasure, the church bells for instance are of fine metal and good proportions, but are nearly all fixtures, sometimes in a turret which would not allow of their being swung, but in almost every case only sounded by pulling a rope attached to the clapper or by beating the outside of a bell with a hammer. This, however, at some seasons, is incessant. The clocks also have a provoking habit of announcing the hour at every quarter, and as some of them strike Italian fashion up to twenty-four, their reminders of the flight of time grow rather wearisome. It is quite delightful to hear the bells of the English church of St. Paul chime in home fashion for service.

Although the rule of the Order of St. John conferred many substantial benefits upon the natives, its character at best was that of a benevolent despotism. Despotic indeed were the dominant caste who compelled a native to stand off the pavement when he saw a Knight approaching, and forbade a woman of any degree to appear in the Strada Reale, the main street of Valletta. Yet their rule was beneficial; irrespective of the direct charities which they maintained—hospitals for the sick, for women, for orphans, poor children, and foundlings, gratuitous dispensaries and distribution of food, in which purposes in 1796 they spent nearly £13,000—large tracts of country were planted with trees, the greatest possible benefit to the island, though viewed with distrust by Maltese to this day, who think they harbour mosquitoes and banditti. G. M. de Vignacourt in 1614 completed an aqueduct for Valletta, and Pinto a century later cultivated mulberry trees for the production of silk; scarce a Grand Master can be named who did not do something for the general welfare of the commonalty.

Thus the people throve, while luxury and aristocratic pomp sapped the energy of the members of the Order. For many years the galleys scoured the Mediterranean in pursuit of the corsairs, but Perellos in 1697 substituted for them decked ships of a larger size, and the navy seems gradually to have declined; during the eighteenth century it became the custom to permit privateers to rendezvous in the harbours of Valletta, and from the memoirs of the Earl of Charlemont in 1750 we learn that the warfare which used to be carried on by the Knights had fallen into the hands of Captain Fortunatus Wright and other adventurers. Yet it is pleasant to remember that almost the last duty performed by the fleet of the Order was to carry succour to the Italian and Sicilian sufferers by the earthquake of 1783.

The internal dissensions, which had always served to cripple the exertions of the Order, became much more serious when the French Revolution deprived them at one swoop of revenue to the amount of £50,000. The contagion spread through the commanderies in the other European countries, and despite the conversion of plate into money, and every expedient which insolvency suggests, the Grand Master had reached the end of his resources, and the Knights were prepared to take any desperate step to secure their individual safety. Nevertheless, had it depended upon the loyal Maltese, the annexation of Malta by the French in 1798 would only have been effected at the cost of much blood and treasure. "It was well," said one of Napoleon's lieutenants, as they viewed the stupendous fortifications, "that we had somebody to hand us the keys of these gates, or we should have had some trouble in forcing our way in." At the very last moment, when treachery and pusillanimity had admitted the invader, the native militia who garrisoned the two forts in Valletta, known as the Cavaliers of St. John and St. James, were with the utmost difficulty persuaded to surrender them without an independent struggle, and as soon as the main body of the French army had departed, although it carried with it the principal part of the Maltese regular troops, the natives rose, as they declared they would, against the plunderers of their churches, and unassisted by any foreign power shut up the 3,000 Frenchmen left behind within the fortifications of Valletta. This was on the 3rd September, 1798, and for two years the patriotic islanders made every effort to

take the city, with such small assistance as could be spared by Nelson and the English and Neapolitan Governments. Disease and famine prevailed among the unfortunates who had been left in the city, and in fact the island generally, and the loss of the Maltese during the struggle is computed to have been 20,000. Towards the end of the siege, in which the English had gradually become the allies and confidants of the Maltese, Sir Alexander Ball, one of Nelson's lieutenants, was elected Governor, and suggested a British protectorate. According to the treaty of Amiens the Order of St. John was to be revived under certain conditions and limitations, and the English troops were to evacuate the island in three months. This was so little to the taste of the Maltese that a deputation was despatched to London to protest against the proposal, and to solicit the English to remain in the country. When war broke out again, very shortly, the British were still in Malta, where they remained until, in 1814, the Treaty of Paris ratified that sentence which remains engraven on the Main Guard, "The love of the Maltese and the voice of Europe confirms these islands to great and invincible Britain"; and (adds a candid foreign critic) "I think that the Maltese have no cause to repent the consequences of that love."

THE END

INDEX

Armoury, 66
Auberges, 52—54

Bajazet, 16, 30
Balconies, 61
Ball, Sir Alexander, 78
Baracca, upper and lower, 56
Baviere, 54
Beaujolais, Count de, 34
Bernini, 34
Borgo, see Città Vittoriosa
Burmola, 75

Candelissa, 22, 24
Caravaggio, 30, 66
Catherine II., 66
Chapel of Bones, 60
Charles V., 13, 16
Città Vecchia, see Notabile
Città Vittoriosa, 18, 75
Coast line, 5
Corradino heights, 10
Costume, 74
Cottonera lines, 52
Council Chamber, 64
Cussar, Girolamo, 28
Cyprus, 15

De Vos, 28, 45, 46
Dragut, 19, 21, 69

Egyptian inscriptions, 75
English in Malta, 74, 75, 78

Floriana, 56, 60, 74
French in Malta, 77

Gafa, Melchior, 37
Geological fault, 5, 10
Gerard, 15
Giant's tower, 10
Gozo, 5, 11, 13, 16
Grand Masters of Knights Hospitallers: Aubusson, 15, 30; Carraffa, 38; Cottoner, 34, 75; Hompesch, 34; La Sengle, 18; La Vallette, 17, 25, 27, 38, 72; Lascaris, 22, 38; L'Isle Adam, 14, 38, 58, 72; Paula, 42; Perellos, 34, 45, 46, 60, 64; Pinto, 34, 57, 76; Rohan, 38, 54, 69; Vignacourt, 38, 66, 76; Vilhena, 58, 63, 69
Great Harbour, 18

Hagiar Kim, 6
Hospital of St. John at Jerusalem, 15
" " " Valletta, 58—60
Houlton, Sir Victor, 51

Isola, see Senglea

Kabiri, 6

Langues, 15
Le Blond, 64
Library, Valletta, 69

Mahomet II., 16
Maitland, Sir Thomas, 56

Manderaggio, 54
Marsamuscetto, 19, 22, 54
Marsa Scirocco, 6, 10
Museum at Valletta, 6, 70
Mustapha, 21, 25

Napoleon I., 56, 57
Notabile, 12, 23, 38, 41, 58

Opera house, 63

Palace, Valletta, 63, 64
Palazzo Parisio, 57
Philip II., 24, 25
Phœnician remains, 6, 9—12, 71
Piali, 19
Pirates, 12, 13, 14, 77
Poussin, Nicholas, 45, 46
Preti, Matteo, 30, 45

Raymond de Puy, 15
Rhodes, 15
„ Archbishop of, 38
Roger of Sicily, 13, 14
Roman remains, 12, 72
Rubens, 45

St. Angelo, 13, 14, 18, 19, 21, 58
St. Elmo, 18, 20, 21, 74
St. Jean d'Acre, 15
St. Paul's Bay, 6, 10, 25
St. Paul's Cave, 12
Senglea, 18, 22, 23, 75
Sliema, 56
Solyman, 16, 17
Starkey, Oliver, 27, 38
Syracuse, 16, 19

Tapestries in St. John's, 45
„ „ Council Chamber, 64
Teatro Manoelo, 63
Templars, 15
Tripoli, 16

University, Valletta, 73.

Vassalo, Dr., 70, 71
Viperan, 19, 23, 24

Zanoguerra, 23
Zizim, 16, 30

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD

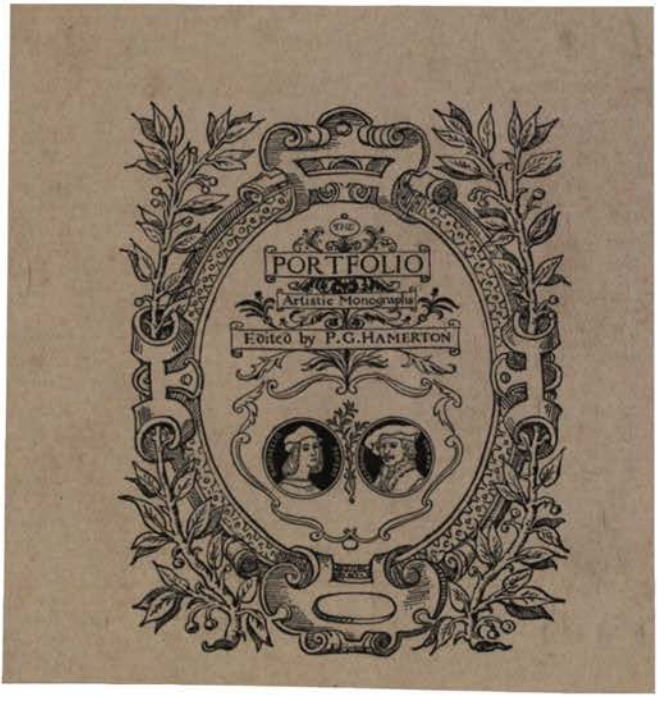
MASTER-POTTER

By

A. H. CHURCH, F.R.S.

Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Academy of Arts

Author of "English Earthenware," &c.



LONDON

SEELEY AND CO. LIMITED, ESSEX STREET, STRAND

NEW YORK, MACMILLAN AND CO

1894

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

HIS PRECURSORS

Elers of Bradwell; John and Thomas Astbury; Ralph Shaw; Thomas and John Wedgwood; Enoch Booth and Ralph Daniel . . . . . *pages* 7—10

CHAPTER II

HIS EARLY YEARS

Birth, Education, Traditions of Childhood; Apprenticeship; Partnerships with John Harrison and Thomas Whieldon . . . . . *pages* 11—15

CHAPTER III

AS MASTER-POTTER

The Ivy House Works; Increase of Business; Division of Labour Introduced; Finish *versus* Vitality; Public Spirit and Generosity . . . . . *pages* 16—19

CHAPTER IV

HIS CERAMIC IMPROVEMENTS

Queen's Ware; Black Basalt Ware and Encaustic Painting; White Semi-Porcelain; Agate and Marbled Wares; Terra-Cotta, &c. . . . . *pages* 20—31

CHAPTER V

HIS INVENTION OF THE "JASPER" BODY

Novelty of its Composition; Peculiar Properties; Range of Colour; Solid Jasper and Jasper-Dip . . . . . *pages* 32—35

CHAPTER VI

THE BARBERINI OR PORTLAND VASE

Modelled from the Original by Henry Webber; Discovery of the Vase, its Date, Decoration and Material; Variations in and Prices realised by Wedgwood's Copies . . . . . *pages* 36—39

CHAPTER VII

HIS CAMEOS, MEDALLIONS AND PLAQUES

Early Trials in Colour; Cameos and Intaglios in Semi-Porcelain and Black Basalt; Cameos and Medallions in the Jasper Body; Plaques and Tablets; Important Examples . . . . . *pages* 40—53

CHAPTER VIII

HIS PORTRAIT CAMEOS AND MEDALLIONS

Historical Series; Heads of "Illustrious Modern Personages"; Identification of the Subjects; Unusually Large Cameos; Variety in Subject and Treatment; Models by Flaxman, Hackwood and others . . . . . *pages* 54—61

CHAPTER IX

VASES IN THE JASPER BODY

Not made before 1781; Period of Perfection; Decadence; Designs of Vases and Pedestals; Wedgwood's Letter of 1786 to Sir W. Hamilton; Prices of Fine Examples; Conventional Ornaments . . . . . *pages* 62—67

CHAPTER X

MISCELLANEOUS PRODUCTIONS IN JASPER

Chessmen; Match-pots, Pedestals and Drums; Pipe-bowls and Hookahs; Tea and Coffee Sets; Salt-cellars; Bulb-stands and Flower-pots; Lamps and Candlesticks; Bell-pulls, Scent-bottles . . . . . *pages* 68—76

CHAPTER XI

LATER YEARS

The Brick-House Works; Marriage; Partnership with Thomas Wedgwood; Purchase of the Site of "Etruria"; Grand Trunk Canal; London Show-Room; A Surgical Operation; Partnership with Thomas Bentley; Etruria, the Village, Works, and Hall; Scientific Labours; Death . . . . . *pages* 77—87

CHAPTER XII

POSITION AS AN ART-POTTER

A Pervading Style; Merits and Defects; Sources of his Designs; Artists Employed—James Tassie, John Flaxman; Imitators and Successors . . *pages* 88—96

CHAPTER XIII

COLLECTIONS AND COLLECTORS

Provincial Museums; Public Collections in London; Formation and Dispersal of Private Collections; Criteria of Quality and Date; Marks . . . *pages* 97—103

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES . . . . . *page* 104

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PLATES

PAGE

I. Portland Vase ; white on dark slate-colour, solid jasper (J.L.P.) . *Frontispiece*

II. Plaque, Sacrifice of Iphigenia ; white and green jasper (M.P.G.) 40

III. Two Medallions, A Zephyr, blue and white jasper ; A Monumental Group, black and white jasper (A.H.C.) 46

IV. Medallion, Portrait of Flaxman ; terra-cotta (S.K.M.) 94

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT

1. Josiah Wedgwood. From the engraving by S. W. Reynolds, after the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds (B.M.) 13

2. Chestnut-Basket ; cream-coloured ware (M.P.G.) 22

3. Dessert-Dish ; tinted white ware (S.K.M.) 24

4. Mug, silver mounts ; black basalt ware (S.K.M.) 26

5. Lamp ; black basalt ware (M.P.G.) 27

6. Vase ; cream ware coloured in imitation of granite (M.P.G.) 30

7. Teapot ; chocolate, terra-cotta, white reliefs (S.K.M.) 31

8. Medallion, Head of Medusa ; blue and white jasper, laminated ground (J.L.P.) 42

9. Plaque, Sacrifice to Hymen ; black and white jasper (J.L.P.) 45

10. Plaque, Treaty between France and England ; blue and white jasper (J.L.P.) . 47

11. Medallion, Bacchanalian Boys ; black and white jasper (S.K.M.) 48

12. Medallion, Achilles with the Body of Hector ; green, black and white jasper (J.L.P.) 49

PAGE

13. Plaque, Marriage of Cupid and Psyche ; blue and white jasper (B.M.) . . 51
14. Medallion, Sir F. W. Herschel ; blue and white jasper (M.P.G.) 56
15. Medallion, Dr. Johnson ; blue and white jasper (J.L.P.) 57
16. Medallion, E. Bourne ; blue and white jasper (J.L.P.) 58
17. Medallion, King of the Two Sicilies ; blue and white jasper (J.L.P.) 59
18. Medallion, Catherine II. of Russia ; dark green and white jasper (J.L.P.) . . 60
19. Vase, Apollo and the Muses ; blue and white jasper (M.P.G.) 65
20, 21. Pedestal, Blind Man's Buff ; green and white jasper (S.K.M.) 70, 71
22. Bowl, Ivy festoons and pendant Cameos ; white, green and lilac jasper (M.P.G.) 72
23. Sugar-bason and Cover, Vine pattern ; pale olive and lilac (S.K.M.) 72
24. Saucer, festoons and cameos ; white, green and lilac jasper (S.K.M.) 73
25. Flowerpot and Saucer, reliefs of fern-leaves ; cane-colour, terra cotta (S.K.M.) 74
26, 27. Pair of Candlesticks, Children and Trees ; white and blue jasper (J.L.P.) . 75
28. Statuette, Seated Figure, in right hand a syrinx ; terra-cotta (S.K.M.) 95

The examples from which the above illustrations are taken are in the following collections :—

Mr. J. Lumsden Propert (J.L.P.)
British Museum (B.M.)
South Kensington Museum (S.K.M.)
Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street (M.P.G.)
Mr. A. H. Church (A.H.C.)

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD

CHAPTER I

HIS PRECURSORS

Elers of Bradwell; John and Thomas Astbury; Ralph Shaw; Thomas and John Wedgwood; Enoch Booth, and Ralph Daniel.

DURING the last quarter of the seventeenth century two potters of exceptional skill and marked individuality were at work in England. The earlier of these artists in clay was John Dwight of Fulham, a sketch of whose life and labours was given in the *Portfolio* for 1893. Dwight, whose artistic productions probably date from the year 1671, exercised no recognisable influence upon the other potters of his day. It was otherwise with the later ceramist, the Dutchman, John Philip Elers of Bradwell Wood and Dimsdale, near Burslem. He, with his brother David, came over from Amsterdam soon after the Revolution of 1688. As early as the year 1692 or 1693 his manufacture had attained a high degree of perfection; at this time he had a warehouse for the sale of his goods in the Poultry in London. Although his undertaking did not prove a commercial success and his own potworks was abandoned about the year 1710, Elers really initiated a complete change in the methods and style of Staffordshire earthenware. It is scarcely to be contested that he introduced into the district the process of glazing with salt, and thus founded a special local industry which for seventy years formed a considerable factor in the prosperity of "The Potteries." He perfected if he did not introduce the process

of washing, levigating, and otherwise preparing clays, and thus effected a marked improvement in the fineness, durability, solidity and general physical properties of the "bodies" or "pastes" of which they formed the chief constituent. But Elers did more than this, for a third innovation in the English practice of potting may be reasonably attributed to him. He used the lathe so as to turn his pieces into forms far thinner and more uniformly exact in shape than any which the wheel or the whirler could produce. The advent of J. P. Elers had in the end a most marked effect, though not one immediately perceptible, upon the subsequent productions of "The Potteries." It started the more intelligent and enterprising of the native master-potters upon new lines,—lines which, though they then included something of a foreign element, soon acquired a thoroughly English character. There is, indeed, an immense interval and contrast between the grand, massive, picturesque and quaint, yet clumsy, coarse and cumbrous platters, tygs and posset-pots of the latter half of the seventeenth century, on the one hand, and, on the other, the dainty, sharply-turned tea-sets of fine red stoneware made by Elers, which not even Wedgwood himself, with all the appliances of sixty years later, could rival, at least in this material. Elers' ornaments, when he added them to his vessels, were sharp in execution, graceful in design, and in thorough keeping with the fine texture of his ware. They were impressed, upon lumps of clay stuck on to the turned pieces of ware, by means of brass moulds or stamps sharply cut or engraved with intaglio designs. A may-blossom, a bird, an interlacement of curves, a cross formed of *fleur-de-lis*, figured amongst his favourite devices, the superfluous clay being scraped off from the edges of the reliefs by means of a small tool. Elers and his proceedings were at first regarded with jealousy, but soon received the homage of imitation. A potter, John Astbury by name, obtained admission to Elers' factory; by feigning idiocy he secured employment therein in some humble capacity until he had learnt their secret methods of procedure. Then he modified and extended the processes which he had surreptitiously acquired, and so was able to make a large variety of cheap and curious wares. Never quite equal in fineness of body and sharpness of ornament to the productions of Elers, the pieces

turned out by John Astbury are not mere imitations. For the paste of his ware he used various clays, which acquired in the kiln a red, fawn, buff, orange, or chocolate hue—some of these colours being developed by the glaze employed. Generally, his ornaments were applied in Devon or pipe clay and stamped. They consisted of foliage and flowers; crowns, harps, shells, stags, lions, birds, and heraldic ornaments. For the inside of his tea-pots he often used a wash of white clay, and he was continually making experiments in the mixing and tempering of clays. Thus it happened that about the year 1720 he was led to introduce a due proportion of silica, in the form of ground flint,[1] into the body of his ware, in order to secure a higher degree of refractoriness in the fire, as well as less shrinkage. To his son, Thomas Astbury, who commenced business in 1723 at Shelton, may be attributed further improvements in earthenware bodies. He it was who first produced the "cream-colour," which afterwards, as perfected by Josiah Wedgwood, displaced almost all other materials for useful table ware.

To these potters, Elers and Astbury, due credit must be given. They were the forerunners of Wedgwood, who in a long letter to his partner Bentley, in the year 1777, clearly defined and honourably acknowledged the indebtedness of the potters of his day to the improved processes introduced by the foreign artist. Elers and his immediate successors inaugurated an era of experimental inquiry; but the great potter, whose chief labours in the ceramic art I shall endeavour to describe in the present paper, accomplished a greater and more complete task. Under happier circumstances than those of his predecessors, with a keener sense of what was beautiful and appropriate, with more untiring industry and greater commercial aptitude, aided moreover by accomplished advisers, Wedgwood became the chief agent in the transformation of an entire manufacture. The year 1760, when he may be regarded as having become thoroughly established as a master-potter, marks the boundary between that which is crude and archaic and that which is refined and modern. As to what were the losses involved in the change wrought by Wedgwood something will be said later on in this essay; there can be no doubt that the gains were great.

[1] This discovery was attributed by Wedgwood to Heath a potter, of Shelton.

Although the year 1760 has been named as a critical date in the history of Staffordshire earthenware, it must not be supposed that the inception of many improvements and changes had not occurred earlier, nor, on the other hand, that the older methods did not linger on, especially in the minor potworks, to the very close of the eighteenth century. Then, too, it should be remembered that many local potters besides those previously named contributed important elements to the final result. During the forty years 1720–1760 numerous patents for ceramic improvements were taken out, and unpatented inventions made or utilised. Amongst the more important of these may be named the slip-kiln, used first by Ralph Shaw; the fixing of the proportions in which various clays should be mixed, by Thomas and John Wedgwood; the introduction of liquid glazes or dips, by Enoch Booth; and the employment of plaster of Paris for moulds, by Ralph Daniel. It would, however, be tedious, were it possible, to present a *résumé* of the various methods and materials contributed by Wedgwood's immediate predecessors to the art of potting. That he availed himself of many of them, as well as improved and added to them, is certain.

CHAPTER II

HIS EARLY YEARS

Birth; Education; Traditions of Childhood; Apprenticeship; Partnerships with John Harrison and Thomas Whieldon.

JOSIAH, the thirteenth and youngest child of Thomas and Mary Wedgwood, was baptised in the parish church of Burslem, Staffordshire, on the 12th of July, 1730 (old style). He came of a race of potters who for several generations had been exercising their ancient and useful craft in the district of "The Potteries." His parents were neither poor nor rich: many of his relatives were in prosperous circumstances; some might be called comparatively wealthy, and occupied important and honourable positions. The boy went first to a dame's school; afterwards, when about seven years old, he attended as a day-scholar a school kept by one Blunt, in a large half-timbered house situated in the market-place of the neighbouring town of Newcastle-under-Lyme. This schoolmaster appears to have been a man of more than ordinary acquirements, not unacquainted with the elements of natural science. The biographer of Wedgwood, the late Miss Meteyard, tells us, I know not on what authority, that the young Josiah was an adept in the art of cutting out with scissors designs in paper. These represented "an army at combat, a fleet at sea, a house and garden, or a whole potworks and the shapes of the ware made in it. These cuttings when wetted were stuck along the whole length of the sloping desks, to the exquisite delight of the scholars, but often to the great wrath of the severe pedagogue." It is to be hoped that this tale is true, and that we have here a significant indication and presage of the artistic capacity which reached so high a degree of development in subsequent years. Another tradition recorded by the same writer points in a similar direction. For it seems that the boy in

very early years—he must have been at the time under nine—began to collect curious and beautiful things, commencing a kind of small museum in one of his father's work-sheds, and loading its shelves with fossils and minerals from the neighbourhood. This tradition is the more reasonable since we know that in after-life Wedgwood became an ardent collector of shells, both recent and fossil, as well as of other objects of natural history.

In the summer of 1739, before he had quite completed his ninth year, Josiah Wedgwood lost his father, who died, after a short illness, at the age of fifty-two. At this early age Josiah Wedgwood was removed from school and began the work of a practical potter in the factory of his eldest brother Thomas, to whom the patrimony of his father had been bequeathed. Here his nicety of eye and dexterity of hand served him in good stead, so that he soon became an expert "thrower" on the wheel. After the lapse of about two years he was attacked by small-pox, which assumed a virulent form, and greatly enfeebled him for some time, more particularly affecting his right knee. However, when Josiah was in his fifteenth year he was bound apprentice to his brother Thomas for a term of five years, dating from the eleventh of November, 1744. Unfortunately, as it seemed at the time, he was soon compelled by the return of the weakness in his right knee to abandon the thrower's bench and to turn his attention in other directions. This necessary change in the character of Josiah's employment may not have been without its advantages, and probably gave the youthful potter a wider insight into the practical requirements of his craft, and familiarised him with the various separate departments of the works. At this time he was engaged in "moulding," and in the making, by the association of variously-coloured clays, of imitations of banded and streaked agate, in the form of knife-hafts and snuff-boxes; these were afterwards mounted by the cutlers and hardwaremen of Sheffield and Birmingham. Towards the close of his apprenticeship Josiah seems to have developed a strong tendency to original experiment. In this direction he met with no sympathy from his master and eldest brother, who refused his proposal, when the term of his indentures was over, to take him into partnership. Josiah then agreed to a proposal made by John Harrison, a tradesman of Newcastle, who, though apparently ignorant of the potter's craft, had invested money in the factory of Thomas Alders, of Cliff Bank, near Stoke. Thus it

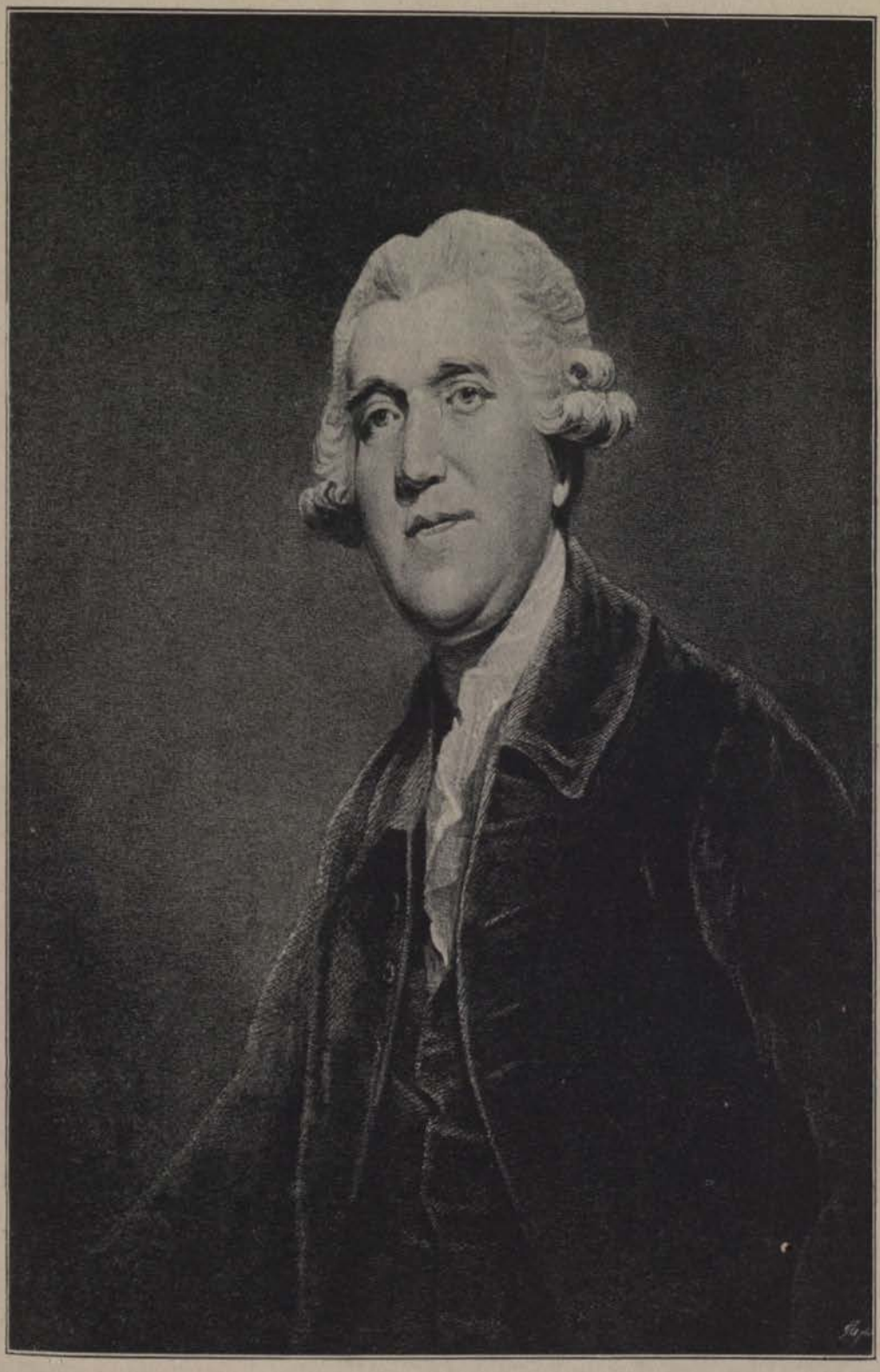


Fig. 1.—Josiah Wedgwood. From the Engraving by S. W. Reynolds, after Sir Joshua Reynolds.

came to pass that a partnership was formed, of which Josiah Wedgwood, Thomas Alders, and John Harrison were the three members. This arrangement did not last long, nor was it wholly satisfactory. It could scarcely have been expected that these three men would have worked well together. One of them had nothing but a pecuniary interest in the potworks; the nominal chief seems to have been endowed with very ordinary skill and intelligence in his craft; while the junior partner was an enthusiastic innovator, full of schemes for the improvement of the potter's art, and at the same time greatly in advance of his local contemporaries in mental acquirement and artistic perception. Wedgwood at this time (1751 or 1752) had but just attained his majority, yet he soon introduced many improvements into the humble pottery of which he had taken charge. The outturn of the works increased; the clouded, mottled, and tortoiseshell wares, as well as the salt-glazed white ware, which together constituted the staple of its productions, attained a greater degree of excellence and were more highly appreciated by buyers. But Wedgwood found himself thwarted in many directions, and was not allowed to share his due proportion of the increased profits. His generous spirit, so conspicuous in after life under more happy circumstances, was galled by the limitations imposed upon him by the greed and narrowness of view which characterised his co-partners. Fortunately he was soon enabled to escape from his thraldom, a new partnership being offered to him by a worthy master-potter, Thomas Whieldon, of Fenton, who had risen from small beginnings to a position of considerable importance. With him Wedgwood worked for a few years (probably six), and then, about the year 1758, determined to establish himself in business, for there is a memorandum of agreement still extant, dated December 30, 1758, by which Wedgwood engaged the services for five years of one of his relatives, a second cousin, Thomas Wedgwood, then living in Worcester, and practising there as a journeyman potter. There is no doubt that much of the merit of Thomas Whieldon's productions in agate, tortoiseshell, and other wares is to be attributed to his partner. There is a particularly rich green glaze which Josiah Wedgwood has the credit of inventing, or greatly improving, at this time, and which is frequently found upon dessert services and other pieces which have been assigned with good reason to the factory of Whieldon.

CHAPTER III

AS MASTER-POTTER

The Ivy House Works; Increase of Business; Division of Labour Introduced; Finish versus *Vitality; Public Spirit and Generosity*

In the year 1759, at the age of twenty-nine, Josiah Wedgwood was working entirely on his own account as a master-potter. He had already achieved a local reputation, but none of his contemporaries could have then anticipated the wide renown which he was afterwards to acquire. His capital was extremely small; but he knew his strength, and ventured to take on lease a portion of the premises belonging to his distant cousins, John and Thomas Wedgwood, of the Big House, Burslem. These potters were advanced in years, and having accumulated a sufficient fortune, were at this time partially retiring from business. The rent he agreed to pay was no more than £10 yearly, but the factory he acquired would probably be regarded as having at the present day an annual value of ten times that sum. It included a cottage, two kilns, and a sufficient number of workrooms and covered sheds. It was known as Ivy House Works.

In these modest premises, which soon became wholly inadequate to his rapidly-extending manufacturing and business requirements, Wedgwood, in spite of the weakness occasioned by a recent illness, set actively to work, restricting his labours at first to the production of small ornamental articles, similar, no doubt, to those which he had made when in partnership with Whieldon. Here an arrangement which he had made with that potter, at the outset of their association, stood him in good stead; for he had expressly reserved to himself the right of keeping secret all the improvements which he might effect during the term of partnership. He began with a very small staff of workmen,

but these were chosen with discretion, and so trained in habits of order and observation as to be capable of realising in some measure, as time went on, the ideals of their master. But Wedgwood himself was not merely the guiding spirit of his factory, but the best and most skilful workman in the place. At first he made most of his own models and moulds, prepared his own mixtures of clays, superintended the firing of his kilns, and acted as clerk and warehouseman as well. His reputation rapidly advanced among his neighbours, and he was frequently called upon to exercise his ingenuity in making matches to replace broken pieces belonging to services of foreign origin. Orders came in from a more widely extended area, while Wedgwood himself started new lines of manufacture which speedily attracted attention and acquired a certain degree of importance. At this time the potters of Staffordshire impressed no signature or other distinctive mark upon their wares; Wedgwood as yet had not adopted the useful practice, so that we have to depend, for our knowledge of the kinds of work which he was producing at the Ivy House Works, upon uncertain traditions and the far from precise recollections of old workmen, although the manuscript memoranda of the great potter himself do afford some indications of the directions in which his activity was then employed. It is stated by Miss Meteyard that Wedgwood in these early days added the manufacture of white stoneware to his other labours, and that of this body he produced relief-tiles for fireplaces: it would be of extreme interest to recover a few examples of a kind of ware which no collectors of the present day associate with the name of Wedgwood.

In a year or two the works were enlarged and more journeymen engaged, while the modern system of the division of labour was gradually introduced, so that each workman was no longer everything by turns and nothing for long. This distinction and distribution of work avoided the waste of time inseparable from the old-fashioned methods prevalent in potworks. The constant change from one kind of occupation to another and from one part of the factory to another,—from mixing shed to slip kiln, to thrower's bench, to moulder's shop, to firing oven, and back again, had indeed many drawbacks. It was impossible for any one man to acquire equal facility in the varied kinds of manipulation demanded in the different departments of the works. And there was

waste of material and injury to the plant, as well as loss of time, involved in these constantly recurring changes of occupation. Wedgwood thoroughly understood the impossibility of conducting a large and rapidly growing business upon the old lines. His was an orderly mind; he could not tolerate the dirt, disorder, and slovenliness which were the common characteristics of the workers in clay. It is not to be denied that the methodic revolution which he effected in the technique of his pottery resulted in the loss of certain elements of value. The quaintness, the *naïveté*, the picturesqueness of the rough processes and products of the older days disappeared. Individuality was lost. The workmen became parts of a well-ordered and accurately-adjusted machine. The marks of human handiwork became unrecognisable. A tendency to aim at mechanical perfection and mere finish was developed at the expense of higher qualities. But it should not be forgotten that the vast majority of the objects turned out from Wedgwood's factory belonged to the class which he designated "useful ware." For their safe carriage by land and by water, and for their complete adaptation to their intended uses, perfect regularity in form and substance were most desirable qualities. Dozens of his plates can be piled up without exerting unequal pressure upon one another, so exactly do they correspond in size and shape; their rims, too, have precisely the right contour. The lids of his jugs and tea-pots fit perfectly; his handles can be really held, his spouts pour. Thus, while in the domain of fine art mechanical perfection often proves incompatible with vitality of expression, it is otherwise in the case of work which lacks its full measure of utility if it be not wrought with careful finish.

Improvements in kilns, and in the minor mechanical appliances needed in order to carry into practice his ceramic ideals, now occupied much of Wedgwood's time. Sketching patterns and making models also engaged his attention, but he was also busy in endeavouring to bring to perfection the cream-coloured body or paste which very soon was to become familiar and famous under the name of Queen's Ware. Of this, the most widely-known and most abundant product of Wedgwood's skill, something more will have to be said later on in the present essay.

In the course of 1760, less than two years after Wedgwood had begun his labours at the Ivy House Works, we meet with a proof not only of his increasing financial prosperity but also of that public spirit and

generosity which distinguished his later years. For at this time he contributed the sum of ten pounds towards the establishment of a second Free School in Burslem, most of the smaller master-potters giving but half this amount. Very shortly afterwards Wedgwood's attention was directed to another matter of local interest. The condition of the roads in his neighbourhood was most deplorable, while such means of communication between the towns and villages of the Potteries and the larger centres of population as existed were circuitous, badly planned, and wholly inadequate in number. Wedgwood never lost sight of the importance of securing easy communication and rapid transit of raw materials and of goods by land and by water between the chief places of production and of distribution.

CHAPTER IV

HIS CERAMIC IMPROVEMENTS

Queen's Ware; Black Basalt Ware and Encaustic Painting; White Semiporcelain; Agate and Marbled Wares; Terrà Cotta, &c.

In the preceding chapter an outline has been traced of the work accomplished or begun by Wedgwood during the first three years of his occupation of the Ivy House Works (1759–1761). One of the most troublesome, and yet, in the end, most successful of these labours, included a long series of experiments made with the object of improving the common cream-coloured earthenware of the district. The body of this ware had been modified from time to time by several potters, and had been made finer in texture as well as brighter in appearance by the alterations which had been introduced in the preparation of the raw materials, and in the selection of the silicious and argillaceous substances which were its components. When this improved body was glazed with salt, in the manner employed for true stoneware, it was still somewhat of a greyish or dull pale yellow; and when the common lead glaze was employed it developed a still darker and less satisfactory hue. The experiments of Wedgwood were begun in the early part of 1759, while he was still in partnership with Whieldon, but were pushed much further during the year 1761. He employed both ground flint and pipeclay in association with compounds of lead in the glaze, and thus got a mixture which, having several properties in common with the body to which it was applied, was less liable than the common lead glaze then in use, to become *crazed*, that is, irregularly fissured on being fired in the kiln. The body itself was likewise improved and made of purer materials, and thus admitted of being delicately tinted in a number of hues varying from a cream to a saffron colour.

It was not however until some years subsequent to the period of Wedgwood's career of which I am now writing that the final improvements in cream-ware were effected. They may be referred to a date shortly subsequent to the year 1768, when the attention of the Staffordshire potters was forcibly directed to the true Kaolin or China clay of Cornwall and to the felspathic mixture known as China-stone or Cornish stone, both these materials being named and their employment in the manufacture of porcelain claimed in the patent granted to William Cookworthy of Plymouth in that year. This conclusion is founded partly on the evidence of Wedgwood's own note-books and partly on a memorandum by Enoch Wood, which is published in full in my *English Earthenware*, p. 82. Still even in 1761 Wedgwood's cream-colour ware had attained a decided superiority in colour and in smoothness of glaze over the corresponding fabric made by his local competitors, while the forms which he introduced were far more varied and elegant. In these productions the good taste, the sense of fitness and the keen power of observation which distinguished Wedgwood found their appropriate expression. One can trace the motives of much of his work, both as to form and decoration, in the collections of various kinds which he was amassing, and in his constant intercourse with the metal-workers of Sheffield and of Birmingham. To the former source he was indebted for the designs derived from objects of natural history, particularly shells and plants; to the latter source he owed many shapes and methods of decorative treatment which were in use for silver-plated ware. There is a cream-colour centre-piece or compotier for the dessert table, preserved in the Jermyn Street Museum, which affords an apt illustration of the metal-work designs which Wedgwood adapted to his reproductions in a different material. Such adaptations may not be wholly justifiable from an artistic standpoint, but they had the merit of introducing the elements of lightness and elegance into a manufacture which had hitherto been often marked by a tendency to heaviness and clumsiness. A more legitimate loan from the processes of the silversmith was the introduction of diapers and other conventional designs in pierced and perforated work. This style of ornamentation was subsequently pushed to its extreme permissible limit by some Leeds potters, Messrs. Hartley, Greens and Co., who became the most successful

imitators of Wedgwood's cream-ware, about the year 1783 or perhaps somewhat earlier. Of a bolder design and more free in treatment is the beautiful chestnut basket from the Jermyn Street Collection which is represented in Fig. 2. Another change for the better effected by Wedgwood consisted in the greater sobriety of the enamel colours with which his cream-ware was decorated when not left entirely plain. It should be mentioned here that he did not disdain taking advantage

Fig. 2.—Chestnut Basket; cream-coloured ware.

of hints as to models and ornamentation afforded by oriental and Dresden porcelain and by the productions of Chelsea and Bow, nor was he free from indebtedness to the Dutch faience made in such large quantities during the eighteenth century. Wedgwood's earlier works in cream-ware were occasionally enriched with gold, but until the year 1765 this metal was not burnt into the glaze but simply attached by means of japanner's oil-size. Later on true gilding was more generally and more freely introduced, especially on what may be called armorial services.

Towards the close of Wedgwood's career the love for extremely rich and showy decoration had increased, and the factory at Etruria possessed the means of gratifying it. Still even then there was a certain measure of restraint shown in the painting executed under Wedgwood's superintendence,—a restraint not exhibited by the contemporary work produced in the china factory at Worcester.

In connection with cream-ware, or rather Queen's Ware, for so this product came to be called in 1763, after Wedgwood had been appointed Potter to Queen Charlotte, a similar but nearly white fabric should be named. It was called Pearl Ware. Its production was very limited in amount, and was in part the natural result of greater purity in the materials used. The period to which it may be assigned is a late one in the life of the potter. It was used occasionally, amongst other purposes, for those delicately tinted shell dessert-services (see Fig. 3) in which a general yellowish ground would have impaired the purity of the superposed colours. The writer possesses an exquisitely turned goblet of this Pearl Ware, the exterior being veined with gold lustre and gold pink produced by means of Purple of Cassius. Both Queen's Ware and Pearl Ware were employed in the making of statuettes and busts: of these a few specimens will be found in the South Kensington Museum and in other collections. They rarely bear the stamp of Wedgwood's name, but have been identified by means of the few examples which have fortunately been so marked. There is for instance a symbolical bust of "Sadness" in the Jermyn Street Museum which is thus authenticated; it is no less than twenty-two inches in height. The large figure of "Fortitude" at South Kensington is not signed, but a duplicate in private hands is.

Black basalt ware is another famous product of Wedgwood's kilns: in a cruder form it had long been made in the Staffordshire potteries, and was often called "Egyptian Black." It owes its colour chiefly to iron. The developed fabric as produced by Wedgwood was richer in hue, finer in grain, and smoother in surface than that made before his time, or subsequently turned out by his local successors and imitators. Its density was high (2·9); it took a fine polish on the lapidary's wheel, and forms an excellent touchstone for gold. Some of the black basalt produced at the Leeds Pottery was, however, almost if not quite equal to that of Wedgwood. He employed it extensively for large relief-plaques, vases,

life-size busts, and medallion-portraits of "illustrious Ancients and Moderns." With his seals (frequently wheel-polished on the shanks), and his small intaglios in black basalt, collectors are familiar. This ware also furnished the ground on which the majority of his so-called "encaustic" paintings were executed. These were intended to reproduce the effects of the work on Greek and Etruscan painted vases and other vessels. The enamel colours used were so constituted as to yield a matt or nearly dead surface, while the black background was either dull or had the half-lustre of Nolan ware. Unfortunately the timid touch of Wedgwood's enamellers was not competent to realise the associated strength and

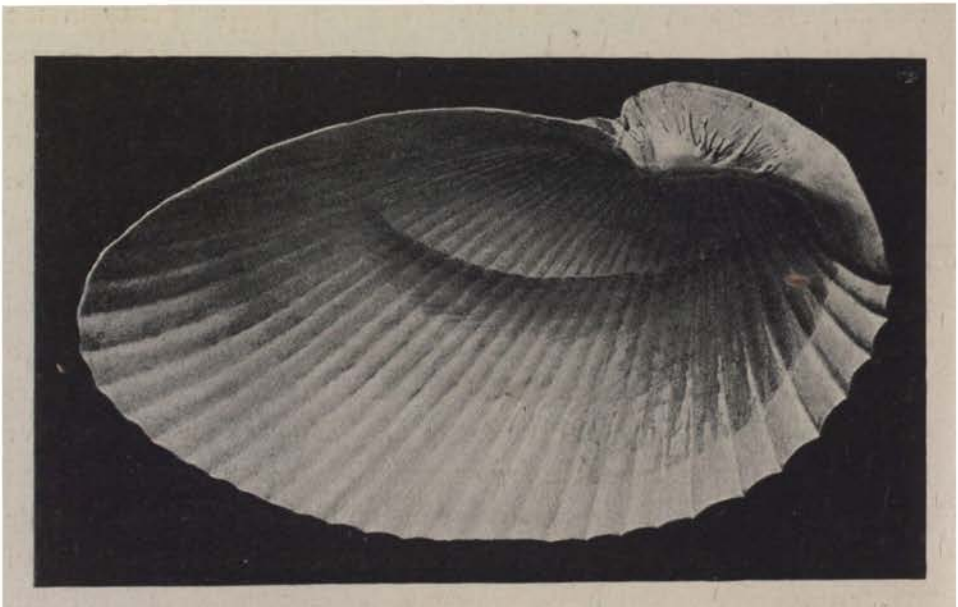


Fig. 3.—Dessert Dish; tinted white ware.

beauty of the original classical conceptions which they were engaged in reproducing. And it is necessary to confess that Wedgwood's encaustic paintings on vases and plaques have generally a depressing effect upon those who really appreciate the supreme excellence of the antique art which was supposed to have inspired them. However mechanically perfect, the imitations were artistically defective. The originals which Wedgwood copied were moreover for the most part not happily chosen. His largest work of this class is a reproduction from a Greek vase of the period of decadence preserved in the British Museum. His copy of this

immense vase or crater, in the Jermyn Street Collection, is no less than thirty-three inches high and eighteen inches in diameter. The rare bronzed ware made by Wedgwood appears to have been black basalt dusted over, sometimes before and sometimes after firing, with a metallic bronze powder. Wedgwood's work in plain black was, however, far more satisfactory in effect than any which had been enriched by subsequent treatment in the way of enamelling or coating with metallic preparations. Witness the fine series of busts, about twenty inches in height, in the South Kensington Museum, which represent Zeno, Cicero, Cato, Seneca, Bacon, Barneveldt, Ben Jonson, and Grotius. There also exist several statuettes from the antique, and many fine vases, plain or with figures and ornaments in relief. The basalt vases made between 1769 and 1780 were usually rather simply decorated with vertical shallow flutings and strap-work, and with festoons of drapery, flowers or husks: their handles sprang from masks, goats' heads, satyrs, &c. During the whole of the partnership between Josiah Wedgwood and Thomas Bentley this class of vases was made in large numbers. But about the year 1776 bas-reliefs of figures were first applied to these vases, amongst the first so used in that year being the Dancing Hours designed by Flaxman. Another vase which this sculptor modelled about the same time is a two-handled drinking vessel covered with high reliefs—masks of Minerva, Cupids with musical instruments, and festoons of foliage; a copy is preserved at South Kensington. The well-known large ewers for water and wine were also the work of Flaxman. A fine mug of this ware is shown in Fig. 4. Wedgwood was not far wrong in writing, as he did in 1779, in the fifth edition of his Catalogue, of his suites of five vases for chimney-pieces, "We have reason to conclude that there are not any vases of porcelain, marble, or bronze, either ancient or modern, so highly finished and sharp in their ornaments as these black vases."

I have omitted to state that many objects of practical and domestic utility were made in this black ware. Amongst these, inkstands in great variety are found, as well as salt-cellars, flower-pots, and candlesticks. The large lamp in the Jermyn Street Museum (Fig. 5) could hardly be employed otherwise than as an ornament, but it is an excellent example of black basalt ware: the design and modelling are good, and the material of fine quality though it has suffered in places from over-firing.

Full justice cannot be done to the artistic effect of specimens in black basalt unless they are seen against a suitably coloured background. Wedgwood himself appreciated the difficulty of showing them properly, and wrote to his partner Bentley recommending the employment of some

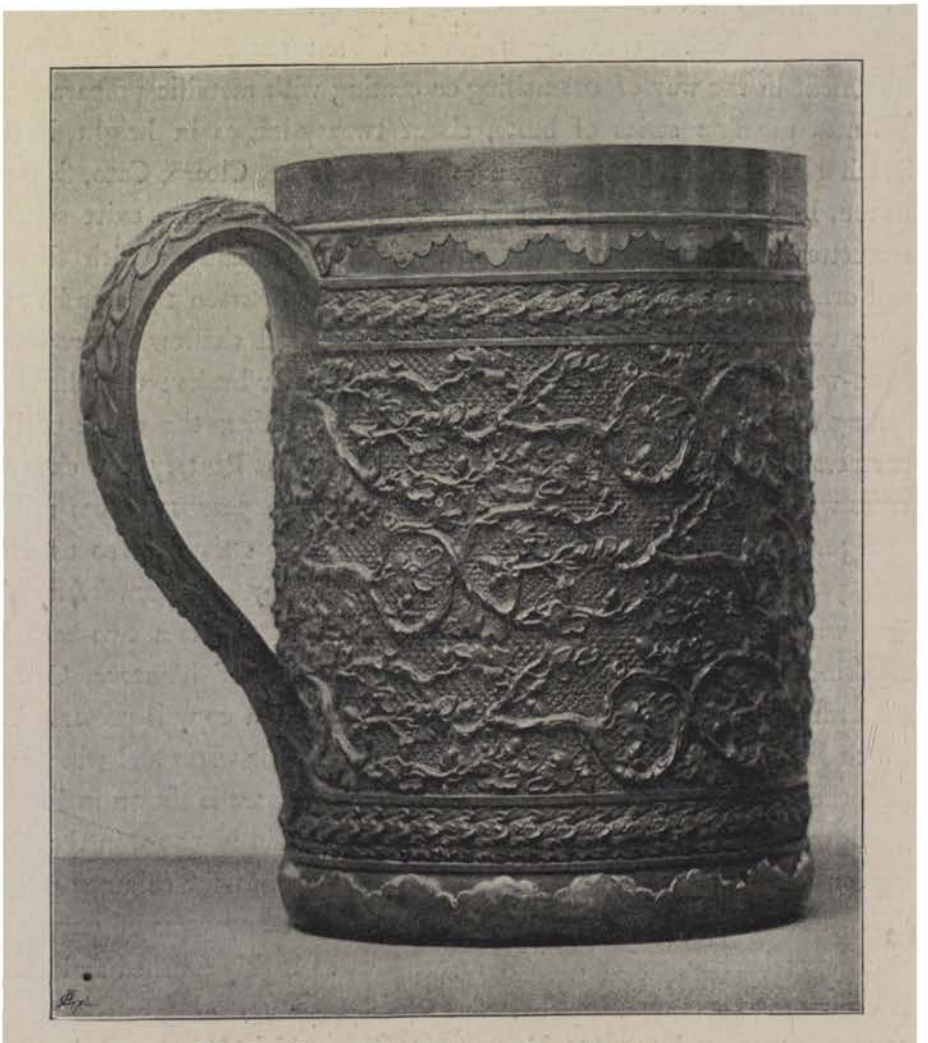


Fig. 4.—Mug, silver mounts; black basalt ware.

yellow material in order to bring out the tone and hue of the vases exhibited in the show-room. This recommendation is thoroughly justified by the experience of the modern collector. Yellow textile fabrics and even yellow papers strikingly enhance the beauty of this black

Fig. 5.—Lamp; black basalt ware.

material. In the same way it will be found that, in framing plaques and portrait cameos of basalt for the purpose of mounting them in articles of furniture, slightly polished satin wood forms an effective bordering.

Wedgwood made tea and coffee sets in black basalt ware, the pieces being fluted or decorated with reliefs of figures in the same material. Occasionally he used simple enamelled designs upon the edges of his cups, saucers, milk jugs, and trays, more rarely he introduced conventional patterns in burnished silver or gold.

A kind of white semi-porcelain was made at an early period by Wedgwood. He used it at first for the plinths of his marbled and variegated vases,—afterwards, in an improved form, for some of his portrait medallions and plaques. It differed from the white jasper which I shall presently describe, in its slightly straw-coloured or greyish yellow hue, in its waxen smooth surface, and in its marked degree of translucency. It did not contain the compounds of baryta which formed characteristic, and indeed essential, constituents of the true jasper body, a subsequent invention. A tendency to warp and crack in firing reduced its usefulness as a ceramic paste.

Variegated ware as made by Wedgwood was of two kinds. One of these, which may be distinguished as "solid" agate ware, was coloured throughout its entire substance by means of the association in bands, twists, stripes, and waves, of clays of different hues. It had been brought to a high state of perfection, possibly by our potter himself during his partnership with Whieldon, but it can scarcely be considered a distinctive product of Wedgwood's independent labours. But in his hands it was far more largely used for purely ornamental pieces, such as vases, than heretofore, while at the same time he produced by means of this material several characteristic imitations of definite kinds of natural agate and marble. The other kind of variegated ware made by Wedgwood was coloured on the surface only, the body being of common cream-coloured earthenware (see Fig. 6). The mottled and veined colouring was picturesquely irregular and varied much in hue. The handles, rims, and occasionally, the plinths, of vases in this ware often showed the natural colour of the cream-ware body, or were covered with oil-gilding. Amongst the natural materials imitated were these—granite, speckled with red, grey, white, and black; serpentine, with mottlings of

green, grey, and yellow; antique yellow, saffron veined with black; also, Egyptian pebble, jasper, porphyry, and several kinds of agate.

Under the designations, Rosso antico, cane-colour, and bamboo, Wedgwood included a number of bodies which would now be called *terra cotta*. They had a dead, dry surface, and so differed from the black basalt as to be distinctly porous. They varied much in hue, but their names afford a good indication of the range of colour which they present. Two varieties of these terra cottas were sometimes associated in the same piece, the body being in one colour, the reliefs in another. Moreover these bodies were sometimes used in conjunction with the black basalt: sometimes they were decorated with reliefs in white paste. The red terra cotta was occasionally made of a pale tint; a chocolate hue is also known (see Fig. 7). Red reliefs on black basalt, white on chocolate, purplish black on white, and dull sage green on cane-colour, afforded satisfactory contrasts or harmonies. Some of these terra cotta pastes, such as the white and green above named, were

Fig. 6.—Vase; cream ware coloured in imitation of granite.

probably of later introduction than the others. I may repeat here, what I have mentioned in a previous chapter, that Wedgwood's red terra cotta never equalled in fineness of texture and beauty of hue the red ware made long before his day by Elers of Bradwell, nor that darker and still denser product invented very early in the eighteenth century by Böttger at Dresden.

Wedgwood's "jasper" body is of so remarkable a character—is so distinctly an original invention of his own—that it demands separate dis-

Fig. 7.—Teapot; chocolate terra-cotta, white reliefs.

cussion. The five succeeding chapters (V. to IX.) will be devoted to its consideration. This treatment involves, I am aware, a break in the chronological sequence which has hitherto been recognized, at least in some measure, as a guiding principle in tracing the progressive development of Wedgwood's life-work. But when the jasper body has been considered from various points of view, the thread of the narrative will be resumed.

CHAPTER V

HIS INVENTION OF THE "JASPER" BODY

Its Characteristic Components; Compounds of Baryta; Range of Colour; Solid Jasper and Jasper-Dip.

It was Josiah Wedgwood's appreciation of antique gems cut in onyx and niccolo that led him to invent the most original and the most beautiful of all the ceramic materials with which he worked. This was the jasper-body or jasper-paste. Though it may be roughly described, when in its simplest form, as opaque and white, its opacity and its whiteness were susceptible of considerable variation. Sometimes it has the deadness of chalk, but the finer varieties possess the delicate hue and faint translucency of ivory or vellum. Wedgwood and his artists took advantage of this translucent character of the white jasper, as it allowed the colour of the ground to appear in a slight degree through the thinner parts of the cameo reliefs and thus suggested, as in some draperies, the idea of a fine and light texture. On the other hand, there were many subjects and styles of treatment where any marked degree of translucency in the material used for the reliefs was of decided disadvantage; here the more opaque varieties of the jasper-body were preferred. The smoothness of surface which this ware, as made by Josiah Wedgwood, almost invariably possessed, is delightful at once to the senses of touch and sight, and, moreover, it affords one of the best criteria for distinguishing old work from new. It was caused chiefly by the extreme fineness to which the components of the jasper-body were reduced, but the exact adjustment of the temperature of firing the ware to its composition doubtless influenced the result. The modern jasper-body is granular—

"saccharoid," to borrow a geological term—in appearance and rough to the finger: it needs to be rubbed down with fine emery before it can be made to pass successfully this test of touch. Though generally left with its natural matt or nearly matt surface the jasper ware is susceptible of a fine polish. Wedgwood occasionally polished the grounds and bevelled edges of some of his smaller cameos and intaglios, particularly in his more direct imitations of natural stratified stones: examples of polished edges are furnished by the two specimens figured on Plate III., and by the bevel (showing three strata) of the Medusa plaque (Fig. 8). The inside of tea-cups, bowls, and salt-cellars was also frequently ground and polished on the lathe.

The peculiarity in chemical composition which marks out the jasper-ware body from all other ceramic pastes was brought about by the introduction of a compound of the element barium. This metal occurs in nature chiefly in the form of sulphate, the mineral, which is found abundantly in Derbyshire, being known as cawk, heavy-spar, and barytes. The distinctive character of the alkaline earth contained in heavy-spar seems to have been first ascertained by Guyton de Morveau in 1779: four years afterwards Withering recognised the same earth in a mineral carbonate, from Leadhills in Lanarkshire, now called Witherite. But as early as the year 1773 Wedgwood was making experiments with these two minerals. The chemical knowledge of his day was, however, too imperfect to be of great use to the inquiring potter, who was obviously much puzzled by the apparently capricious behaviour of the two compounds under the action of fire. In 1774 he wrote to his partner Bentley, "I must go into Derbyshire to search for spath fusible or No. 19:" not long afterwards he made the journey thither and found what he required. Wedgwood's keen observation and his untiring assiduity in experiment were soon rewarded. He had learnt the chief properties, as constituents of his new jasper-ware, of the sulphate of baryta or cawk and of the rather more fusible carbonate, although we possess no evidence of his having discovered the differences in their chemical composition. Henceforth cawk became the chief ingredient of his "jasper," although a small quantity of the carbonate of baryta was occasionally introduced as

well. The other materials were clay and finely-ground flint.[1] He tried several kinds of clay such as Weal blue clay, Dorset clay, and Cornish China-clay. He also used Cornish or China stone which contains a notable proportion of felspar. Wedgwood wrote to his partner in somewhat enigmatical terms when indicating the ingredients of his jasper-body, saying that its composition was "too precious to reveal all at once." One of his formulæ, when translated into percentages, is probably pretty nearly represented by these figures—sulphate of baryta, 59 parts; clay, 29; flint, 10; carbonate of baryta, 2.

One of the chief charms of jasper-ware consists in the daintiness of its colour. Besides several tones and hues of blue derived from cobalt, we meet with a yellow, a lilac, and a green jasper; there is also a black variety. Each of these colours occurs in several modifications. The black is sometimes bluish, sometimes neutral: the green, which was derived from chromium, though always toned with some grey, exhibits many different hues, ranging from yellowish-green to bluish-green; the lilac, due to manganese, varies generally between a pink and a pale purple, but occasionally presents the precise hue of a mixture of cocoa-infusion and milk; and the yellow is slightly greyish, with a tendency towards an amber hue in some examples; in other pieces it approaches the colour of the lemon, while some varieties may be called buff. As a rule Wedgwood limited himself to the association, in any single production of his kiln, of no more than two of the above colours, with the addition of white; the least happy in effect of these combinations are those in which blue and yellow occur alone, unaccompanied by white.

Jasper-ware was made in two ways. In one process the entire substance was coloured by the metallic oxide used; in the other, the surface only was stained. The former method yielded the product known as "solid jasper," the latter gave the "jasper-dip"—by it the most delicate and refined effects were produced. This jasper-dip was invented in 1777, really in order to economise the costly oxide of cobalt. During the partnership with Bentley, the solid jasper was, however, chiefly employed. But at the time of Bentley's death in 1780, and for the next

[1] The useful fireproof cement lately introduced into commerce under the name "Purimachos" consists of the same ingredients, the clay being in smallest proportion. Some of Wedgwood's chemical vessels approach it very closely in composition.

fifteen years, Wedgwood produced the great majority of his larger ornamental pieces in jasper-dip. It is, however, to be noted that the two methods of manufacture were often associated in the same object. Thus, in the beautiful coloured chequered work which we find on some of the vases, flowerpots, and *déjeuner* sets of what we may call the *period of perfection*, (1781 to 1795), the little quatrefoils applied to the surface are of solid jasper, while the coloured squares are of jasper-dip. A troublesome defect in both methods ought not to be passed over. The facility with which the white jasper-body became tinctured with the colours imparted by various metallic oxides very frequently caused the thinner parts of the white reliefs to acquire a stain from the coloured surface below them. This discoloration is rarely absent from the edges of the white reliefs on a black ground, which frequently present a dirty-yellow hue.

CHAPTER VI

THE BARBERINI OR PORTLAND VASE

Modelled from the Original by Henry Webber; Discovery of the Vase, its Date, Decoration and Material; Prices realised by Wedgwood's Copies

THE name of Wedgwood is inseparably connected with that remarkable glass amphora commonly called the "Portland Vase:" the best of his copies, such as that reproduced in Plate I, challenge comparison with the original. That Wedgwood should have succeeded in translating the light-and-colour effects of a glass cameo into another material indicates how complete was his control of the "jasper-body," and how efficient was the aid which the modellers employed upon the task rendered him in this critical case. It is somewhat strange to find that Flaxman does not appear to have taken any part in this work, although Sir W. Hamilton had written to Wedgwood saying, "I should have thought my friend Flaxman would have been of use to you in your present undertaking; for I must do him the justice to say, I never saw a bas-relief executed in the true simple antique style half so well as that he did of the Apotheosis of Homer from one of my vases." According to Miss Meteyard (*Handbook*, pages 297-9), the work connected with the copying of the designs on the vase was done chiefly in London, although several of Wedgwood's own modellers—Henry Webber,[1] William Hackwood, William Wood, and others—were engaged upon it. The same authority also states that the original was not sent down to Etruria until December 22, 1790, more than four years after it had been entrusted to the care of Wedgwood. It is difficult to reconcile this statement with others—in Miss Meteyard's *Handbook*—such as

[1] An excellent modeller, recommended to Wedgwood by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir William Chambers.

this one, that in October, 1789, a perfect copy had been made, and with one's conviction that such a potter must have had the vase always at hand during his laborious efforts in preparing suitable colours and bodies wherewith to reproduce it. For it must be remembered that the original material is a very dark blue glass, over which was a layer of nearly opaque white glass, out of which the cameo figures in relief were cut. On the other hand, Wedgwood had to make his copies in a blue-black jasper-body; to this the moulded reliefs in white jasper were affixed, but the variations observable in different specimens show that much surface-modelling must have been executed by hand after the reliefs had left the mould, and before the object was fired. It should be stated in this connection that Wedgwood altered slightly some of the minor details of the designs on this vase, and restored the parts which had been corroded.

The modern history of the Portland Vase, although it has been often given, is so interesting as to bear repetition here. A few words may not inappropriately be prefixed in correction of some of the views as to its date and subject entertained by writers on Wedgwood ware. It is now generally admitted by experts that this remarkable example of cameo-cutting belongs to the closing years of the Roman Republic, or at least cannot be of later date than the first century of the Imperial Principate. Diverse interpretations of the two scenes depicted on the vase have been offered, but it is most probable that they illustrate episodes in the courtship of Peleus and Thetis, their meeting on Mount Pelion being depicted in one group, and in the other the consent of Thetis to be the bride of Peleus, Poseidon and Eros being present. The youthful bust on the base of the vase represents Paris wearing a Phrygian cap, and heavily draped. It is a separate work, and formed no part of the original design.

Until the acquisition of the vase by the Duchess of Portland in the year 1785 it was known as the Barberini Vase, for it was discovered between the years 1623 and 1644, during the Pontificate of Urban VIII., Maffeo Barberini. This Pope had ordered the sepulchral mound called Monte de Grano, situated at a spot on the road to Frascati about two and a-half miles from Rome, to be excavated. In a marble sarcophagus of the early part of the third century of our era the vase was found;

it was subsequently placed in the Barberini Palace in Rome. Sir W. Hamilton bought it (about the year 1782) for £1,000. He sold it to the Duchess of Portland in 1785: after her death the Duke of Portland purchased it for £1,029; he lent it to Wedgwood. In 1810 the fourth Duke deposited it on loan in the British Museum. On the 7th of February, 1845, William Lloyd, a scene-painter, wantonly broke it into many fragments. These were put together without much adroitness, the bottom was not replaced: the restored vase may be seen in the Gem and Gold Ornaments Room. The above-mentioned sarcophagus is now in the Museum of the Capitol in Rome. The reliefs on its sides, representing stories from the life of Achilles, furnished Wedgwood with materials for two of his largest and finest plaques, the "Sacrifice of Iphigenia," and "Priam begging the Body of Hector from Achilles." These subjects were taken, with some modifications, from the reliefs on the front and back of this sarcophagus: the sculptures on the two ends, representing groups of warriors, were also employed in the same way. The whole set of designs appears to have been modelled by the Italian sculptor Pacetti, who worked at Rome for Wedgwood under Flaxman's superintendence. Some additional particulars with regard to the plaque of the Sacrifice of Iphigenia (Plate II.) will be found in the next chapter.

It was Wedgwood's intention to produce fifty proofs (for so we may call the early copies) of his reproduction of the Portland Vase; we do not know whether this intention was fulfilled. About twenty of these old examples of the first issue have been recognised in various public and private collections. Nearly all approach very closely the dimensions of the original, which is 10¼ inches high, but differ from each other in the quality of the black ground, and in the tint, the degree of opacity, and the refinement of the white reliefs. At the beginning of the present century, a few years after Wedgwood's death, more copies of the vase were made, but we are inclined to think that none of them is equal to those of the first issue. It has also been produced in smaller sizes and in other materials; while Wedgwood's many imitators copied, though with very moderate success, this conspicuous triumph of his skill. Wedgwood charged fifty pounds for some of his copies of the Portland Vase; for other

examples, which were flawed or which did not entirely satisfy his critical eye, he seems to have been content with a smaller price. The sums which early specimens have brought by auction have increased a good deal during the last half-century. In 1849 the copy in the Tulk Collection was bought in for £20; that belonging to Samuel Rogers sold for fifty guineas in the year 1856; the copy in the Purnell Collection fetched no less than £173 when that remarkable assemblage of works of art was dispersed at Sotheby's in the year 1872. A good early copy sold at Christie's in 1890 for £199 10*s*: it was in the collection of Mr. Cornelius Cox. The example in the Museum of Practical Geology in Jermyn Street was originally bought (in 1793) by Dr. R. W. Darwin, of Shrewsbury; that in the British Museum is one of the first subscription copies: in the South Kensington there is a specimen from the Jones Bequest. That which is reproduced in Plate I., from Mr. J. L. Propert's Collection, is of unrivalled quality. The ground is rather lustrous and of a most unusual colour, not exactly black, but an extremely dark slate hue. The highest price yet realised for a copy of this vase was £215 5*s*.; this was in 1892, at the dispersal of the choice series of works by Wedgwood belonging to the late Mr. W. Durning Holt.

In a strict chronological discussion of Wedgwood's labours his reproduction of the Portland Vase should have been described in a later chapter, but the fame and importance of this work seemed to demand a separate and early treatment of the subject.

CHAPTER VII

HIS CAMEOS, MEDALLIONS, AND PLAQUES

Early Trials in Colour; Cameos and Intaglios in Semi-Porcelain and Black Basalt; Cameos and Medallions in the Jasper-Body; Plaques and Tablets; Important examples

DURING Wedgwood's lifetime, in the sixth and last English edition of his Catalogue, Class I. of his productions consists of two sections. The first of these is described as containing "Small Cameos from Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and Antique Gems. 637 subjects." In the second section are included "Intaglios or Seals. 391 subjects." In the first edition of the Catalogue (1773) the Cameos and Intaglios were grouped together, and numbered in all 285 only. As time went on Wedgwood not merely increased the number and variety of his productions of this class, but endeavoured to attain a higher degree of perfection in material and workmanship. He tells us that his cameos were made for two purposes, some to serve as ornaments, the rest to be gathered into cabinets in order to illustrate mythology or history: this remark applied, doubtless, not only to the works comprised in Class I., but also to the cameos of the nine succeeding classes.

Amongst the most instructive specimens of the early cameos are a number of trial-pieces made of a cream-coloured paste or a greyish-white semi-porcelain, but having their grounds washed or painted with enamel colours or stains. The colours are olive-green, blue, dull pink, ochre-yellow, lavender, brick-red, chocolate, and black; in most cases the surface is glossy and uneven, while the colour is not brought accurately up to the contours of the relief-head. The small uncoloured semi-porcelain cameos lack sharpness, and they were not improved by the addition of coloured grounds. Still these first experi-

ments of Wedgwood prepared the way for his subsequent successes, such as those which are illustrated by the medallions and plaques which are shown in Plates II. and III., and in the portrait cameos which have been selected for reproduction in the present paper. It must be owned that the terra-cotta body and the whitish semi-porcelain employed by Wedgwood were ill-adapted for the adequate reproduction of the exquisite workmanship of engraved gems—under even a very low magnifying power the serious defects of Wedgwood's materials are painfully apparent, the results obtained by the use of glass being immeasurably superior. With the finest varieties of black basalt and of the jasper-body a nearer approach to the delicacy of the originals was frequently secured, especially in the case of those objects which were of considerable size.

Wedgwood's invention of the jasper-body, though not brought to perfection at one stroke, finally enabled him to produce cameo reliefs on grounds coloured of almost any hue that might be preferred. As the *whole* ground, both that part shown and that covered by the relief, was coloured either throughout its substance or over its entire surface, there was no difficulty in securing perfect sharpness and accuracy of contour to the relief subsequently affixed thereto. This relief had been previously moulded; after its application to the prepared ground it could be, and often was, worked on by sculptor or modeller, so as to repair defects, and to do such undercutting as was necessary. Thus it is constantly observed that the character and merit of individual specimens of cameos taken from the very same mould are widely divergent. Some have not been touched by the tool, others have been modified by the after-treatment which they have received at the hands of more or less competent artists. Attention has already been directed to these points in the chapter on the Portland Vase. Another operation was not infrequently performed upon the smaller cameos, especially upon those intended for mounting: even the larger plaques for fireplaces were occasionally subjected to the same treatment, which consisted in polishing their edges on the lapidary's wheel. This at once revealed the fineness of the body, and indicated, even on a cursory inspection, that the colour of the piece was due, not to an enamel paint adherent to the surface, but to an intimate union of the chromatic constituent with the very body of the ground. These

characteristic qualities are beautifully shown in the case of the cameos having laminated grounds. Such grounds are made up of two or more superimposed layers of the ceramic paste, differently coloured. Generally they consisted of laminæ having different tints of blue; occasionally a

Fig. 8.—Medallion, Head of Medusa; blue and white jasper, laminated ground.

white layer occurs between two coloured layers. The extremely fine Medusa's Head (Fig. 8), taken originally from one of the Townley marbles and modelled by Flaxman, shows by its bevelled and polished edge that the solid jasper-ground to which the white relief has been

applied is of composite structure, consisting of three layers, the central one being dark blue, the others considerably lighter. In a few rare instances, chiefly of cameos for rings and pins, not only was the edge polished on the wheel, but the entire field also; such examples simulate very closely the appearance of the natural-banded onyx.

In Wedgwood's Catalogue, the sixth edition, published in 1787, Class II. comprised 275 subjects represented on medallions and tablets, many of large size. In addition to these, a good many fine plaques are known which do not appear in any edition of the Catalogues; some of them were undoubtedly modelled and issued after 1787. Amongst them may be named the two large tablets represented respectively in Plate II. and Fig. 9. The first of these plaques is the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, the design having been modelled in Rome, under the supervision of Flaxman, by the Italian sculptor Pacetti, from the relief on the front of the sarcophagus in which the Barberini or Portland Vase was found. This plaque is of large size, fifteen inches by six. The figures are white, relieved on a delicate greyish-green ground. So far as material and colour are concerned, this fine cameo is extremely beautiful. The heads are well modelled, and the expression of the faces aptly rendered, and if there be some defects in the drawing and a certain lack of restraint and breadth in the composition, one must remember that the original sculpture was executed at a time when the true antique feeling had been in some measure lost. Still, as an example of the complete command of the potter's art which Wedgwood had attained, this plaque is exceptionally important. It is interesting to note that there exists a slightly modified version of it, in which the nude figures are partially draped; the effect is less happy. It was a copy of this draped version which was sold in 1869 at Christie's for £121 16*s*. The specimen from which Plate II. is taken is in the Jermyn Street Museum. Fig. 9 is another example of Wedgwood's large jasper tablets, but in this instance the white figures are relieved on a black ground. This piece belongs to the period when Wedgwood had just completed his reproduction of the Portland Vase. The plaque from which the illustration is taken is in the collection of Mr. J. L. Propert. It is the largest known example of a black and white jasper tablet.

An interesting plaque modelled by Flaxman represents the conclusion of a commercial treaty between England and France: Mercury joins the hands of two symbolical figures who stand for the two countries. It is in very low relief, while the treatment of the draperies is so simple as to verge upon poverty of expression. It is, however, a characteristic example of the sculptor, and offers a remarkable contrast to the florid style of most of Pacetti's work, as illustrated by the Sacrifice of Iphigenia. Fig. 10 is taken from the example in Mr. Propert's collection. This work was modelled in 1787.

There is one group of figures produced in cameo form by Wedgwood which has been more frequently copied and imitated in various combinations and in various kinds of ware than any other design. It consists of three *amorini*, or rather "Bacchanalian Boys," instinct with life and *naïveté*. The modeller of the group and the author of the original drawing was Lady Diana Beauclerk. There is a particularly fine example in the South Kensington Museum of this beautiful plaque, the material being black and white jasper (Fig. 11). It is of the highest quality,—texture, tone and modelling being alike excellent. Bought in the year 1855, before the period when the productions of Josiah Wedgwood had regained the appreciation of connoisseurs, it was acquired for a few shillings. It is worth while comparing it with the copy made by Josiah Spode a few years subsequently, an example of which will be found on a jug of brown earthenware in the same museum.

Among the smaller cameos in jasper-dip which belong to a period subsequent to the year 1780, when Wedgwood's partner Bentley died, three examples have been selected for illustration. One of these, representing Achilles with the body of Hector, is given in Fig. 12. The specimen in Mr. Propert's collection has the field of an olive-green hue, while the border is black and white. Some exquisite examples of these choice tricoloured cameos are met with in cabinets: some were mounted in gold and set in small toilette and snuff-boxes of ivory. The subjects vary,—Aurora in her chariot, boys at play, and a sale of *amorini* being amongst the most frequent. Unfortunately their charms of colour and of tone do not lend themselves readily to any available processes of reproduction; the originals must be studied. Nor do

Fig. 9.—Plaque, Sacrifice to Hymen; black and white jasper.

A Zephyr.

Walter L. Colls, Ph. S.

A Sacrifice.

these pieces admit of satisfactory enlargement by photography. For, as already pointed out in the present chapter, the small and numerous details of these medallions betray the inadequacy of the granular paste to represent really minute and fine work directly one attempts to increase their apparent size. In this respect the jasper-body is greatly inferior

Fig. 10.—Plaque, Treaty between France and England; blue and white jasper.

to such natural substances as cornelian, sard, amethyst, aquamarine, &c., which are virtually homogeneous and textureless. The two other cameos or medallions mentioned in the preceding paragraph are represented of their original size on Plate III.; both are in the writer's collection. The upper medallion, of white on a rich blue ground of jasper-dip, is one of a set of four aerial figures with floating

draperies and wings of slightly varied design. The colour of the ground shows slightly through parts of the wings and draperies, and imparts to them a faintly diaphanous appearance, appropriate enough to the figure of a zephyr. The lower medallion is as fine a piece

Fig. 11.—*Medallion, Bacchanalian Boys; blue and white jasper.*

of work, in white on black jasper-dip, as Wedgwood ever produced. It should be called a "Monumental Group" rather than a "Sacrifice." A figure of Athene surmounts the pedestal in the centre: on the left a Victory offers drink to a serpent; while on the right stands a soldier

symbolising a warrior who had fallen in battle. A similar commemorative group will be found upon a marble in the Phigaleian Room of the British Museum. This was presented in the year 1780, and may possibly have suggested the design of the above-described medallion to Flaxman, whose work it seems to be. There may, however, exist an antique original agreeing more closely with the modern composition. But whatever the origin of its motive, there can be no

Fig. 12.—Medallion, Achilles with the body of Hector; green, black and white jasper.

question that this particular cameo unites beauty of arrangement to refinement of material and execution in a very high degree. These small and elegant works of art were intended by their producer to be mounted in many different ways, not only in jewellery with borders of gold, silver, cut steel, ormolu, but also in cabinet-work, such as buffets, chairs, coffers, harpsichords, and tea-caddies. They were actually used for all these purposes, and for many others: a long list of their various applications will be found in Miss Meteyard's *Handbook* (p. 76).

The larger plaques, described previously, were intended, so Wedgwood tell us, not only as cabinet pictures but for the enrichment of important articles of furniture, and more particularly for the

decoration of mantelpieces. Many of them are still to be found *in situ* in the fireplaces for which they were originally made, but the majority of those which have survived the vicissitudes of time have been gathered into the collections of public and private museums. The suites of mantelpiece tablets generally consisted of five pieces, occasionally of seven. The central feature of the arrangement was an important plaque of considerable length: on either side of this was a smaller plaque or frieze; at each angle a circular medallion. A number of mantelpiece suites in blue and white jasper and in white biscuit were included in the sale at Christie's of the stock of ornamental pieces which remained in the warehouse on the death of Bentley. This auction took place in 1781; it is interesting to note the prices which these beautiful pieces then realised. Thus lot 451, in which the long tablet of the Choice of Hercules formed the central member, and which was accompanied by a pair of heads of Medusa and a pair of Bacchanalian figures, brought two guineas and a half, the warehouse price having been fixed at £6 15*s*. A favourite plaque for the decoration of these mantelpieces was an enlarged copy of the Marlborough gem representing the Marriage of Cupid and Psyche. This cinque-cento cameo was reproduced in many different sizes. Fig. 13 is taken from the large and fine specimen in the British Museum. Other tablets, made chiefly for the same purpose, and produced in considerable numbers and of important dimensions, were the following:—A Bacchanalian Triumph, taken from the Borghese Vase in the Museum of the Louvre; An Offering to Flora, modelled by Bacon in 1778; The Apotheosis of Homer, modelled by Flaxman from a vase painting, The Nine Muses, modelled by Flaxman; The Dancing Hours, designed by Flaxman in 1776; Priam begging the Body of Hector from Achilles, modelled by Pacetti from the bas-relief at the back of the Barberini sarcophagus, but with some modifications of the original design; A Group of Bacchanalian Boys under an arbour with festoons of panther skins, by Lady Diana Beauclerk; The Apotheosis of Virgil, modelled by Flaxman; Hercules in the Garden of the Hesperides, modelled by Flaxman in 1787 from an antique vase now in the British Museum; Achilles and the Daughter of Lycomedes, modelled by Davaere; The

Fig. 13.—Plaque, Marriage of Cupid and Psyche; blue and white jasper.

Judgment of Paris. All these tablets were produced on a large scale, the length of the extant examples in the jasper-body of those above named ranging from 12 inches to 26 inches, and the height from $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches to 8 inches. But these dimensions were considerably exceeded in a few instances. Thus a tablet in blue and white jasper, sold in 1880 at Christie's, was 26 inches long by 11 inches high. It represented A Sacrifice to Hymen, and was made in the year 1787. This example brought no less a sum than £415.

CHAPTER VIII

HIS PORTRAIT CAMEOS AND MEDALLIONS

Historical Series; Heads of "Illustrious Modern Personages"; Identification of the Subjects; Unusually Large Cameos; Variety in Subject and Treatment; Models by Flaxman, Hackwood, and others.

In Wedgwood's Catalogue the portraits are grouped under Classes III. to X., the most important and interesting examples belonging, however, to one only of these classes, namely, the last. Wedgwood tells us that he aimed at producing "regular biographical suites of distinguished characters, in different ages and nations, for the illustration of that pleasing and instructive history"; he adds, "With this view he has been at considerable expense in collecting, repairing, modelling, and arranging portraits of illustrious men, both of ancient and modern times. The present class (III.) contains those of Greece, Egypt, and the neighbouring states, in chronological order. The four following classes exhibit a complete series of the Roman history, from the foundation of Rome to the removal of the seat of empire to Constantinople. The thread of history is continued, in the two next classes, by a set of the popes, and of all the kings and queens of England and France; and the more recent periods of history are illustrated, in the succeeding one, by a considerable number of princes, statesmen, philosophers, poets, artists, and other eminent men, down to the present time. These portraits are made, both in the basalt and jasper, with coloured grounds. Their general size is 2 in. × 1¾ in." A somewhat larger size with a rim is common; it measures ¾ inches more in each direction. Most of the specimens in Classes III. to IX. are in black basalt ware: in comparatively rare instances only have they much artistic merit, out the several series, when properly arranged in the trays of a coin-cabinet, possess a certain educational value.

With the medallion portraits of Class X.—the "Heads of Illustrious Moderns"—we enter upon the consideration of the most interesting group of Wedgwood's productions. The majority of the specimens preserved in museums or the cabinets of collectors are in white and blue jasper, those with black, green or pink grounds are not common. A few are wholly white. There exist also a considerable number of these medallions in black basalt. Some of these, large ovals of 4 inches by $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches with moulded borders, are favourable specimens of this class of work. Amongst good examples of this size the portraits of William Penn, Olden Barneveldt, Benjamin Franklin, and Admiral Lord Duncan may be mentioned. The last-named portrait, with others, equally well modelled, of the three Admirals Howe, Saint Vincent, and Nelson, were probably (with the exception of Howe) produced after Wedgwood's death.

The portraits of this class were modelled in some instances from the life by modellers employed by Wedgwood. A good many, also taken from the life, were the independent work of such artists as James Tassie, Isaac Gosset and Eley George Mountstephen, but were reproduced in the jasper-body by Wedgwood from casts taken from the originals. Medals, paintings, and engravings also furnished the materials from which the artists employed in the pottery worked.

In one of the volumes named in the *Bibliographical Notes*, the catalogue compiled by Mr. C. T. Gatty for the Wedgwood Exhibition of the Liverpool Art Club, the difficulty in the way of identifying very many of the extant portraits belonging to Class X. is distinctly brought out. Mr. Gatty describes the exceptionally full means for naming the portraits which he enjoyed. For instance, he was able to refer to a series of casts from the old moulds at Etruria, and 600 of these had the names scratched upon them. In spite of the help thus afforded, and that obtained from other sources, Mr. Gatty is compelled to confess that a very large number of portraits remained unknown. He succeeded, however, in naming a fair proportion of those which had become anonymous, and in revising several incorrect attributions.

A few of his cameo portraits were made by Wedgwood of unusually large dimensions and in very high relief; but the known examples are extremely rare. They were ovals averaging $10\frac{1}{4}$ inches by $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches

in dimensions. Amongst them we find the following—Robert Boyle, Benjamin Franklin, Dr. Joseph Priestley, Sir William Hamilton, Sir Joseph Banks, and Dr. Daniel Charles Solander. It is unfortunate that two fine specimens of these blue and white jasper cameos, portraits of Newton and Locke, perished in the Alexandra Palace

Fig. 14.—Medallion, Sir F. W. Herschel; blue and white jasper.

fire of 1873. There are several in the British Museum, presented by Mr. A. W. Franks.

It is an extremely difficult matter to select typical examples of these portrait cameos for illustration, not because one's choice is limited, but because there are characteristic qualities of modelling and finish, quite apart from variations in opacity and colour, which need, for their adequate representation, the inclusion not of five or six specimens, but of a score.

Fig 14, taken from the medallion in the Jermyn Street collection, represents the astronomer Sir F. W Herschel. It was modelled by John Flaxman in 1781, when his sitter was forty-three years of age. The planets and their orbits shown in the field are Saturn and Uranus, the latter having been discovered on the 13th of March, 1781. In the next illustration (Fig. 15) a characteristic portrait of Dr. Samuel Johnson appears; Mr. J. L. Propert owns the particularly fine example from which this figure was taken. This model was made by Flaxman in 1784, the year of Dr. Johnson's death. A very different man in a very different sphere of activity was Edward Bourne. His portrait (Fig. 16), also from Mr. Propert's choice collection, was the work of one of Wedgwood's own modellers at Etruria, William Hackwood. In two letters to Bentley, written in 1779, Wedgwood mentions this portrait as that of "Edward Bourne, my old bricklayer"; adding, "Old Bourne's medallion is the man himself, with every wrinkle, crink, and cranny in the whole visage." On the truncation of the bust, scratched with a fine point in the jasper-paste before the piece was fired, one can read the signature and date, "Wm. Hackwood, 1779." A portrait remarkable for its extremely high and deep under-cutting is that of Ferdinand I. of the Two Sicilies, and IV. of Naples. It was derived from an Italian contemporary medal. Fig. 17, taken from Mr. Propert's example of this cameo, scarcely gives an adequate idea of the way in which the head stands out, almost detached, from the ground. Such work is not only difficult of execution, but is peculiarly liable to distortion and to the formation of fire-cracks in the kiln. For these reasons such medallions were produced in very small numbers. A remarkably fine piece of work, as regards both colour and size, is the portrait of the Empress of Russia, Catherine II. The ground here

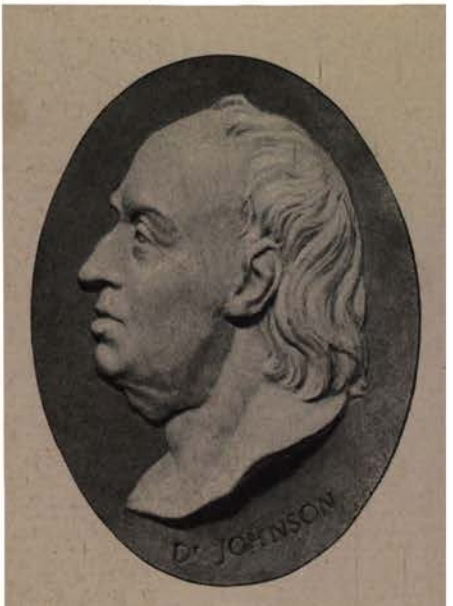


Fig. 15.—Medallion, Dr. Johnson; blue and white jasper.

(Fig. 18) is of a very rare hue, an exceedingly dark olive-green. The illustration is also from Mr. Propert's collection. This portrait is derived from a gem engraved by Maria Foedorowna, afterwards Empress of Russia.

It would occupy far too much space to attempt to give even a mere list of the "illustrious moderns" whom Wedgwood has immortalised in clay. They include princes, statesmen, lawyers, naval and military commanders, philosophers, poets, naturalists, travellers and physicians.

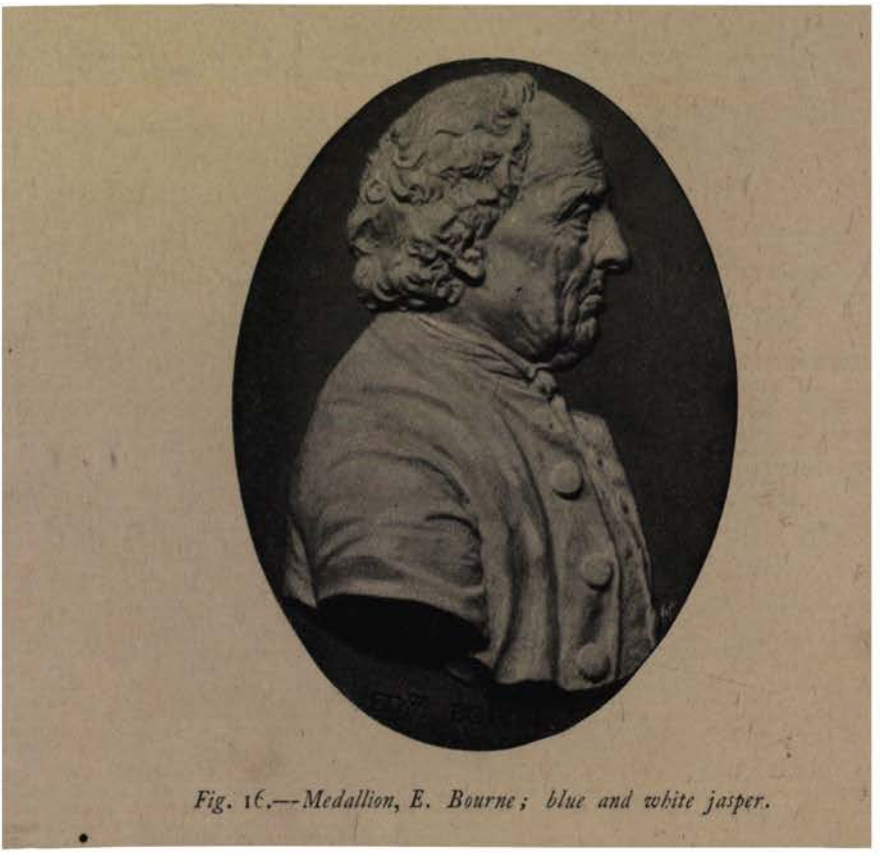


Fig. 16.—Medallion, E. Bourne; blue and white jasper.

Painters, architects and antiquaries, divines and men of letters, as well as many ladies of rank or beauty, are also represented. The unknown and obscure have likewise their place in the long series. But although I cannot venture to give a tithe of the many famous names in the list, it will be of some service to collectors and connoisseurs if a small number of these portraits in this class, which can be assigned to particular artists, be here recorded. The names given are derived from the correspondence and accounts of Wedgwood, and in a few instances from signatures on

the moulds or cameo impressions. Several modellers are represented so far as these sources of information are concerned, by no more than a single portrait. Thus to Burch, one version of the head of George III. belongs; to M. Gosset, one of the two likenesses of George II.; to T. Pingo, a second portrait of George III.; to James Tassie, the likeness of a painter, James Byres; to Joachim Smith, one of the two portraits of Josiah Wedgwood; to Lewis Francis Roubiliac, the head of the Duke of Marlborough. The name of the medallist Renaud is found

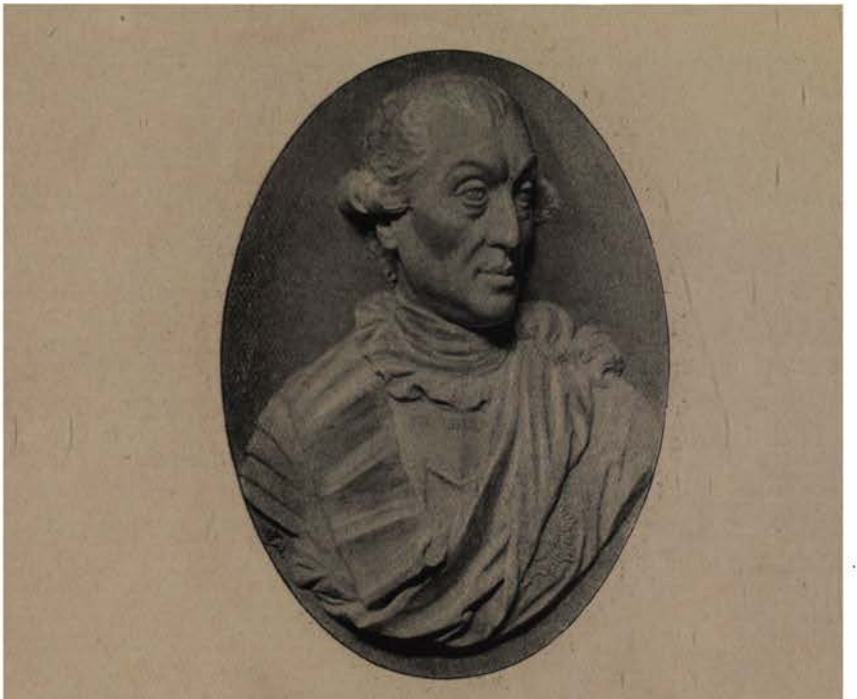


Fig. 17.—Medallion, King of the Two Sicilies; blue and white jasper.

upon the portrait of Louis XVI. of France, that of J B. Nini upon that of Marie Antoinette. Wedgwood's chief modeller of likenesses, William Hackwood, doubtless produced a very great number of these cameos, but very few bear his signature. Amongst these may be mentioned those of Edward Bourne, Reverend William Willet, and Voltaire; one of the likenesses of Wedgwood, and a third version of that of George III. But far less incomplete information is available with regard to the assistance afforded by John Flaxman in this

department of Wedgwood's productions. To him may be assigned the following portraits amongst a large number which are also undoubtedly his work :—Lord Amherst, Sir Joseph Banks, Mrs. Barbauld, T. O. Bergman, A. K. Boerhaave, Earl of Chatham, Sir William Chambers, Queen Charlotte, Captain Cook, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, Duchess of Devonshire, General G. A. Eliott, Dr. J. Fothergill, David Garrick,

Fig. 18.—Medallion, Cath[illegible] II. of Russia; dark green and white jasper.

George III., Sir W. Hamilton, Warren Hastings, Sir F. W. Herschel, Admiral Viscount Hood, Dr. Samuel Johnson, E. Kæmpfer, Admiral Viscount Keppel, Earl Mansfield, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord North, Hon. William Pitt, Queen of Portugal, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Marquis of Rockingham, Mrs. Siddons, Dr. D. C. Solander, and the King of Sweden.

Before leaving this part of the subject, mention should be made of the occurrence, on the backs of a small number of copies of the portraits in the jasper-body, of inscriptions relating to the materials used. The particulars given do not convey any precise information to the ceramist of to-day, for the key wherewith to unlock their secrets is lacking. But these rudely incised memoranda, as to the materials of the paste and the colouring wash or dip applied to the surface, afford proofs of the constant care bestowed by Wedgwood in order to secure the technical perfection of the jasper-body and the continuous development of its artistic capacities. The citation of a few of these inscriptions will suffice to explain the nature of the information afforded by these experimental records. Thus on a portrait with a pink ground of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick in the Mayer Collection occur the words "Wash light laloc, 3,624. Head and ground, one of 1,559 and one of 3,614, with cobalt in it." On a cameo with a green ground representing Lord Camelford, we find "Wash made 3 of old 3,681, wash 2 of 1,605 mended." A third inscription of the same character occurs on a blue and white jasper cameo of John Locke. "Head and Ground 1 of 3,614 and 1 of 1,559, Wash 1 of the above and one of new F wash." One may learn from these particulars, that Wedgwood sometimes whitened his pastes by neutralising their yellowness by means of cobalt; that he numbered and preserved for future reference supplies of his jasper paste of known composition; and that his trials of variations in the components both of body and of wash must have been exceedingly numerous. The marks T B O and T T B O found on some pieces relate to the position of the specimens in the kiln, and may be expanded respectively into Top of Biscuit Oven, and Tip Top of Biscuit Oven. By one writer they were mistaken for the signature of an artist named Tebo, who is known to have been employed at Etruria.

CHAPTER IX

VASES IN THE JASPER-BODY

Not made before 1781; *Period of Perfection; Decadence; Designs of Vases and Pedestals; Wedgwood's letter of* 1786 *to Sir W. Hamilton; Prices of fine Examples; Conventional Ornaments.*

ALTHOUGH ornamental vases of other materials had been made long before 1781, it was not until that year that Wedgwood began producing them in his jasper-paste: this was after the death of Bentley. It is to be noted that no examples of these fine examples of Wedgwood's skill were included in the sale at Christie's (in 1781), to which reference has previously been made. It had doubtless been found that the black basalt vases with reliefs of the same material, or with encaustic paintings, as well as the variegated vases of which Wedgwood constituted his Class IX. under the designation of "Vases in glazed Terra-Cotta, imitating Crystalline Agates" did not meet with a very ready sale. Something fresh was needed to attract the public eye. The solid jasper-body had been invented several years before, but had been used almost exclusively for flat cameos and plaques. The jasper-dip or washed jasper had been but recently perfected, and its gamut of colours had not yet been completed. There was required but a single step to transfer to a rounded surface the reliefs which had hitherto been prepared for one that was flat. It is probable that the first vases made of the jasper-body were produced in the solid variety, but this was soon in great measure displaced by the kind in which the surface only was tinctured with colour, and which was capable of realising more delicate and varied effects of hue and tone. Jasper vases were first exhibited to the public in the early part of 1782 in the show-rooms in Greek Street, Soho. The forms, generally derived

more or less directly from the antique, were for the most part satisfactory in outline and proportion: the sizes varied, and sometimes attained considerable dimensions, a few specimens being 18 inches or even more in height. Many of the subjects in white relief, with which these vases were decorated, had been previously employed for tablets, but others were specially modelled for the purpose. Flaxman's designs were extensively employed. The manufacture of these fine vases, and the introduction of new types with frequent re-arrangements of the ornamental details, continued on an increasing scale from 1782 until the death of Wedgwood in 1795. For a few years after the latter date, very fine examples were turned out from the works, the original moulds with the old staff of skilled workmen and modellers being of course still available. But the loss of the master soon made itself felt. The guiding and controlling spirit was gone. Refinement of material, care in execution and delicacy of colour were no longer demanded in the same uncompromising manner as heretofore. There soon set in a mechanical and artistic decadence from which any recovery that may have been made during the present century was never more than partial and spasmodic.

Many of the more important jasper vases were accompanied by pedestals of the same material and colour: as a rule these additions detracted from the beauty of the pieces they were intended to improve, being incongruous in design or scale. A single example will suffice to illustrate this point. Thus a vase is well known of excellent proportions and no less than 18 inches in height. It has well-formed handles with twining serpents, and round the body a Bacchanalian frieze adapted from that on the Borghese Vase in the Louvre. It stands on a turned base and has a plinth of suitable dimensions. But its pedestal is much too big for it, no less than $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches high. Moreover this pedestal is decorated with Bacchanalian trophies and festoons of vines in such high relief and of such large proportions as entirely to dwarf the chief decorative elements of the vase itself, a single vine leaf on the former being four times the size of the heads on the latter. Incongruity of subject between vase and pedestal, though less immediately obvious than disproportion in size and discord of curve, often becomes painfully marked on careful examination.

Thus a vase bearing the subject of the "Infant Academy," and decorated with graceful floral festoons, is placed on a square stand which has on alternate faces groups of military trophies and figures of warriors. In some cases of pairs of vases the design on one was of an entirely different class and style to that on the other. Thus we find "Hercules in the Garden of the Hesperides" on one vase, while its companion bears a "Group of Bacchanalian Boys" from the design of Lady Diana Beauclerk.

It would be tedious to enumerate the many subjects which are found upon the jasper vases: a large proportion had previously appeared on the medallions and plaques. Apollo and the Nine Muses, the Dancing Hours, Blindman's Buff, and the Apotheosis of Homer—all from the designs of Flaxman—are of frequent occurrence. Fig. 19 is a characteristic example of the adaptation to the round of the first-named of the above designs, and is taken from the Jermyn Street specimen. It is an oviform amphora in pale blue jasper with cameo figures in white, and is 15¼ inches in height: its greatest diameter is 6½ inches. The body is ornamented with a frieze of figures representing Apollo and the Nine Muses in white on a granulated blue ground: it is noticeable that parts of the relief foliage above the figures is of the same colour and substance as the ground. The handles are white of floriated design; the cover is surmounted by a white figure of Pegasus: the square plinth has an anthemion border. There is in the British Museum a vase of rather larger size than that shown in Fig. 19, but resembling it in colour and in some of its details, and also having the same Pegasus cover. Moreover it is peculiarly interesting because it was presented to the museum by Wedgwood and described by him in a letter to Sir W. Hamilton under the date June 24, 1786. He there states distinctly that in his jasper work every ornament and leaf is first made in a separate mould and then laid upon the ground with great care and accuracy and "afterwards wrought over again upon the vase itself by an artist equal to the work." He goes on to say, "from the beginning I determined to spare neither time nor expense in modelling and finishing my ornaments," and adds that he has presented to the British Museum the finest and most perfect vase he has ever made, mentioning that this specimen "is 18 inches high and the price twenty guineas." It is scarcely necessary to remark that such a

Fig. 19.—*Vase, Apollo and the Muses; blue and white jasper.*

vase would bring several times that sum at the present time. A specimen of the type and size shown in Fig. 19 fetched £68 5s at the sale of the Barlow Collection in 1869, where also a particularly sumptuous though smaller vase, with Flaxman's Dancing Hours, realised no less than £131. The prices were however greatly exceeded at the sale of the collection of Dr. Sibson eight years afterwards, when one of the large "Homeric" vases of white and black jasper-dip brought no less than £735, passing into the collection of Lord Tweedmouth. The subject on this vase was the "Apotheosis of Homer" by Flaxman. The cover was surmounted by a Pegasus. The accompanying square pedestal bore reliefs representing Sacrifices to Flora and to Cupid, and was decorated with white griffins at the angles; the height of the whole was nearly 25 inches. A similar and companion vase with the "Apotheosis of Virgil" was in the collection of the late T. Shadford Walker, of Liverpool. These unusually large vases in black and white jasper were not made before the period 1789–1791: copies are of extreme rarity. In fact the smaller vases ranging in height from 5 or 6 inches to a foot were always produced in far larger numbers than any of those described in this paragraph.

Besides vases in white on blue and white on black, the other colours described in Chapter V. were also applied in the adornment of these objects. Many examples with white reliefs on a green or a lilac ground occur. There are numerous varieties of hue and tint on these pieces, the green being sobered by the presence of much grey and ranging from a sage hue to one in which there is a good deal of yellow, while the lilac is sometimes pinkish and sometimes bluish. Some tricoloured combinations are also met with corresponding with the tricoloured medallions described in Chapter VII.; a few vases have three colours in addition to white. In such cases the happiest effects are perhaps realised by means of chequer work and other conventional designs rather than by the introduction of figure subjects. For when the latter are associated with much decorative detail executed in a variety of attractive hues, the entire composition frequently lacks repose and breadth.

During the last two or three years of his life it would seem that Wedgwood sparingly introduced gilding (duly burnt in) into the decoration of a very few of his jasper vases in white and deep lapis or mazarine blue.

CHAPTER X

MISCELLANEOUS PRODUCTIONS IN JASPER

Chessmen; Match-pots, Pedestals, and Drums; Pipe-bowls and Hookahs; Tea and Coffee Sets; Salt-cellars; Bulb-stands and Flower-pots; Lamps and Candlesticks; Scent-bottles; Bell-pulls.

WEDGWOOD applied his jasper-body with great ingenuity, fertility of resource, and good taste, to the production of an extraordinary number of objects of utility or luxury, personal or domestic. Many indeed, though not all, of these articles had been made by him in the other bodies which he had perfected, such as cream-ware, terra-cotta and black basalt, but these materials were inferior to jasper in *quality* of colour, and did not admit of equal richness and variety in decorative treatment. Of these objects, excluding cameos, medallions, plaques, and vases, to which several preceding Chapters have been devoted, the famous chessmen designed by Flaxman in 1785 demand prominent notice. The original drawing for the set is still at Etruria; for it Flaxman's charge was six guineas. In accord with the origin and character of the game, the style adopted by the artist for these figures is distinctively mediæval and not classical. Many of the pieces, notably the king, queen, and bishop, are well adapted, by the simplicity of their contours, for the purpose for which they were intended. But their liability to break, and the difficulty experienced in handling many of them would alone suffice to prevent their use by chess-players. The two sides were made in olive green and lilac, in black and white, and in blue and white. The old specimens form a beautiful suite of ornaments for the cabinet, the modern replicas are rough in texture and defective as to their minuter details and the modelling of the faces.

Wedgwood produced an enormous number of pedestals, drums,

match-pots, and other cylindrical pieces. Flaxman's group of "Blind Man's Buff" lent itself charmingly to the adornment of these pieces of a round form. The Figs. 20 and 21 represent a pair of stands for vases in the South Kensington Museum; they are in white on a ground of sage-green. They were purchased for the collection in 1855, at a time when Wedgwood's productions were less esteemed than they are now; still one is surprised to find from the labels that the Museum gave no more than ten pounds for this important pair of pedestals. Many of the smaller objects in this group were intended to be mounted in ormolu as candelabra: they are frequently found decorated with cut glass pendants. The four-sided altar-shaped pedestals with bases rather wider than the tops, and the cylindrical drums with small cameo figures in white on blue, or with chequer-work of two colours and white, make particularly beautiful supports for a gilt bronze and glass superstructure, provided the design of the latter is kept sufficiently simple.

For the Eastern markets Wedgwood provided vessels in jasper to be used in the hookah or hubble-bubble: these have sometimes been mistaken for lamp-reservoirs. A few pipe bowls for tobacco also exist; they may have been more abundant once, as they are peculiarly liable to injury and accident.

Tea and coffee sets, including oval trays for the whole equipage, cups and saucers, bowls and sugar-basins, with tea-pots and coffee-pots, were made in an immense variety of forms and in all the colours of which the jasper-body was susceptible. The bowl, Fig. 22, is of white jasper so translucent as to show, even in the illustration, that the light is transmitted through its substance, as is indicated by the paler tone of grey in the central part of the bottom of the vessel. The festoons of ivy are in solid jasper of an olive hue; the berries being lilac; the pendent medallions have a lilac ground. The original specimen is in the Jermyn Street Museum. The covered sugar-basin, Fig. 23, is at South Kensington. It is introduced here as an example rather of one of Wedgwood's favourite shapes and simpler styles of ornament, not on account of any particularly high quality of the material, which approaches in character stoneware rather than jasper. It was probably made during the first quarter of the present century; the body is of a pale olive hue, the reliefs are lilac. An example of a saucer almost too heavily laden

with ornament is furnished, from the same gallery as the last example, by Fig. 24. It is of jasper-dip, the ground being sage-green, the

Fig. 20.—Pedestal, Blind Man's Buff; green and white jasper.

medallions white on lilac. This specimen belongs to the latest period of Wedgwood's life, if indeed it is not to be dated a few years after his death, for there is a lack of fineness in the paste and of sharpness in the

reliefs. Some of the tea-cups with flutings of blue and white, acanthus leaf borders, and white reliefs of children at play, are simply perfect in

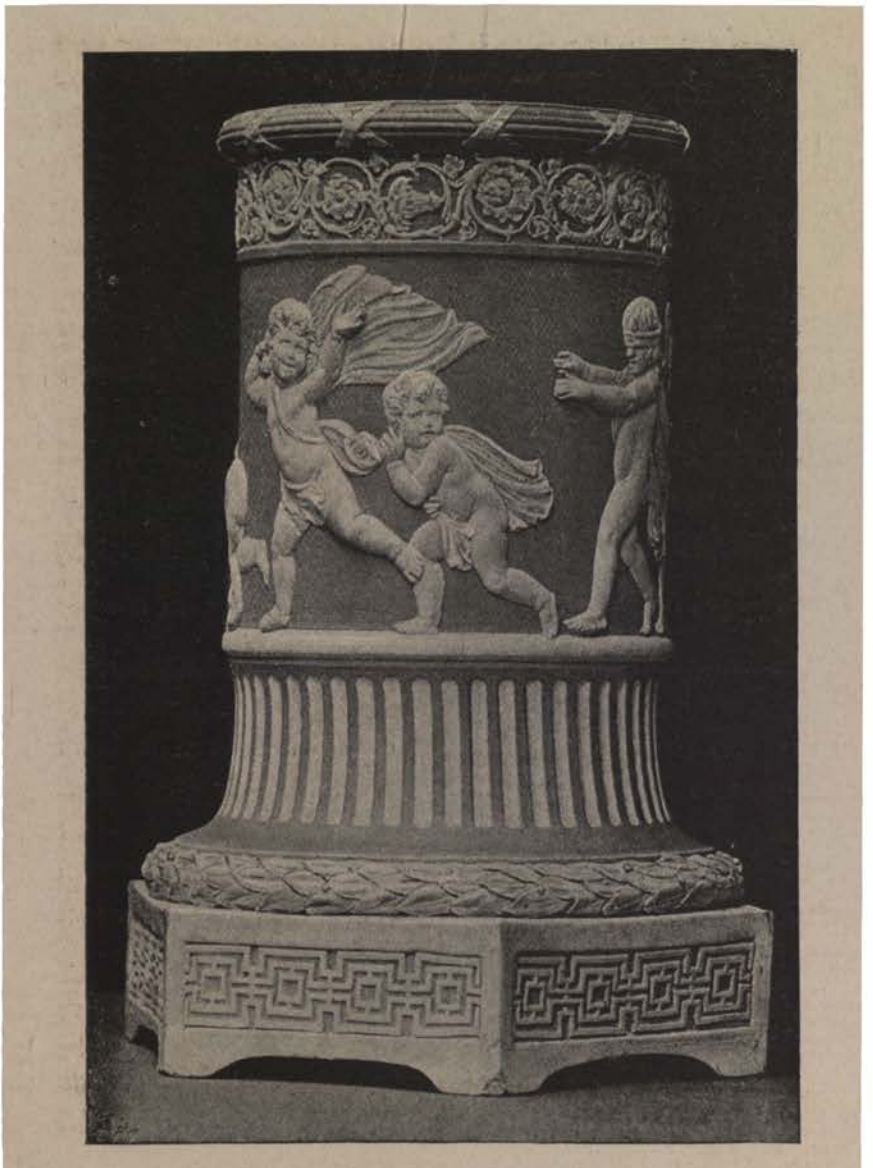


Fig. 21.—Pedestal, Blind Man's Buff; green and white jasper.

all respects. They, as well as the salt-cellars, were often polished on the inside by means of the lapidary's wheel.

Many different forms of pots for growing bulbs, such as the hyacinth,

Fig. 22.—Bowl, Ivy festoons and pendent cameos; white, green and lilac jasper.

Fig. 23.—Sugar-Basin and Cover, Vine pattern; pale olive and lilac.

tulip, and crocus, and for flowering plants, were made in the jasper-body. Wedgwood's good taste in the matter of decoration was apparent in these works, for he was careful to select such ornamental motives as would not clash with nor overpower the foliage and blossoms to be associated with these vessels. The slight concave curvature which he

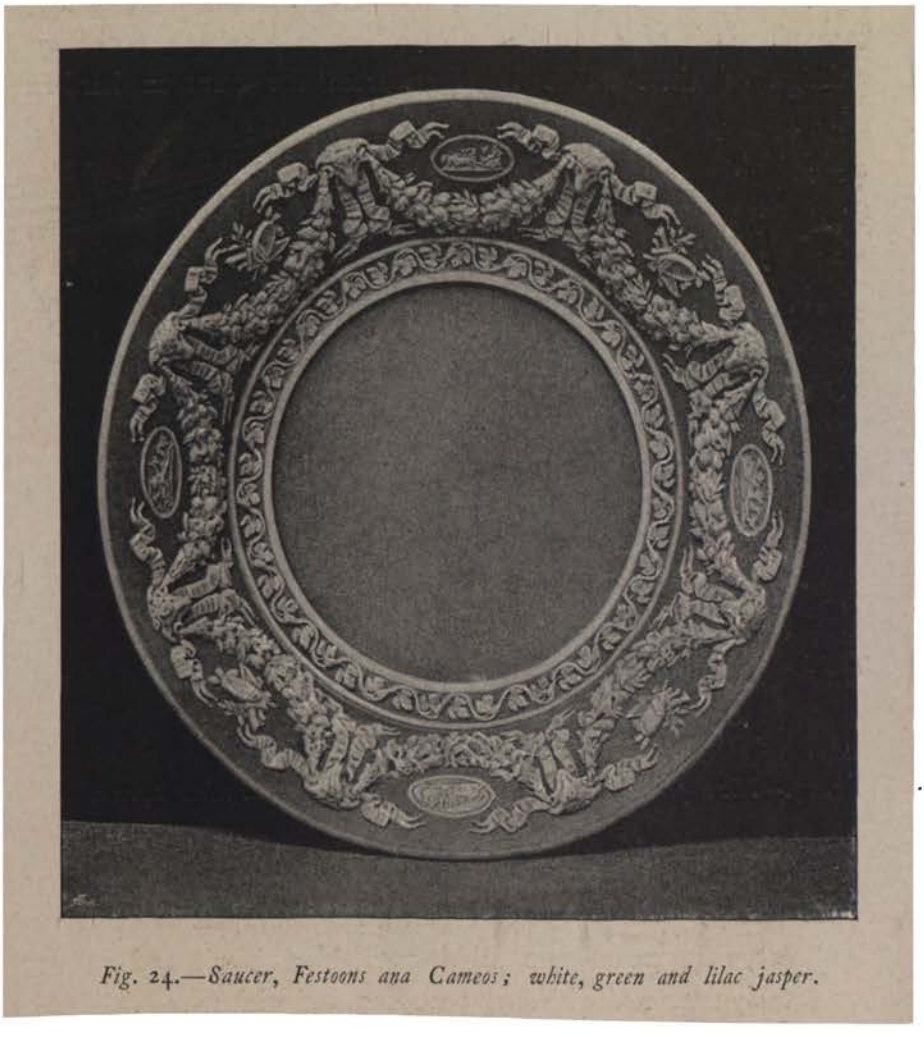


Fig. 24.—Saucer, Festoons and Cameos; white, green and lilac jasper.

gave to the flowerpots relieved them from the ordinary prosaic appearance of such things, while the rims were made so solid as to be proof against any ordinary blow. The material and the workmanship were of the highest quality, quite equal to those of the best ornamental vases. But nowadays while an old jasper vase four inches high of

Wedgwood's period of perfection cannot be bought for less than ten pounds, a flowerpot of the same quality and pattern may be acquired for two pounds or even less. The illustration given in Fig. 24 happens to be derived not from a specimen in jasper, but from one made of a very fine kind of terra-cotta, but it is equally adapted to demonstrate the beauty and simplicity of a form and decorative treatment originated by Wedgwood. It is of cane-colour with reliefs in a sober greenish grey. The design of these reliefs is taken from the common hard-fern,

Fig. 25.—Flower-pot and Saucer, reliefs of fern-leaves; cane-colour terra-cotta.

Blechnum boreale. Wedgwood of course made flowerpots in other wares besides jasper, using cream-ware, pebble-ware, black basalt, and red terra-cotta, variously decorated with engine-turning, and with raised designs and paintings of many kinds. This was also the case with his bulb-stands, and with his bough-pots for cut flowers and foliage. But the multiplicity of his patterns in these classes baffles any attempt at adequate description.

A pair of picturesque candlesticks with white figures and foliage on a ground of blue are in Mr. Propert's collection (Figs. 26 and 27). They were selected for illustration on account of their differing widely

in style from the classical and highly conventionalised designs with which we have been previously dealing. But Wedgwood in this section of his productions exhibited as much fertility of resource and sense of fitness as in any of the groups already discussed. His pillar candlesticks are models of simplicity, and so also are his taper-holders. The lamps

Figs. 26, 27.—Pair of Candlesticks, Children and Trees; blue and white jasper.

designed after antique patterns are, however, for the most part cabinet objects, and are not fitted for everyday use.

One word about scent-bottles. These dainty pieces, often with polished edges and mountings of gold, have always been highly appre-

ciated. They vary in size and shape, but were generally made in solid blue jasper with figures or portraits of white in low relief; they sometimes are bordered with conventional designs also in white.

Oviform handles for bell-ropes were made in considerable numbers and in queen's ware as well as in jasper. They were decorated in a simple and appropriate manner; there is a representative series of specimens in the Liverpool Museum.

Nothing has been said, for the limitations of space forbid the further extension of this chapter, of watch-backs, earrings, opera-glass mounts, and a number of other minor objects of decoration or utility for which Wedgwood employed with success his beautiful jasper paste.

CHAPTER XI

LATER YEARS

The Brick House; Marriage; Partnership with Thomas Wedgwood, Purchase of the Site of "Etruria"; Grand Trunk Canal; London Show Room; a Surgical Operation; Partnership with Thomas Bentley; Etruria, the Village, the Works, the Hall; Josiah Wedgwood and Richard Champion; Scientific Work; Death; Portraits.

It seemed advisable, on several grounds, to describe in successive chapters the chief materials and productions of Wedgwood's manufactory, although this treatment of the subject involved a long break in our brief narrative of the potter's life. This we may now resume by mentioning that at least as early as the year 1762, about three years after his first start as an independent manufacturer, Wedgwood, finding it necessary to occupy larger premises than heretofore, rented the Brick House and Works in Burslem, which he retained until his final and complete removal to Etruria in 1773. To the dwelling-house attached to these potworks, Wedgwood brought his bride, Sarah Wedgwood, a cousin, the daughter of Richard Wedgwood, of Spen Green. The wedding took place on the 25th January, 1764, in the parish church of Astbury, Cheshire. This marriage was altogether happy, Mrs. Wedgwood fully sympathising with her husband's varied tastes, employments, and aspirations, and yet devoting herself with exemplary diligence to all domestic and maternal duties. Their direct descendants during the last one hundred years have continued the labours which the death of Josiah Wedgwood in 1795 might have interrupted.

The year 1766 was marked by the partnership then arranged between Josiah Wedgwood and his cousin Thomas, who had been employed in the works since 1759. As before mentioned he had been previously engaged at the Worcester china factory; he was a skilful potter, and became superintendent of the department of the "useful

works" both at Burslem and afterwards at Etruria. This partnership was dissolved only by the death of Thomas Wedgwood in 1788. In the same year, 1766, Wedgwood succeeded in acquiring a suitable site in the neighbourhood of Burslem for a new factory and dwelling-house. He says in a letter to Bentley, under the date July 18, "I have now bought the estate I mentioned to you, for which I am to pay £3,000. at Michaelmas next." Subsequently he acquired from another land-owner a considerable addition to his domain, so that its area sufficed not only for the erection of a village for his workmen, and an extensive potworks, furnished with many new and costly appliances, but also for a mansion for himself surrounded by spacious grounds, as well as a good house for his partner Bentley. It must indeed have been a prosperous business which Wedgwood had created, for it to have yielded him, in the brief space of ten years, the large profits necessary to carry out the immense undertaking which he had now commenced. For three years after his purchase of the "Ridge House" Estate, his new Etruria Works were opened. The formal inauguration took place on June 13th, 1769, Wedgwood himself "throwing" on the wheel the first six vases. Some of these are still preserved. They are of black basalt, painted with figures in the antique style in two tones of red, and bear the legend "Artes Etruriae Renascuntur." In form, and in the finish of their encaustic decoration they were greatly improved upon in the course of a year or two, but they are of considerable interest as being almost the only dated specimens of Wedgwood's time still extant; they consequently serve to fix the period in which more advanced work of the same character and material was produced at Etruria.

Wedgwood at the time of his commencement of his new works at Etruria was busy also in furthering the facilities of water carriage in his district. His sound sense and foresight had been of great service in settling the plans of certain sections of the Grand Trunk Canal in the year 1765, when his knowledge of the requirements of the district of the Potteries had proved extremely useful to the Duke of Bridgewater's engineer James Brindley. Mr. Bentley and Dr. Darwin were also both in consultation on this matter with Wedgwood, whose promptitude in proving the weakness of rival schemes, and judicious advocacy in influential quarters of the plan finally adopted, were

of incalculable value in securing a favourable issue when the Bill for authorizing the canal was under discussion in Parliament. It is characteristic of Wedgwood, shrewd man of business though he was, that he demurred to the prosaic directness of the course of that part of the canal which passed through his newly acquired estate. In 1767 he wrote to Bentley, saying, "Mr. Henshall and I spent yesterday and to-day at Hetruria in setting out the canal through that district, and on Monday next I shall begin to make it. The fields are so very level that the canal will run in a straight line through them, at least so it is set out, for I could not prevail on that Vandal to give me *one line* of Grace—he must go the nearest and best way or Mr. Brindley would go mad."

The variety of important matters which engaged Wedgwood's attention at this time—1767–8—was indeed considerable. For besides the canal and the founding of Etruria, he was endeavouring to secure an adequate showroom and depôt in the Metropolis for his productions. The room in Charles Street, Grosvenor Square did not allow of the exhibition of many sets of dinner and dessert services and of vases, and no one knew better than Wedgwood the importance of space for the proper display and arrangement of his wares. One likely house after another was inspected until in August 1768 some premises at the top of St. Martin's Lane were finally secured at an annual rent of one hundred guineas. In the midst of all these and many other occupations Wedgwood become convinced of the necessity of having his right leg amputated. He foresaw that in superintending the work in the large establishment which he was about to found at Etruria the retention of this useless and often painful member would be a serious encumbrance. On May 28, 1768, the operation was successfully performed, the patient making a rapid recovery, thanks in great measure to the assiduous care of his wife, and the cheerful companionship of his friend Thomas Bentley, who remained with him until all danger was over. The name of this friend has been frequently mentioned before in this essay; and it is now time to give a few particulars concerning one with whom for eighteen of the most active years of his life Wedgwood was continuously consulting and corresponding.

The first meeting between Josiah Wedgwood and his future friend and partner Thomas Bentley, took place at Liverpool, in 1762. Wedgwood had again injured his knee during a journey to that town, and in consequence placed himself under the care of a very competent and well-informed surgeon there, Mr. Matthew Turner. The doctor effected the introduction of the two men; henceforward they became firmly attached friends, serving one another with zeal and in many different ways. They were nearly of the same age; in love for art, in business capacity, and in their generosity and public spirit, they had many characteristics in common. Bentley possessed accomplishments which the somewhat untoward circumstances in which Wedgwood's early years were passed had prevented him from acquiring. He had spent some time on the Continent and spoke fluently both French and Italian, and was a fair classical scholar. His house in Liverpool became the meeting-place of many distinguished scientific and literary men, while his polished manners and his deep and intelligent interest in the public questions of the day brought him into contact with a large number of the conspicuous and wealthy men of the district. Thomas Bentley was in no way connected, so far at least as has been ascertained, with the famous critic Richard Bentley, who was sixty-nine years old when Wedgwood's future partner was born. Bentley introduced Wedgwood to many of his friends, including Dr. Priestley, the celebrated discoverer of oxygen, Dr. Aikin, and a number of ingenious persons engaged in various kinds of literary, scientific, and artistic labours. Some were surveyors, engineers and mechanicians; some painters and engravers; of their talents in not a few instances, Wedgwood, in after years, made good use. Bentley was a merchant and warehouseman in an extensive way of business, and in this capacity also his association with Wedgwood exercised a considerable influence upon the growing prosperity of the master-potter. Negotiations for a partnership between them were opened by Wedgwood in 1766, but it was not until November 14, 1768, that the arrangements were finally completed, Bentley acquiring an equal share in the profits arising from the sale of ornamental as distinguished from useful ware. On articles belonging to the former class the stamp impressed bore the names "Wedgwood and Bentley,' sometimes abbreviated into "W. and B.," but occasionally altogether omitted. Bentley left Liverpool, though not

finally, in 1768, and occasionally resided in the Brick House at Burslem, a dwelling attached to one of the factories then occupied by Wedgwood. A residence was being built for him at this time close to the new potworks of Etruria, but the greatly increased demand for ornamental vases of Wedgwood's make compelled him to change his plans, and to migrate to London, where he established himself in rooms over the warehouse rented by Wedgwood in Newport Street. Another move soon followed. A house and garden at Chelsea were obtained on lease dated 22nd of September, 1669, the year in which the original China works there were sold to William Duesbury of Derby. Here Bentley took up his quarters, which were conveniently situated, for they enabled him to superintend the enamelling branch of the factory, which had been for some time conducted in the inconvenient premises of Newport Street, but was now to be better housed at Chelsea. The tenure of these Chelsea premises did not last long, for in 1774 Bentley removed his family and the enamelling business to Greek Street, Soho. Many of the letters written by Wedgwood to Bentley are preserved; selections from this interesting correspondence have been printed by Miss Meteyard in her "Life of Wedgwood." Bentley died on the 26th of November, 1780, to the great sorrow of his friend and partner. He was buried in Chiswick Church, where there is a monument to his memory by Scheemakers. The inscription which it bears, though somewhat rhetorical and exaggerated in expression, offers a warm and well-deserved tribute to his high qualities of head and heart.

The death of Bentley was felt acutely by his surviving friend and partner. But Wedgwood continued his work with unabated industry and enthusiasm, losing no opportunity to extend his business and to develop at the same time the perfection and artistic merit of his manufacture. It has already been pointed out that the production of vases in the jasper body was subsequent to the death of Bentley, and that many of the most beautiful medallions and plaques, more particularly those in jasper dip, were made between the years 1781 and 1795. Yet it must be borne in mind that not only were a vast number and great variety of fine things in variegated and black ware made during the term of the partnership, but that the splendid suites of mantelpiece plaques originated during the same period. We are able to fix the

dates of some of these sets, partly by means of the extant invoices of the modellers and other artists employed, partly by the entries in the sale catalogue of 1781, and by those in the several editions of the firm's own catalogue published during Bentley's lifetime, and partly by actual examples of these suites known to have been made in particular years. Thus there are in Mr. F. Rathbone's gallery two white marble mantelpieces made for Longton Hall, one in 1777 and the other two years after. The first of these has as a central ornament, the fine design by Flaxman representing the Apotheosis of Virgil: on either side of this are two decorative plaques forming the frieze; the blocks at either end are heads of Medusa, while the jambs are ornamented with two important plaques representing trophies and altars. The later mantelpiece has a large central circular medallion—a profile head—of Ceres, while the other plaques bear designs of corn and conventional ornament. All these pieces are wrought in solid blue and white jasper of fine quality. The catalogues issued by Wedgwood and Bentley have just been named; they were drawn up by Bentley and revised by his partner. The first appeared in 1773, the second in 1774, the third was a translation into French of the second, the fourth was published in 1777, and the fifth in English and a sixth in French in 1779. Bentley wrote the introduction to the first edition and also the various modifications and numerous additions which appeared in the subsequent issues. One edition only, that of 1787, was published after Bentley's death. It should be added, in order to show the Continental development of the business, that the catalogue was published in Dutch in the year 1778 at Amsterdam, and that in the following year it appeared in a German dress at Leipsic. The wide distribution in Europe of the productions of Etruria at this time may be learnt from the numerous specimens bearing the stamp of Wedgwood and Bentley which have been recognised in many Continental cities by English travellers. The writer, for instance, discovered many of the variegated or "pebble" vases in the Natural History Museum of the Florence University.

Something has already been said as to the founding of the Staffordshire Etruria. The village, if such it can be called, does not now present, it must be owned, a very pleasing aspect, but as its population has been gradually increasing since Wedgwood's day, and now

reaches the respectable total of 5,300, it must be regarded as a flourishing colony. The potworks remain, so far as outward appearance goes, in much the same state as when first erected. This cannot be said of Wedgwood's residence, Etruria Hall. In 1884 after a recent visit of inspection, I wrote of it in the following words: "The house has an air of faded magnificence, in spite of neglect, the dinginess of its surroundings, and the smoke-smitten trees hard by." The destruction of vegetation, which imparts so dreary and forlorn an appearance to the neighbourhood, is due not so much to the smoke of the potworks, but to the noxious gases emitted from the neighbouring bar-iron furnaces of Lord Granville. On penetrating to the cellars of the mansion I had no difficulty in discovering some of the appliances and receptacles, for his secret preparations, used by Josiah Wedgwood. For here rather than in the works he was continually experimenting, in order to effect the improvement of his ceramic pastes, glazes and pigments, away from the too curious eyes of visitors or workmen; and here his secretary and assistant, Alexander Chisholm, was in frequent attendance.

It is impossible, in a condensed account such as that now offered, to describe even a few of the important orders which Wedgwood executed at the Etruria Works for royal, distinguished or wealthy patrons. A word however must be said concerning the celebrated service made for the Empress of Russia, Catherine II. This was shown in the summer of 1774 in the new Greek Street rooms. Mrs. Delany wrote about it, saying, "there are three rooms below and two above filled with it, laid out on tables, everything that can be wanted to serve a dinner; the ground, the common ware pale brimstone, the drawings in purple, the borders a wreath of leaves, the middle of each piece a particular view of all the remarkable places in the King's dominions." The service (or rather the services, for there were two) consisted of 952 pieces. Their cost as plain cream-coloured ware previous to decoration was no more than £51 8*s.* 4*d.* The mere enamel-painting of the views and borders entailed an expenditure of more than £2,200. Some duplicate specimens of plates and cups belonging to this service still remain in England, and though well and elaborately decorated they cannot be said to be wholly satisfactory. This was the fault, not of the potters and painters, but of the conditions imposed by the

Imperial patron. There is an incongruity in the notion of cutting up your slice of mutton on a charming landscape, and helping a mediæval castle to a spoonful of mashed potato! The Empress kept this service at her country retreat of La Grénouillière, where it was seen by Lord Malmesbury in 1779.

When during his later years Wedgwood had become not only very prosperous but had acquired considerable wealth, his generous and public spirit prompted him to employ much of his riches in furthering wise schemes of benevolence and general utility. All through his life, as means and opportunities allowed, generosity was a marked characteristic of the man. In two particulars, however, his conduct seems open to some degree of censure. For he endeavoured to prevent the modellers and artists whom he employed from acquiring any honour from their labours, not permitting them to affix their names to the products of their skill: and he opposed Richard Champion of Bristol in his attempts to secure some slight pecuniary reward for his laborious and skilful trials in the manufacture of true porcelain just at the time when he was on the point of making his admirable productions a commercial success. One would like to think that it was sheer ignorance of the facts rather than prejudice and self-interest which induced Wedgwood to write to Bentley thus in 1777:—"Poor Champion, you may have heard, is quite demolished. It was never likely to be otherwise as he had neither professional knowledge, sufficient capital, nor scarcely any real acquaintance with the materials he was working upon. I suppose we might buy some growan stone and growan clay now upon easy terms for they prepared a large quantity this last year." An able refutation of these statements has been made by Mr. Hugh Owen in his *Two Centuries of Ceramic Art in Bristol* (pp. 149–151). Mr. Owen's account of this unhappy business is too long to quote in its entirety, but there are two passages therein which deserve citation:—"Every step taken by Wedgwood in this dispute needs the labour of an apologist." "His needless fear of competition rendered inoperative, for a time, the better feelings of a noble nature."

This is scarcely the place for a disquisition on what are commonly described as the scientific labours of Wedgwood. He reckoned many

scientific men, such as Darwin and Priestley, amongst his friends, and thoroughly appreciated their endeavours to apply their knowledge to purposes of practical utility. He had an able assistant in Alexander Chisholm, who entered his employ in the year 1781. And we read of his engaging a lecturer on chemistry to give instruction to his sons. He received the distinguished honour of being enrolled in the Royal Society, not however by reason of his chemical qualifications, but on account of his ingenious invention of an instrument for measuring high degrees of temperature. It was on the 16th of January, 1783, that Josiah Wedgwood was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; he was formally admitted into this Society "for improving natural knowledge" on the 13th of February in the same year. Five papers by him were published in the *Philosophical Transactions*. Three of these, relating to the measurement of high temperatures by means of the shrinkage of clay-cylinders, appeared in the volumes for 1782, 1784, and 1786, and furnish details concerning the use and the indications afforded by the Pyrometer invented by their author. The two remaining papers are on chemical subjects, and are to be found in the *Phil. Trans.*, vols. lxxiii. (1783) and lxxx. (1790). The first of these contributions gives an analysis of Derbyshire Black Wadd, and is interesting to the modern chemist as describing a method of separating iron from manganese by means of fractional precipitation with an alkali, and as mentioning the change of colour due to the passage of the protoxide of the latter metal into the binoxide. But it is impossible to argue from these two chemical papers and from his letters and memoranda that Wedgwood was a great chemist. Doubtless he was a most persistent and indefatigable experimenter, as well as an acute observer. The trial of materials and recipes, gathered from all quarters, with a view to their employment in bodies, glazes and colours, constituted the greatest part of his experimental work. Chemistry, in Wedgwood's day, was a science in a very early stage of development; even had he mastered all that was known of it, the aid that it could have afforded him in his practical inquiries would have been comparatively insignificant. Nevertheless it may be freely conceded that in his knowledge of chemistry and of physics, Wedgwood stood alone amongst the potters of his day. We learn from his papers and memoranda that he was familiar with the few

chemical reagents that were available in his time. He tested the action of these, as well as of different temperatures and admixtures, upon the materials which he was using or was proposing to use in his craft. His studies, however, must necessarily have been confined in great measure to the comparison of phenomena, the real nature of which a whole century devoted to philosophical research has not sufficed entirely to explain.

Wedgwood's literary work was not wholly confined to his correspondence with Bentley, Darwin, and other friends. He wrote and published several pamphlets. His style was somewhat laboured, and his grammar not above reproach, but he succeeded in conveying his meaning, while we always feel sure that he wrote under a strong conviction of the importance of what he was saying. There is sound common sense in the able *Address to the Young Inhabitants of the Pottery*, which he published in 1783 on the occasion of bread-riots. In the same year he also wrote another address to workmen on the subject of entering into the service of foreign manufacturers. His *Memorial relative to a Petition from Mr. Champion for the Extension of a Patent*, and his *Conjectures on the Bas-reliefs of the Portland Vase* were less happy productions.

Wedgwood's health was never robust, and during the last five years gave frequent occasions for anxiety to his friends. He had partially retired in 1790 from some of the more active duties of his business and was able to take longer holidays than before. At home he had many recreations, collecting books, engravings and objects of natural history, and occupying himself in the development of the gardens and grounds of Etruria Hall, where, moreover, he constantly entertained a succession of congenial visitors. But Wedgwood was not long to enjoy his partial retirement from the cares of business. After a brief illness, the nature of which left no hope of recovery, Josiah Wedgwood passed away, towards the end without pain and unconscious, on the 3rd of January, 1795. Had he lived to the late summer of that year he would have been 65. His grave is in the churchyard of Stoke: in the chancel of that church there is a monument to his memory by Flaxman. The inscription thereon tells us that he "converted a rude and inconsiderable Manufactory into an elegant Art and an important part of National Commerce."

Wedgwood left more than half a million of money in addition to his large and flourishing business.

There are five portraits of Josiah Wedgwood. The best of these is by Sir Joshua Reynolds; it was painted in 1783. It has been engraved twice; the version by S. W. Reynolds has been reproduced in Fig. 1. George Stubbs painted two portraits of the master—one, on horseback, is now in the possession of Lord Tweedmouth, the other, of kitcat size, was engraved by G. T. Stubbs, but is an unsympathetic and commonplace work. The fourth portrait is the cameo medallion of which none of the copies in the jasper body is of fine quality. The fifth is the posthumous relief by Flaxman on the monument in Stoke Church. To this list may be added the modern bust by Fontana in the Memorial Institute at Burslem.

CHAPTER XII

HIS POSITION AS AN ART-POTTER

A Pervading Style; Merits and Defects; Sources of his Designs; Artists Employed—James Tassie, John Flaxman; Imitators and Successors

If one has collected together a considerable number of pieces of the different kinds of earthenware which were first made in England between the years 1760 and 1800, it will not prove a difficult task, even for the uninitiated, to separate the specimens into three groups. Of these groups one will present what naturalists call a distinctive "facies." It will show, in respect to material, form, and colour, not only a marked superiority to the other groups, but a pervading style—a style originating in the union of beauty with utility. Ornament is not an after-thought but a growth,—a development rather than an addition. Needless to say that this characteristic style distinguishes the vast majority of Wedgwood's productions. A second group, in our hypothetical collection, will show in a hesitating way, and to a variable degree, many of the merits of the first group; it will contain works by the most competent of the plagiarists and imitators of the great potter. One feels that had it not been for his previous labours these productions would never have seen the light, and that the greater number of them have a second-hand and second-rate air. The third group will be altogether miscellaneous and, for the most part, inferior. With rare and not very important exceptions, the pieces included in this group will represent potteries which were not under the control of an inspiring and original idea.

The case presented in the preceding paragraph may help us in defining Wedgwood's artistic position. He was not a mere employer of artists, not a mere translator into clay of designs made by other

hands in other materials. Nor was he a mere copier of the antique. He possessed a marvellous power of co-ordination and adaptation, and appreciated the grace of congruity, although he occasionally allowed the association of incompatible decorative elements. He was endowed with an inventive faculty which revealed itself not only in new materials and new methods but in the origination of new forms. Moreover, having selected with consummate taste the artistic materials, original and derived, which he deemed to be best suited for his purpose, he so informed them with his spirit and temper that, under wide diversities of substance, colour and shape, there will be found a certain unity of conception. In a word, no other potter of modern times has so successfully welded into one harmonious whole the prose and the poetry of the ceramic art. Wedgwood's appreciation of beauty and his imagination and fancy, on the one hand, with his skill, perseverance and knowledge on the other, enabled him to attain an altogether unique position. True, he may not have left us any artistic works which we can call wholly his own, although we know that he was a practical thrower, an expert modeller, and an ingenious designer of new forms. But we owe an immense debt of gratitude to Wedgwood for the exquisite taste with which he reproduced and multiplied in beautiful materials the creations of great artists such as Flaxman, and for the industrial enterprise which enabled him to make and to distribute throughout the Old and New Worlds countless objects in which utility and beauty were happily combined.

Wedgwood's successes were however not unaccompanied by drawbacks. Mechanical processes were more largely employed by him than by any of his predecessors. Very few even of his most elaborate and most purely ornamental productions were unique. He used the same decorative motives over and over again even in his more costly pieces. And the touch of the human hand, which gives life to designs poor in conception and feeble in execution, was necessarily absent from the vast majority of the cheaper products of his kilns. Occasionally he did not hesitate, instead of preparing new moulds, to rearrange the figures of a classic composition, to omit some of them, or even to add incongruous elements from another source. If he had possessed more knowledge and more appreciation of the meaning of the ancient myths these changes would have been

impossible. And it is to be regretted that Wedgwood expended so much of his extraordinary power and skill in the work of making copies of objects of antique art, although he thereby favoured and followed a prevailing fashion of his day.

Indications have been already given, from time to time in this paper, of the sources, ancient and modern, from which Wedgwood obtained his designs. His earlier productions were mere copies from casts of antique and cinque-cento gems and pastes. Afterwards he borrowed from a great diversity of sources, often modifying the original composition. He had frequent recourse to illustrated books like those of Comte de Caylus, Mr. James Stuart and Sir W. Hamilton. He had drawings and models made from Greek vases and Roman and Græco-Roman bas-reliefs. The portraits of illustrious persons of his own day were taken from pictures, engravings, coins, and medals, or were specially modelled in wax by competent artists such as Flaxman, Hackwood and Tassie. Many other artists, both sculptors or modellers and draughtsmen, contributed designs. Sometimes the drawings of lady amateurs (Lady Diana Beauclerk and Lady Templeton, for instance) were translated into cameo reliefs and became popular. In the hope that further information may be ultimately elicited concerning some of Wedgwood's artists, I have gathered many of their names into an alphabetical list, appended to this chapter, accounts and letters of Wedgwood as given in Miss Meteyard's works having been the chief source of information. Our knowledge of the works produced by the Italian sculptors employed at Rome, either independently or under Flaxman's or Henry Webber's supervision, is imperfect, but in some instances they have been identified, though details of the personal history of these men, Angelini, Dalmazzoni, Pacetti and others, are wholly wanting. Of the many excellent designers and modellers who executed work of a more or less original character in Wedgwood's own factories and exclusively for him we know scarcely anything but the names, and a few of their productions. Occasionally however we learn incidentally some interesting particulars concerning these artists. Thus we find that in 1769 Wedgwood wrote of an accomplished painter of admirable figures and borderings on his Etruscan ware, a Mrs. Wilcox, who had just left the china factory at Worcester. "She is a daughter to that Fry who was famous for doing heads in mezzotint." This was

Thomas Frye, the inventor of Bow China. Thus a casual notice of his daughter affords interesting evidence of an hereditary talent and suggests a link of connection between three famous potworks.

When, however, Wedgwood obtained the occasional aid of independent artists other sources of information are available. Such, for instance, is the case with two modellers to whom the potter was largely indebted, namely James Tassie and John Flaxman. Brief notices of the careers of these two men may therefore be here fitly introduced.

Wedgwood appears at first to have been dependent for his copies of antique and modern gems upon James Tassie. A bill of his is extant dated November 11th, 1769, in which Messrs. Wedgwood and Bentley are charged 11*s.* 8*d.* for seventy impressions in sulphur, and 2*s.* for a couple of impressions in enamel glass. The majority of the cameos and intaglios comprised in Wedgwood's first catalogue, published in 1773, were derived from moulds furnished by Tassie, but in later years Wedgwood employed moulders of his own, by whom an immense number of impressions were made from the original gems in many famous cabinets. Still a few words concerning James Tassie may be of interest, for to this very skilful artist Wedgwood not improbably owed the idea of copying in a plastic material not merely antique gems but the portraits of the men and women of his day.

James Tassie was born at Pollokshaws, near Glasgow, on July 15th, 1735. He commenced his career as a stonemason, but soon turned his attention to the arts of modelling and sculpture, studying in the academy established in Glasgow by Robert and Andrew Foulis. From Glasgow Tassie went in 1763 to Dublin, where in conjunction with Dr. Quin he perfected the vitreous compositions used in copying antique gems. In 1766 Tassie settled in London. In the same year the Society of Arts granted him a premium for his "Profiles in Pastes." He exhibited "Portraits Modelled in Paste" at the Society of British Artists in 1768; in the following year he contributed other portraits to the exhibition of the Royal Academy. The extent of his labours both as an original artist and as a copyist may be gauged by the fact that the catalogue of his reproductions from the antique issued in 1791 contained no less than 15,800 numbered items: to these must be added several hundred portrait medallions, which

are undoubtedly of his own modelling and execution, although he copied in his white vitreous paste many of the works of other sculptors and medallists. Tassie's larger cameo portraits are generally of high quality, and may be ranked with those which Wedgwood produced in his jasper body. Indeed there occur examples of the busts of many distinguished persons both in Tassie enamel and in Wedgwood paste. And it may be safely concluded that the originals of many of these were the work of James Tassie. Mr. John M. Gray, in his biographical sketch of Tassie (Edinburgh, 1893), particularly names the medallions of Joseph Black, chemist, James Byres, architect, the Earl of Mansfield, and Viscount Melville, as reproduced by Wedgwood from the moulds furnished by Tassie. The death of James Tassie took place on the 1st of June, 1799, rather more than four years after that of his better-known contemporary, Josiah Wedgwood. It is to be regretted that his tombstone, in the graveyard attached to a Congregational chapel in Collier's Rents, Southwark, though it existed in a dilapidated condition in the year 1860, has since that date been destroyed.

It is worthy of note that Tassie frequently mounted his portrait reliefs of white enamel on grounds of coloured glass, and that many of his more important cameos show unmistakable signs of having been finished by the gem-engraver on the lapidary's wheel. Moreover, there is still a third particular in which one may possibly recognise a similarity in the processes adopted by Tassie and by Wedgwood. For in Sir John Soane's Museum there are preserved two large plaques, which have been always attributed to the Scotch artist, and which remind one very forcibly of those early trial pieces in which Wedgwood covered the backgrounds of his cameos with coloured enamel, which when fired yielded a rather glossy though uneven surface. I do not however feel certain as to these two plaques owing more to Tassie than their design. Of course there was a radical difference between the moist plastic material employed by the potter and the half-fused vitreous enamel which the artist in glass used in the manufacture of the vast majority of his productions. The pressing of softened glass into a mould demanded the utmost promptitude and precision in manipulation, while a more leisurely treatment was admissible in the case of any kind of ceramic paste.

It was on the recommendation of Bentley that John Flaxman's aid as a designer and modeller was first secured by Wedgwood. The project of making large tablets for chimney-pieces was under discussion between the partners in 1775. On the 14th January in that year, Wedgwood, in replying to a letter from Bentley, says, "I am glad you have met with a modeller, and that Flaxman is so valuable an artist. It is but a few years since he was a most supreme coxcomb, but a little more experience may have cured him of this foible." Wedgwood soon learnt to estimate very highly the genius of the young sculptor, wrote of him as "the greatest artist of the age," and gave him a long series of important commissions. I have already indicated, in preceding chapters, how many of the finest portrait medallions and classical figures and groups can be unhesitatingly assigned to Flaxman, but the sculptor was occupied with many other commissions for the potworks of Etruria during the whole period 1775–1795.

The story of Flaxman's life is so well known that the briefest summary of the chief incidents of its earlier part is all that need be here given. His father was a maker and seller of plaster casts, but was occasionally employed as a modeller by Roubiliac, Scheemakers, and other sculptors of the time. His second son, the subject of this notice, was born on 6th July, 1755. The boy's health was weak, and his time was spent, except for a brief period, at home, and chiefly amongst the casts of his father's shop. We hear, however, of the notice taken of him by some of his father's artistic and literary patrons. He occupied himself in drawing and modelling and in teaching himself classic fables and Latin. When no more than twelve years old he gained the first prize for a medal from the Society of Arts, which awarded him a similar distinction three years later. From 1767 onwards he contributed works to several public exhibitions: in 1770 he exhibited a wax model of Neptune in the Royal Academy, of which he then became a student. In the competition for the gold medal in 1772 the President and Council of the Royal Academy awarded it to a rival. This reverse seems to have exercised a salutary effect upon the youth, checking his tendency to self-assertion. In 1775 he began working for Wedgwood, who

during the last twenty years of his life helped in many ways the young sculptor. When Flaxman was twenty-four he executed the lifelike portrait of himself which is given in Plate IV. from the specimen at South Kensington; for this the authorities of the Museum gave £161 14s. just thirty years ago. A replica of this terra-cotta medallion is in the collection of Mr. Propert.

His series of monumental designs was commenced in 1780, and was continued until his death in 1826. Of his larger works these public monuments were the best, but as the marbles were too often completed by Italian workmen, the spirit of Flaxman's original models frequently evaporated under their hands, a certain degree of emptiness and insipidity being the result. In his smaller works, especially in the wax portraits and classical bas-reliefs executed entirely by his own hand for Wedgwood, and in such pieces as the statuette in terra-cotta which is given in Fig. 28 from the original in the South Kensington Museum, the life and power of the sculptor is well seen. By many critics his pen and pencil and washed sketches are considered to be Flaxman's most characteristic and satisfactory work. Their simplicity and grace were caught from antique vase-paintings and bas-reliefs, but these drawings, slight though they generally are, are instinct with personal observation, and possess the charm of tender feeling and happy invention.

In 1782 Flaxman married Ann Denman; five years afterwards, helped by the recommendations and pecuniary aid of Wedgwood, he went to Rome, where he remained until 1794; the rest of his life was spent in London.

Wedgwood's successes provoked the rivalry of his brother potters, but not content with improving their own productions, they deliberately copied his. For instance, they did not have direct recourse to the antique examples whence Wedgwood derived so many of his designs, but they secured early copies of his pieces and proceeded to imitate them, form, body, ornament and all. Cameos, seals, vases, and the "useful" ware—all were pirated. None of his plagiarists achieved a success at once so varied and so complete as that of Wedgwood. Perhaps John Turner, who worked in Lane End from 1762 until his death in 1786, may be regarded as having nearly equalled Wedgwood in the quality of his blue and white jasper. It is, however, distinguish-

Walter L. Colls Ph.Sc.

John Flaxman

from a Medallion in Terra cotta by himself.

able by its texture, which is more porcellanous, and by its colour, which has either a greenish or a purplish hue. William Adams, of Burslem, and afterwards of Tunstall, produced blue and white jasper of good

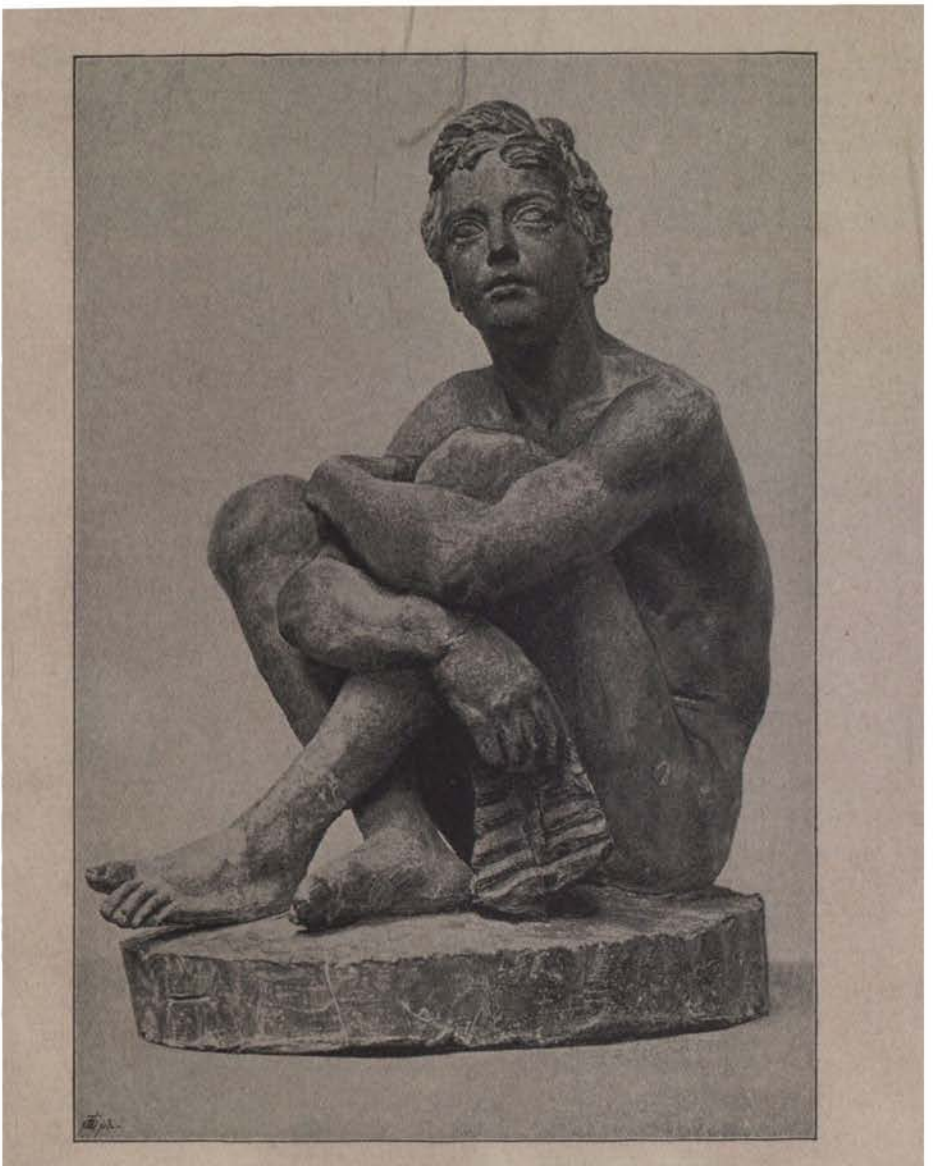


Fig. 28.—Statuette, seated figure, in right hand a syrinx; terra-cotta.

quality; much work in the same material is also due to the successors of Adams. The blue and white cameos made at Sèvres in imitation of Wedgwood's jasper are often good, but they are of biscuit porcelain.

Palmer, of Hanley, was an unscrupulous imitator of Wedgwood's seals and vases, and occasionally forged the mark "Wedgwood and Bentley." He and a potter of the name of Neale also imitated the encaustic-painted vases of Wedgwood. Elijah Mayer, of Hanley, produced many good pieces in the style of Wedgwood and in various bodies. A dozen other Staffordshire potters, belonging to the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth, might be named as having worked under the direct influence of the inventions and improvements introduced by Josiah Wedgwood.

LIST OF THE CHIEF MODERN ARTISTS WHOSE DESIGNS OR MODELS WERE USED BY WEDGWOOD.

(Dates in brackets refer to years in which the several artists are known to have been working for Wedgwood.)

Angelini (Rome, 1787).
Astle, Thomas; 1735-1803.
Bacon, John; 1740-1799.
Barret, George; 1732-1784.
Beauclerk, Lady Diana; 1734-1808.
Burch, Edward; (1772).
Coward, John (1768).
Dalmazzoni, Angelo (Rome, 1787-1795).
Dassier, John; 1676-1763.
Davaere or Devere, John (Rome, 1788-1794).
Flaxman, John; 1755-1826.
Fratoddi (Rome, 1787).
Gosset, Isaac; 1713-1799.
Gosset, Matthew; 1683-1744.
Grant, B., and Hoskins, James (1774).
Greatbach, William.
Hackwood, William (1770).
Landre, Mrs. (1769, 1774).
Le Brun, C.; 1619-1690.
Lochée, John Charles; (1787).
Mangiarotti (Rome, 1787).
Manzolini (Rome, 1787).
Nini, Jean Baptiste; 1716-1786.
Pacetti (Rome, 1787).
Parker, Theodore (1769).
Pingo, T. (1769).
Reynolds, Sir Joshua; 1723-1792.
Roubiliac, L. F.; 1695-1762.
Stothard, Thomas; 1755-1834.
Stubbs, George; 1724-1806.
Tassie, James; 1735-1799.
Tebo (1775).
Templeton, Lady (1783).
Smith, Joachim (1773-1775).
Steel, Aaron (1784).
Webber, Henry (Etruria, 1782).
Wilcox, Mrs. (1769-1776).

Amongst other names of painters, designers, and modellers which might have been included in the above list are those of Boot, Miss Crewe, Denby, Holinshed, Keeling, Richard Parker, P. Stephan, Ralph Unwin, and Edward Watson. In a considerable number of cases, extant productions of Wedgwood's factory can be definitely assigned to many of the artists whose names are here recorded.

CHAPTER XIII

COLLECTIONS AND COLLECTORS

Provincial Museums; Public Collections in London; Formation and Dispersal of Private Collections; Criteria of Quality and Date; Marks

However small a collection of English pottery may be it generally includes a few examples of Wedgwood's productions. But it will be easily understood that a few examples cannot suffice to adequately represent the amazing variety of work which was turned out from the kilns of the great potter. Very few collections, public or private, have been formed in pursuance of a definite plan;—indeed, at the present day it would not be possible to obtain by purchase anything like a complete representative series of Josiah Wedgwood's productions. There are several distinct types, as to form, though not of material, which are now known only from his catalogues or his manuscript papers. And then, too, of his largest and most important plaques and vases very few examples exist, so that years may elapse without one of these rare pieces coming into the market. Josiah Wedgwood himself found, when too late, that it was impossible to make up a complete set of his own works.

None of our national museums possesses a really representative collection of the works of Wedgwood. Several provincial towns however are richer in this respect than London. Liverpool with the Mayer collection, and Birmingham with the interesting series of specimens gathered and presented by Messrs. R. and G. Tangye are far ahead of the metropolis. Fortunately Burslem itself, as the central town of the Staffordshire potteries, contains the Wedgwood Memorial Institute, in which is preserved a really fine assemblage of the productions of the great potter. This collection is due to the munificence of Mr. Thomas

Hulme, who has formed it by means of judicious selections from all the recent sales of examples of the old period of the Etruria manufactory. Other specimens will be found in the two pottery towns of Stoke and Hanley; although in the Mechanics' Institute of Hanley and the Free Public Library of Stoke the productions of the predecessors and contemporaries of Wedgwood are far more fully represented than are those of the master. The Castle Museum at Nottingham has been recently enriched with the fine collection of the late Mr. Felix Joseph; some specimens will be found in the Art Museums of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and in the Science and Art Museum at Dublin.

The three metropolitan public collections of Wedgwood are those in the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum, and the Museum of Practical Geology in Jermyn Street. Even were they combined into a single assemblage they would afford a very imperfect notion of the extensive range of our potter's labours. One would miss examples, or at least an adequate representation, of entire groups of Wedgwood's productions, such as of large plaques in black basalt, in white semi-porcelain, in coloured jasper and in encaustic painted ware, of statuettes, busts and animals; of lamps and candelabra; of flower- and root-pots; of cream-coloured services for table use; and of ink-vessels, paint-chests, eye-cups and other objects of domestic and technical utility. I do not think that too much emphasis can be laid upon the happy manner in which Wedgwood associated beauty with serviceableness in his different varieties of useful ware; this characteristic feature cannot be properly shown by a miscellaneous gathering consisting of a pair of plates from one service, a dish from another, and a soup-tureen from a third. One wants in a museum a table equipage, not complete indeed, but representative. So, also, one would like to see in a public gallery illustrations of the way in which Wedgwood adapted his productions to the arts of the jeweller and the architect. His bas-reliefs in various bodies let into panelled walls, his suites of tablets for the friezes and jambs of mantelpieces, his large vases and busts for the tops of book-cases, and his wine coolers for the sideboard, cannot be duly appreciated when dissociated from their intended surroundings and ranged in crowded ranks on the shelves of a cabinet. Nor can the artistic effect of Wedgwood's small and delicate jasper cameos be properly seen when these

choice gems are fixed in formal rows upon a museum tablet, instead of being framed in cut steel, in gold, in silver or in ivory, or set in bonbonnières, tea-caddies and patch-boxes. Our national collections are therefore not inadequate merely on the score of incompleteness, but also by reason of their defective arrangement.

During the last forty years or so many private collections of Wedgwood's productions have been made; many also have been dispersed. Specimens of the jasper-body have been more generally sought for than those made of other and perhaps less choice compositions. Coloured jasper vases and *déjeuner* sets as well as cameo medallions and portraits have mainly engaged the attention of collectors. Black basalt, white semi-porcelain and white jasper, as well as granite and marbled ware, have not secured a high place in the esteem of the majority of connoisseurs. A few collectors have gathered together specimens of table services in Queen's ware: the delicately tinted dessert dishes, plates, tureens, compotiers, and bowls, in the form of different species of shells, have been more highly appreciated than the pieces with enamelled ornamental borders of more or less conventional design painted by hand. The cream-ware decorated with transfer-printed engravings in black, red, or puce, has perhaps been deemed to be a less characteristic product of Etruria, since we know that for the most part it was printed and fired in the kilns of Messrs. Sadler and Green at Liverpool. But on more careful inquiry it will be found that Wedgwood did not rest content with the designs purchased from others or made by Sadler and Green, but was continually furnishing the Liverpool firm with fresh material obtained by himself and more agreeable to his own taste. He frequently suggested improvements in style, method, or colour. As to this last point, that of the harmonious colouring of his cream-ware, Wedgwood wrote to Green in 1770 (in reference to designs printed in outline and then filled in with enamels by hand), urging him to avoid certain crude colours and to adopt a more sober scale. So that after all no collection of Wedgwood's cream ware can be considered representative unless it contain a series of specimens illustrating the salutary influence which the great potter exercised upon the practice of the art of transfer-printing on earthenware by Sadler and Green.

The frequent formation and frequent dispersal of private collections of the works of Wedgwood during the last five-and-twenty years has had several different results. Many specimens have found a final, and we hope secure, resting-place in public museums; many have passed from one private collection to another, then to a third, and perhaps even to a fourth; not a few have been lost sight of, at least for a time. Another consequence of such changes of ownership, and of the attention paid to the subject, has been seen in the searches which have been made for fine examples in every part of Europe. Not only the shops but the private dwellings of France, Germany, Italy, Holland and Belgium have been ransacked by enthusiastic collectors and eager dealers. One hears of a series of large white and lilac jasper plaques being discovered in a little back parlour in Venice; of a fine cameo of the Medusa's head being bought for five lire in a broker's shop in a village near Turin; of beautiful medallions set as ornaments in furniture, in clocks and even in doors in a remote French château, while some very choice specimens of the best period of manufacture have returned to the country that produced them, even from Russia. Wedgwood had agencies in several important Continental centres, and the distribution of his ornamental as well as of his useful wares during the last quarter of the eighteenth century was carried out on an extensive scale.

During the last twenty or thirty years not only have a large number of fine specimens of Wedgwood's work formed part of several collections of works of art and of domestic furniture which have been dispersed by auction, but there have been sold many inclusive and general gatherings of pottery as well as of Wedgwood's productions in particular. The prices obtained on such occasions have fluctuated considerably, but have as a rule been greatly in advance of those of forty years ago. When several such sales occur about the same time or at a period of commercial depression, the prices realised are naturally lowered, especially if it so happen that the Wedgwood collectors of the day are content with what they already possess and no new gatherings are being formed. The priced catalogues of recent auctions are, for these reasons alone, insufficient guides whereby to judge of the appreciation of the examples sold.

Moreover, a catalogue affords no adequate indications of quality, for all old Wedgwood is not necessarily fine. The chief collections dispersed at Christie's during the last thirty years were these:—De La Rue, 1866; Marryatt, 1867; Barlow, 1869; Carruthers, 1870; Bohn, 1875; Sibson, 1877; Shadford-Walker, 1885; Braxton-Hicks, 1887; and Cornelius Cox, 1890.

At the present time there are many possessors and collectors of old Wedgwood. Some of them are the owners of hereditary or family collections, but the majority have formed their own gatherings by recent purchases. To the former group Sir J. D. Hooker and Professor T. Roger Smith belong; to the latter Mr. J. A. Bartlett, Mr. A. W. Franks, Mr. J. L. Propert, Mr. W. J. Stuart, Lord Tweedmouth, Mr. Jeffery Whitehead and Dr. Edgar Willett. The name of the chief expert in old Wedgwood should be introduced here. Mr. Frederick Rathbone, of South Kensington, has done more in the way of forming the best collections made during recent years than any one else, and a visit to his gallery in Alfred Place West is indeed a treat to the lover of the ceramic art. For thirty-five years he has enjoyed exceptional facilities for the acquisition of an intimate knowledge of the work of the great potter; his good taste and critical eye have enabled him to take full advantage of his opportunities. Having been for some time the agent and representative in the art department of the firm of Josiah Wedgwood and Sons, his acquaintance with the modern period of manufacture has afforded him the means of comparing and contrasting the new work with the old. His knowledge of marks and of the other criteria by which the good pieces may be recognised has been freely given to connoisseurs, and I am myself indebted to him for the cuts of the signatures with which the present chapter concludes. He is at present engaged in the production of a richly illustrated work on Old Wedgwood which is being published by Mr. Quaritch.

It is not possible to define precisely in words those special characteristics by which old and fine Wedgwood may be discriminated from new or inferior. The senses of touch and sight must be brought into requisition. Whatever the variety of material, shape, or decoration may be, there will be apparent a pervading air of lightness with truth of form and perfect finish. In the case of the jasper-body, flatness and

smoothness of ground, without ripples, bubbles or stringiness, are marked features.

The mark on the productions of Wedgwood consisted simply of the name impressed in the clay in letters of varying size; but during the partnership (1769–1780) with Bentley the form adopted on the ornamental ware was "Wedgwood & Bentley," with the addition of "Etruria" on the basalt, Etruscan, and variegated or pebble vases, and occasionally on the pedestals of large busts or figures. On the very small basalt intaglios the initials only, "W. & B.", appear. During the best period of manufacture the impressed marks are sharply defined; occasionally genuine old pieces have no stamp. Besides the manufacturer's mark, an immense number of supplementary signs, sometimes impressed, sometimes painted, have been noted; Miss Meteyard devotes fourteen pages of her *Handbook* to their description; they are workmen's marks, and have little significance; in a few instances, however, they serve to distinguish invariably fine work in the jasper-body. Such is the case with the letter O and the numeral 3, which occur, singly or in association, below the usual Wedgwood stamp.

The following marks are selected from Mr. F. Rathbone's essay on the subject: they, or some of them, occur on pieces made up to the time of Wedgwood's death, but the stamp WEDGWOOD in capital letters has been continuously used at Etruria from 1795 until the present day.

Wedgwood — This rare mark is found on an early piece supposed to have been made by Wedgwood at Burslem.

WEDGWOOD
WEDGWOOD
Wedgwood
Wedgwood

These marks are believed to have been used by Wedgwood previous to his partnership with Bentley, and afterwards on "useful" ware.

This mark occurs on a wafer or bat of clay affixed inside the plinths of old basalt vases or the pedestals of busts.

This circular stamp occurs round the screw at the base of the basalt, granite, and Etruscan vases—never on those of jasper.

WEDGWOOD & BENTLEY

WEDGWOOD & BENTLEY

Wedgwood & Bentley

Wedgwood & Bentley

These marks, varying in size, are found upon busts, granite and basalt vases, figures, plaques, medallions, and cameos, also occasionally (and by accident) upon useful ware of the period.

Wedwood & Bentley 356

This mark occurs on intaglios and is generally accompanied by the Catalogue number.

This rare mark is found only upon chocolate and white seal intaglios, usually portraits, made of two layers of clay and having the edges polished for mounting.

Wedgwood
Wedgwood
Wedgwood
WEDGWOOD
WEDGWOOD
WEDGWOOD

These marks were employed chiefly, if not exclusively, in the period after Bentley's death, while the last three were continued after Wedgwood's death.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

The following works, amongst others, have been consulted in the preparation of this essay.

BARTLETT, William; Catalogue of a Collection of Wedgwood Ware 1882

CHURCH, A. H.; English Earthenware 1884

GATTY, C. T.; Catalogue of a Loan Collection of the Works of Josiah Wedgwood exhibited at the Liverpool Art Club 1870

GRAY, J. M.; James and William Tassie 1894

METEYARD, Eliza; The Life of Josiah Wedgwood. 2 vols. . 1865–6

„ „ The Wedgwood Handbook 1875

RATHBONE, F.; Loan Exhibition of Old Wedgwood. . . . 1891

„ „ The Tangye Collection of Old Wedgwood Ware at Birmingham 1885

REEKS, T., and RUDLER F. W.; British Pottery and Porcelain. 3rd edn. 1873

SCHREIBER, The Lady Charlotte; The Schreiber Collection . 1885

SODEN-SMITH, R. H.; English Pottery and Porcelain at the Alexandra Palace. 1873

WARD, John; The Borough of Stoke-upon-Trent 1843

THE END.

Joan of Arc listening to The Voices.

JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE

By

JULIA CARTWRIGHT
(MRS. HENRY ADY)
Author of "Sacharissa," "Madame," &c.

LONDON
SEELEY AND CO. LIMITED, ESSEX STREET, STRAND
NEW YORK, MACMILLAN AND CO
1894

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PLATES

PAGE

Joan of Arc (part of the composition) . . . . . *Frontispiece*

The Artist's Grandfather . . . . . *to face* 16

Sarah Bernhardt . . . . . „ „ 46

Love in the Village . . . . . „ „ 64

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT

Jules Bastien-Lepage. From a Relief by A. Saint-Gaudens 7

Pen and Ink Sketch of the Artist's Grandfather 11

The Artist's Father. Bust in bronze 12

La Communiante 18

Sketch of the Artist's Grandfather 30

The Artist's Grandfather 31

Portrait of Madame Lebègue 39

The Artist's Mother 41

M. Emile Bastien-Lepage 43

Madame Drouet 44

The Potato Gatherers 47

Joan of Arc listening to the Voices 51

The Beggar 55

Sketch for the Death of Ophelia 58

PAGE

Sketch of Gambetta after Death 61

Sketches for the Burial of a Young Girl 65, 67

The Chimney Sweep 71

The Artist's Grandfather 74

Statuette of Orpheus 77

Round the Lamp 78

JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE

PART I

Qu'il soit donc permis à chacun et à tous de voir avec les yeux qu'ils ont . . . Dans tous les arts, la victoire sera toujours à quelques privilégiés "qui se laissèrent aller eux-mêmes, et les discussions d'école passeront comme passent les modes."

GEORGE SAND.

Birth and early years of the Artist—His home and family—Education at Verdun—Choice of a profession—Paris training and first pictures—He serves in the war—Is wounded in the siege of Paris—Success of "Mon Grandpère"—His theories of art and independent principles—He exhibits "La Communiante"—Competes for the Prix de Rome—Paints "L'Annonciation" and "Priam."

I

THE ways of Fate are strange. One painter attains greatness, almost without an effort, and leads a long and prosperous life, loaded with riches and rewards. Another, gifted with genius as unquestionable, struggles through years of poverty and despair, and after his death the pictures which he painted for bread are sold for thousands of pounds. One master outlives all his contemporaries and goes down to the grave full of years and honours. Another is cut off in the flower of manhood, with a glorious career opening before him and fame and fortune both within his reach.

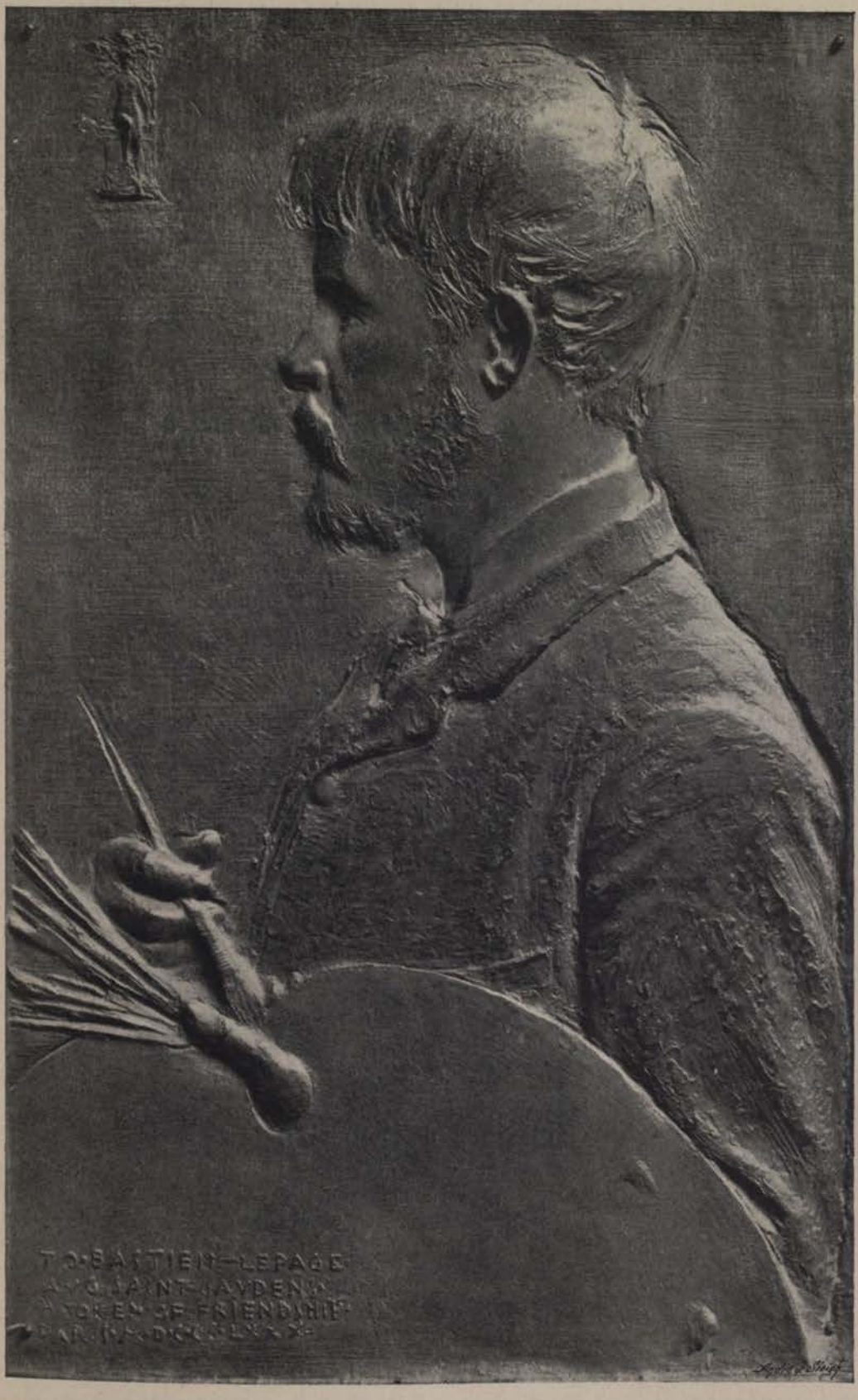
The name of Bastien-Lepage is still fresh in our ears. His works are almost as well known in England as they are in France. The frequent visits which he paid us during his short lifetime had made his presence familiar in London. It seems only the other day that he was

here with us, and we can hardly believe that more than nine years have already passed away since the winter evening on which he died. Among all the men of genius in this generation who have perished in their prime, among all of those upon whom—"Mournfully grating, the gates of the city of death have for ever closed"—not one deserved to be more deeply lamented.

When Raphael died, and left a name supreme among painters, he was only thirty-seven. But then Raphael was born at Urbino, and lived in the golden age of painting. From the day when he opened his eyes in the brightest of climes to that sad Good Friday which robbed the world of his glory, there was nothing to hinder the development of his genius or to cloud the serenity of his art. Bastien-Lepage belonged to a later day, and his life was led under harder conditions. He was born under gray northern skies, in an obscure village of eastern France. His parents were poor, and he had to make his own way in the world. His boyhood was spent among peasants and bourgeois who knew nothing of art, and had never seen a good picture. In his native village there were no great masters, no duke or duchess to look kindly on his first attempts and send him with letters of introduction to other cities. There were no Popes and cardinals to set him to work on Vatican walls or Farnesina ceilings. He came to Paris as a clerk in the Post-Office and served as a franc-tireur in the war of 1870. The whole of his artistic career covers a period of about twelve years. And both powers of brain and hand were at their height when he was attacked by the cruel disease which brought his life to an untimely end at thirty-six years of age. Great as his actual achievement had been, no one who knew him could doubt that greater things were still to come. But Death stepped in, and hopes and dreams were scattered to the winds.

> "But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
> And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
> Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
> And slits the thin-spun life."

"But not the praise." That at least endures. In spite of the rapid changes of fashion in modern painting, in spite of the new phase on which French art has entered within the last few years, the name of Bastien-Lepage is still held in high repute in his native land. In that famous



Jules Bastien-Lepage. From a Relief by A. Saint-Gauaens.

collection of the century's art which formed so remarkable a feature of the Paris Exhibition five years ago, the works of the painter of Damvillers occupied a prominent place. Among them were two of his finest peasant pictures, *Les Foins*, now the property of the State, and *Les Ramasseuses de Pommes-de-terre*, and many of his best portraits. *L'Amour au Village* and *Père Jacques*, it is true, were missing, and only one or two of his later drawings were to be seen. But *Jeanne d'Arc écoutant les Voix*, in some respects his finest and most memorable work, was brought back from America for the occasion, and hung side by side with the masterpieces of Millet and of Courbet, under the central dome of the Palais des Beaux Arts.

There we saw once more the work of this master who had so much to say, and so little time to say it in. Once more we recognised the boldness and originality of his invention, his uncompromising truthfulness and rare intensity of expression. We were able to trace the effects of his influence upon living artists, not only in France but in England and America, and to realise better than ever before the place which he holds in the art movement of the present age.

Mr. Ruskin has told us that the art which is especially devoted to the representation of natural fact always indicates a peculiar thoughtfulness and gentleness of character. In the case of Bastien-Lepage, the rule certainly holds good. The personality of the man is as interesting as his pictures. The frankness and simplicity of his nature, his affectionate disposition and enthusiasm for his art, gained him many friends. Long after he was dead, his comrades remembered him fondly, and treasured up the bits of advice which he had given them at their work or the careless pleasant words which had dropped from his lips in idle hours. "Ah ! let us talk about Bastien !" wrote the distinguished master, M. Dagnan Bouveret, soon after his brother artist's death. "He is always present with me, and whenever I paint a new picture I ask myself if it would have satisfied him." Fortunately for us, several of his friends have recorded their impressions of the man. In 1885, M. André Theuriet, the well-known novelist and poet, published a small volume bearing the title of "*Jules Bastien-Lepage, L'homme et l'artiste*" and giving a brief memoir of his life as well as several of his letters. At the same time, two articles from the pen of M. de Fourcaud, appeared in

the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, in which this accomplished critic gave the world some interesting recollections of Bastien-Lepage, which he afterwards published in a more complete form in M. Baschet's series of *Les Maîtres Modernes*. To another intimate friend, the sculptor Auguste Saint Gaudens, we owe the bronze relief here reproduced. It was executed in 1880, and inscribed with the words "A Token of Friendship," and is at once an excellent likeness of the painter and a fine work of art. A glance at Bastien-Lepage's origin and at the circumstances of his life will help us better than many pages of criticism to understand the full meaning and intention of his works. For his art was the spontaneous outcome of his home life. His impressions of nature were taken from the woods and fields of his native Lorraine, his models were the peasants of Damvillers, the men and women whom he had known from his childhood, and all his larger and more important pictures were painted in his home—that home to which he clung with a love so passionate and true, and where he sleeps to-day in the green churchyard under the apple-trees.

II

Jules Bastien-Lepage, the painter of *Jeanne d'Arc* and of *Les Foins* was born on the first of November, 1848, at Damvillers, a village near Verdun, in the department of La Meuse. Three hundred years before, Damvillers had been a town of some importance. During the reign of Francis I. it was strongly fortified, and was besieged on one occasion by the Emperor Charles V. In the seventeenth century its towers and bastions were razed to the ground by order of Louis XIV. Now the last remnants of the old walls have crumbled into dust, and apple orchards bloom in the grass-grown trenches. A clear stream, the river Tinte, flows through the green meadows, and vine-clad hills rise in gentle slopes on either side of the valley, where the red roofs cluster round the village church with the low spire, which figures in more than one of Bastien-Lepage's paintings. But to those who know his works, the whole character of the place wears a curiously familiar aspect. The broad lines of the landscape, the plains bounded by undulating hills,

the very shape of the houses in the village street seem to recall his pictures.

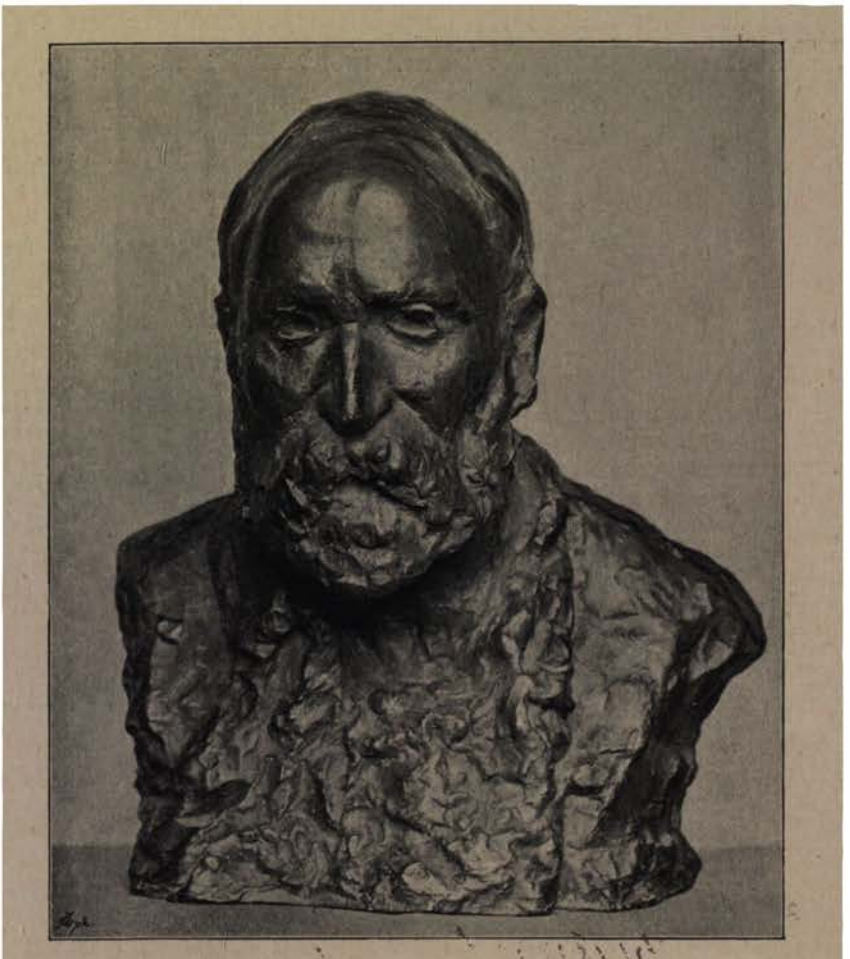
A straight road, fringed with tall poplar trees, leads to the market-square, where the little life of the place centres. Here the diligence from Verdun stops in front of the village inn, and here at one corner of the *Grande Place* is the house which belonged to the artist's father, Claude Bastien. A roomy comfortable house it is, but as unpretending as any of its neighbours, with the same white walls, drab shutters, and brown tiled roof. The front door opens into a large kitchen, where bright copper pans are ranged along the high mantelpiece, and rows of the coloured earthenware of the district fill the cupboard shelves. Beyond, is the parlour, where on winter evenings the young artist made his first studies with chalk and pencil, while his father read and his mother mended the household linen. Like most of the inhabitants of Damvillers, the Bastiens were small peasant-proprietors, who cultivated their own fields, and lived on the produce. Their home was shared by Jules' grandfather, old Lepage, a retired tax-collector, whose small pension helped to keep the modest household in comparative ease. They were frugal and thrifty souls, working hard to make an honest living, anxious above all to bring up their two sons well, and give them a good start in the world. But if their fare was plain, and their manner of life homely, their tastes were not without refinement. The father was fond of drawing, the mother embroidered patterns of her own tracing, and the old grandfather took the greatest delight in his garden, which was always the gayest to be seen in Damvillers. When, at a very early age, Jules began to show signs of a taste for drawing, his father determined to cultivate the boy's talent in the hope of qualifying him when he grew up, for some post in the Administration of forests and highways. So he himself gave Jules his first drawing lessons, and every night before the child went to bed, he was required to make a careful copy of the lamp or inkstand on the table, or any other object in the room. To this early training the painter himself always attributed that habit of close observation and exact accuracy which distinguished him in after years. At the age of eleven he left the communal school to go to the College of Verdun. Here his talent for drawing soon attracted the notice of his teachers, and the college drawing

master, a professor named Fouquet, one day told him that he ought to be an artist. The idea took possession of the boy's mind, and soon became a settled determination. At home or at school, he was always drawing, on the margin of his lesson books, on the doors and walls. Even the palings of his father's orchard, it is said, bore traces of the charcoal sketches in which his early attempts at composition were made. The little albums which contained his first sketches were carefully preserved

Pen-and-Ink Sketch of the Artist's Grandfather.

by his mother. On one page was a drawing of his little brother Emile sitting in a toy cart, which was done by Jules when he was only five years old, on another, a more elaborate attempt to represent Abraham sacrificing Isaac. When, at the age of eighteen, he left college, he informed his parents that he wished to go to Paris and study painting. This startling announcement filled his family with consternation. His father was horrified to think that Jules, whom he had destined for an official career, and for whose education many sacrifices had already

been made, should throw away all his chances in this reckless way. On the one hand, there was the prospect of a long and expensive training, and, at best, a very precarious means of livelihood. On the other, there was the certainty of an honourable position, with regular pay from



The Artist's Father. Bust in bronze.

Government, and a modest pension in old age. So Claude Bastien argued, not without a show of reason on his side. The boy's grandfather was entirely of the same opinion. Only the kind mother took her son's part. In spite of her horror of Paris, and her dread of the dangers to which he might be exposed in the great city, she could

not bear to see his ardent hopes disappointed. "If it is really Jules' wish," she pleaded gently. But still his father was inflexible.

Fortunately for the painter at this crisis, a relation who held an influential position in the Bureau des Postes, intervened and proposed a plan which pleased all parties and was eventually adopted. By his advice, Jules passed an examination which qualified him for the post of assistant in the Post-Office, and towards the end of the year 1867, was summoned to Paris as supernumerary clerk. Here he worked hard during the next six months, sorting letters from three to seven in the early morning, and attending the courses of instruction at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in the intervals of office hours. But the difficulty of reconciling the serious study of art with the daily routine of official duties was great and the strain soon proved beyond his strength. He fell ill, and it became plain that he must choose between the two professions. As far as Jules himself was concerned, the choice had been already made. His friends on their part now saw that further opposition would be useless and acquiesced cheerfully in his decision. His grandfather gave all he could spare out of his small savings, and his mother went out to field work to earn money for Jules. At the same time, the Council-General of the department of La Meuse voted a sum of six hundred francs towards his support. When all was reckoned the young student had barely enough to keep body and soul together. But his native courage and good spirits, together with that invincible tenacity of purpose which was so marked a feature of his character stood him in good stead, and helped him through the trials and difficulties of the next few years.

III

In 1868 Jules Bastien entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts as a regular student, and was received as a pupil in the atelier of M. Cabanel. At that time the studio of this versatile and prolific painter was the most popular in Paris. He was singularly successful in developing talent of the most varied kind, and in the Salon of 1886 no less than 112 exhibitors

are said to have signed themselves pupils of Cabanel. The experienced teacher soon discovered the talent of the young student from La Meuse, who rapidly took the foremost place among his fellows. But Bastien himself had little sympathy with the system of the schools, and at the end of a few months he began to work on his own line, and was seldom seen in the atelier. In 1870 he made his first appearance in the Salon. The portrait which he exhibited on this occasion was that of a young architect in a dark-green coat, sitting at work at a table. There was vigour enough in the painting and in the character of the head to attract attention, and the artist would probably have received other commissions had it not been for the war which broke out that summer. He remained in Paris during the siege, and served in a company of franc-tireurs, under the captaincy of the painter Castellani. One day, when he was gallantly fighting in the trenches, he was wounded in the chest by a shell which exploded near him, and on the same day, by a strange fatality, another shell struck his modest atelier in the boulevard of Montparnasse, and made a hole in a picture which he had lately painted, of a nymph bathing her feet in a stream of running water, called La Source. The canvas was ruined and the artist remained in hospital until the end of the siege. When the Peace of Versailles was signed, he went home to Damvillers in a weak and suffering state to recruit his shattered health in his native air. There he remained enjoying the quiet of the country, and painting the portraits of his neighbours for practice, until the close of the year. When he returned to Paris, early in 1872, times were bad, and the struggle for life was harder than ever before. But he persevered with the same unflinching resolution as before. He painted portraits of his friends for small sums, tried his hand at illustrating newspapers, and when he was at his wits' end for a job, decorated fans and painted signs for shopkeepers. Many years afterwards, when Bastien-Lepage was a great man, the landlady of a restaurant in the Quartier-Latin, much frequented by struggling artists, Mademoiselle Anna, by name, would point with pride to a picture hanging over her door, called *La Jeunesse dorée*, representing a green forest glade, where lovers whisper under the boughs, and laughing cherubs flit in and out among the trees. That panel, she told her customers, was the work of Bastien-

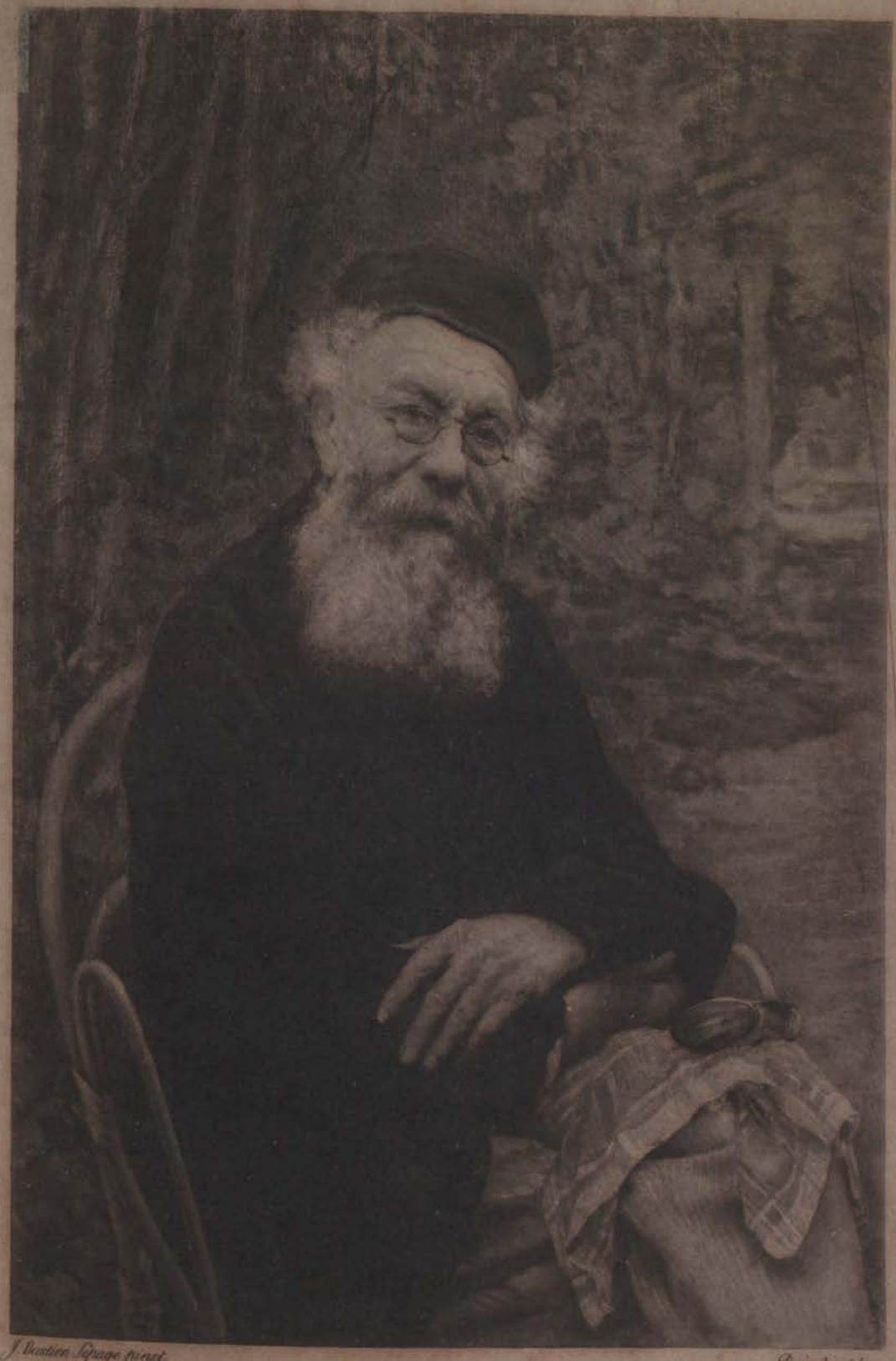
Lepage, who had painted it for her, in payment of a debt of three hundred francs.

One day, a seller of perfumes and cosmetics asked Bastien to supply him with a pictorial advertisement which should help the sale of his goods. After some deliberation, the artist produced a little picture in the style of Watteau, representing the fountain of perpetual youth, springing up in a green meadow where bright-haired loves gambol, and youths and maidens come hand in hand to drink of the waters which are to make them for ever young and fair. When the work was finished, Bastien asked his employer's leave to send it to the Salon. The shopkeeper made no objection, but insisted that the name of the cosmetic which he wished to advertise, and the address of his shop should be painted on a coloured scroll in the upper part of the picture. Bastien declined to agree to this condition and the bargain fell through. The painter lost his money, but his picture was exhibited in the Salon of 1873, under the title *Au Printemps*. The graceful and delicate fancies of Puvis de Chavannes had for him a singular fascination at this period of his career, and his next picture bore marked signs of this master's influence. This was another little panel, in the same style as the last, and bore the name of *La Chanson du Printemps*. The subject was a little peasant-girl with a basket of violets on her arm, sitting on a grassy bank at the edge of a wood, listening with wondering eyes to the songs of the dancing cherubs who flutter about her on butterfly-wings and pipe to her of the coming of Spring and the awakening of Love. This time a touch of realism came to mingle with the poet's fancy. The girl was a peasant-child from the artist's own village, and in the distance behind her were the green meadows and red-roofed houses of Damvillers. This graceful little picture attracted considerable attention at the time, and when the Salon closed, it was bought by the State and placed in the Luxembourg. But in that same Salon of 1874, there was another picture by the same hand which created an unexpected sensation. This was the large portrait of the artist's grandfather which he exhibited under the title of *Mon Grandpère*, and signed with the name Jules Bastien-Lepage. The young painter had adopted the name of Lepage, out of gratitude and respect to his mother's family, and from this time he used it in addition to his

own surname. During the summer holidays he had conceived the idea of painting the portrait of the old man sitting out-of-doors under the trees of his garden, among the flowers which he cultivated with so much care. With that scrupulous veracity which was an essential part of Bastien-Lepage's character, he has represented his grandfather in his common suit of clothes, exactly as he might have been seen on any day of the week at Damvillers. The old man wears a faded brown vest and worn gray trousers. His velvet cap is on his head, his spectacles on his nose, and his large horn snuff-box and blue check handkerchief are laid on his knee. His hands are crossed before him, and he leans back in his favourite arm-chair with a satisfied, amused expression on his kindly old face. There is no attempt at pose, no seeking after effect. The picture is painted in clear, ordinary daylight, without any strong contrasts of light and shade, of colour, or of style. Yet the whole thing is instinct with life, and the figure stands out with vivid actuality against the background of pale green leaves and grass, The appearance of this striking portrait by the hand of a new painter was the event of that year's Salon. On the day when the doors were opened, a crowd gathered before the picture, and the popular interest increased, when it became known that it was the work of a young student of the École des Beaux Arts. The next day all the papers were talking of *Mon Grandpère*, and Bastien-Lepage woke up one morning to find himself famous. The novelty of the artist's conception and his unconventional methods naturally provoked discussion. But the accuracy of the drawing and the power of the painting were beyond dispute, and everyone felt that great things might be expected from an artist who could interpret nature in so vigorous and penetrating a manner.

IV

M. Theuriet has told us how he met Bastien-Lepage for the first time, standing before his portrait of *Mon Grandpère* in the Salon. Himself a native of La Meuse, the writer hailed the artist with pleasure as a fellow-countryman. He describes Bastien-



J. Bastien Lepage pinxt. Painted in ph. sc.

The Artist's Grandfather

Lepage as very youthful in appearance, small and fair, with a slight and boyish but active and muscular frame. His forehead was square, his nose short and flattened, his light wavy hair fell in a thick tuft over his brow, his gray-blue eyes were keen and piercing. Sincerity and determination were written in every line of his face. His speech was as honest and straightforward as his countenance. After the first shyness had worn off, he gave free rein to his natural gaiety and became the best and most sociable of companions. The energy and determination of his character, his scrupulous conscientiousness in his work and scorn of artifice and convention earned for him the name of *Le Primitif*, which was frequently applied to him by his comrades. The same originality and independence marked all his views of art. "People pay me compliments about these fables," he said when a well-known critic, M. de Fourcaud admired his graceful little allegories—"but I have not yet found the work which I mean to do." And when his companion pressed him further as to his intentions, he replied without a moment's hesitation: "Nothing is good but truth. People ought to paint what they know and love. I come from a village in Lorraine. I mean, first of all, to paint the peasants and landscapes of my home exactly as they are. I will also paint a Jeanne d'Arc, a real Jeanne d'Arc, who shall belong to our 'coin de terre,' and not to my atelier. Afterwards, when I have had time to study the people in Paris, I shall try and paint Paris life, but that will not be for a long time to come. My comrades praise my portraits. I am proud of that, for I believe that everything in nature, even a tree, even still-life should be treated as a portrait. You never find two objects which look exactly the same. The work of talent is to distinguish between the two, and to point out what is peculiar to each one. That is my whole theory of art."

He never could reconcile himself to the system of teaching in the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and on one occasion in after years, he expressed himself very strongly on the subject to M. de Fourcaud.

"I have no complaints to make of any one. On the contrary, I retain the most grateful recollection of many persons who owed me nothing, and who gave me a great deal. I learnt my trade in Paris and I have not forgotten that. But, to speak frankly, I did not learn my art there. The Ecole des Beaux Arts is managed by masters whose high

La Communiante.

qualities and devotion I should be the last to ignore. But is it my fault, if I found in their atelier the only doubts which have ever perplexed me? When I tried for the Prix de Rome, the newspapers described me as independent and free from the bondage of traditions. Alas! I am not yet as free from them as I should like to be! When I came to Paris, I knew nothing at all, but at least I was ignorant of the heap of formulas with which you are perverted there. You wish to paint what you see, and instead of this, you are urged to aim at an unknown ideal, that is to say, to imitate old pictures more or less. I made daubs, in the schools, of gods and goddesses, of Greeks and Romans, of whom I knew nothing, which I did not understand and only laughed at. I used to say to myself that this might be great art, and now I sometimes ask myself what good have I got out of all this training. I do not go so far as to say that you ought to paint absolutely nothing but what you see in every-day life, but I do say this: if you take subjects from ancient history, at least let them be represented in an altogether human manner, exactly as you see the same things happen around you. What a pity it is, to be initiated, whether you like it or not, into certain traditions and a certain routine of work, under pretence of training! It would be so much simpler to teach you how to handle brush and palette, without telling you of Michelangelo and Raphael, of Murillo and Domenichino. Then you would go home to Brittany, or Gascony, to Lorraine or Normandy, wherever you came from. There you would quietly draw the portrait of your own province, and when one morning, by chance, after reading some book, you were seized with the wish to paint the Prodigal Son, or Priam at the feet of Achilles, or anything else of the same kind, you would imagine the scene after your own fancy, free from recollections of picture galleries, but set in a frame of your own country, with the best models you could find at hand, as if the old story were a thing of yesterday. In that way you would succeed in animating art with a true life, and would make it beautiful and touching for all the world. That is the aim towards which I press with my whole strength. As long as I stay at Damvillers, I think myself sure of my ground, but in Paris there are moments when I can see nothing clearly."

The longer Bastien-Lepage lived, the deeper and more firmly-rooted his convictions on this subject became. One day, when he

had reached the height of his fame, a young artist who was a native of a distant province of France, was brought to him by a friend and showed him one or two small pictures which he had carefully imitated from Bastien-Lepage's own works. The painter was on the point of starting for Damvillers, and replied with a touch of impatience: "You wish me to tell you what I think! Well, you know how to paint, but you are too fond of looking at other people's pictures, and most of all at mine. You tell me you belong to a village far away from here? Then, why in the world do you stay in Paris? Go and pack up, buy some canvas and colours and go home to your own country. Paint your house, your trees, your peasants, your bourgeois, just as they are, and bring your pictures back to next year's Salon. An artist who belongs to no part of the world is a useless being! Believe me and go home."

The freedom with which this advice was given might not always prove acceptable, but at least it was honestly meant. To the end of his life, Bastien-Lepage declared that he could think more clearly and paint better at Damvillers than he could in Paris. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that he despised the work of the old masters. He had, it is true, a horror of conventional rules and fixed traditions in art, and always maintained that every artist ought to paint his subjects in his own way and from his own point of view. But he had the deepest admiration for the great art of the past, and some of his happiest hours in Paris were those which he spent in the Louvre.

Naturally the great Dutch and German masters appealed to him in a special manner and were the object of his most attentive study. He would grow eloquent in front of Holbein's portraits and Rembrandt's *Good Samaritan*. "That is the way in which Scriptural or historical subjects should be treated," he exclaimed one day when he stood with M. de Fourcaud before this picture. "Let us simply try and bring them back to every-day life. A traveller has been picked up, half dead, on a heap of stones. He is carried to the nearest farm and at first the master hesitates whether he will take him in, but the servants come running up; they see the wounded man in a fainting state. 'Come, there is no time,' they cry. 'Let us receive this unhappy

stranger and nurse him for he is badly hurt.' The mule remains standing at the door, faithful beast! There must be a dog somewhere behind that wall. There you have your Good Samaritan. What is the use of trying to put the clock back, at this time of day?" Again, the portraits of the old French master, Clouet, never failed to kindle his admiration. Their fine brushwork and exquisite finish, above all their power of rendering the expression of a face by what he called sheer intensity of drawing, were to him a perpetual source of wonder. The simple directness and sincerity of the old Florentines and Umbrians touched him deeply, and he was fond of saying that if we moderns were ever to do anything in art, it must be by working in their spirit. What pleased him most was the human side of their art, their evident sympathy with childhood, their love for the birds of the air and the flowers of the field. The roses of Botticelli, the daisies and columbines of Perugino, the tall white lilies which Lippi's angels bear in their hands, and the starry blossoms which spring up in the grass of Angelico's Paradise, filled his heart with delight, and he was fond of showing how these simple natural beauties find a place in their representations of the world's greatest dramas, in front of the manger of Bethlehem and at the foot of the cross of Calvary.

Among modern artists, the French landscape-painters of the school of 1830 interested him deeply. But here again his judgments were as independent and as freely expressed as on other subjects. "Corot," he said to M. de Fourcaud one day, "helps you to breathe, but there is more air in his pictures than there is earth or rocks or trees. He dreams of the country all the while he is painting it. Daubigny is afraid of nothing. He paints—better than any one else I know—the green meadows, the beautiful fields where everything grows. He adores the running stream and the setting sun and the rising moon. Only he is exactly the opposite of Corot and does not dream enough."

Good work, however different in practice and theory from his own, never failed to secure Bastien-Lepage's appreciation. This led him to admire the works of its most widely different artists, and to take pleasure both in the classic grace of Henner's nymphs and in the crude mastery of Manet's *Bon Bock*. For the last-named artist he had the keenest admiration, and always declared that a picture by Manet of a woman in

white, sitting on a green seat, had been the first really life-like bit of painting which he had seen in Paris. He reverenced Millet as a master who had dared to be true to his own convictions and to paint peasant life as he had actually seen and known it. But of all modern pictures none moved him as deeply as Courbet's famous *Enterrement à Ornans*. In his eyes, the group of weeping women seemed to surpass anything of the kind which had as yet been attempted. "There you have absolute truth," he exclaimed one day. "The truth of grief, a truth which we all of us feel. 'The emotion which such a sight arouses is enough to make one abjure academic art for ever. There is nothing really lasting, something that will endure, but the sincere expression of the actual conditions of life.'"

V

The theories which Bastien-Lepage poured out so freely in conversation with his friends, and upon which, at times, he insisted with a vehemence that provoked opposition, soon found expression in his works. His success at the Salon of 1874 brought him fresh orders. M. Hayem, a wealthy connoisseur, whose notice had been attracted by the picture of his grandfather, employed him to paint his portrait. This was exhibited in the Salon of 1874, together with another work of far greater interest, his picture of *La Communiante*. This portrait of the little peasant-girl robed in white for her first communion, was another step in the same direction as *Mon Grandpère*, another resolute attempt on Bastien-Lepage's part to reproduce the life of the present, and the faces of the people about him. Certainly here nothing is idealised. The little dark-eyed maid is seated erect in her chair, wearing a frock of thick white muslin and a stiff white veil, and a wreath of flowers upon her black hair. She holds her missal before her, and her rough hands are stuffed into white gloves, cracked at the seams, in her efforts to pull them on. Yet every line of her figure, every detail in her dress, the conscious primness of her quaint little person, the very awkwardness with which she wears her new clothes, helps us to realise the importance and

solemnity of the occasion. The look of innocent pride and wonder upon the child's face, the seriousness of her brown eyes, make us feel that for her at least this is a day that can never be forgotten. But what surprised the critics who had admired Bastien-Lepage's former work, was the delicacy and precision with which this little picture was painted. The sentiment was altogether modern, but the careful execution and minute finish recalled the works of the old Dutch and Flemish masters. This style, so utterly unlike that broader brushwork of his former portraits, marked a new departure in his art. *La Communiante* was, in fact, the precursor of that long series of small portraits, all marked by the same uncompromising sincerity and exquisite finish which were to prove one of Bastien-Lepage's most enduring titles to fame.

But for the moment, other schemes absorbed his thoughts. That summer he entered the lists to compete for the Prix de Rome. The subject for the year was the Annunciation of the Nativity of Christ by an Angel to the Shepherds of Bethlehem. Here was an opportunity for carrying out one of his favourite theories, and representing an historical scene exactly as it might have happened at the present time, and as in all probability it did actually happen. In this respect the theory of this independent young French artist agreed with the principles, openly professed by the English Pre-Raphaelites, some thirty years before. They too, in the words of their champion Mr. Ruskin, had tried honestly "to represent things as they are or were or may be, instead of, according to the practice of their instructors and the wishes of their public, things as they are *not*, never were and never can be: this effort being founded deeply on a conviction that it is at first better, and finally more pleasing, for human minds to contemplate things as they are, than as they are not." This conviction it was which prompted young Rossetti to paint the youthful Virgin waking out of her sleep on her little white bed by the sudden vision of the Angel-messenger, and Holman Hunt to spend months at Jerusalem working at his *The Scapegoat*, and *The Shadow of Death*. The picture which Bastien-Lepage sent to the Palais des Beaux Arts that summer time was not unworthy of a place by the side of these great and serious works. His *Annunciation to the Shepherds* has never received the attention which it deserved, but whatever its defects of composition or technique may be, it was

undoubtedly a remarkable performance for an artist of six-and-twenty. His treatment of the subject, as might be expected, was absolutely unconventional. Yet there is a dignity and beauty in his rendering of the Gospel story, which lifts the actual event above the realm of the commonplace, and glorifies it with a touch of mystic poetry. In the darkening twilight, we see the group of brown-skinned peasants resting on the ground, by the fire which they have kindled on the open hillside. The ruddy glow of the firelight falls on their bewildered faces, as they wake out of sleep, startled by the angelic vision.

One gray-headed man, sinking on his knees, adores the heavenly messenger ; another younger and more eager, bends forward with parted lips and outstretched arms as if seeking to know the meaning of this sudden apparition ; while a third is seen crouching in the background, apparently still overcome with drowsiness. Close by them on the dusky hillside the angel stands, a gracious figure in robes of white and a golden girdle. His face is fair and youthful, his form is human, only the shining aureole round his brow is there to remind us of his celestial birth. The words of the divine message are upon his lips, "Fear not, for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord," and as he speaks he points to the far horizon where the light is breaking over the distant roofs of Bethlehem.

When the doors of the Palais des Beaux Arts were opened on that July morning and the crowd rushed in, eager for the first sight of the ten competing works, Bastien-Lepage's picture was hailed with a burst of applause. All day long people pressed round the place where it hung, and there was a general impression that he had won the prize. Unfortunately the jury with whom the decision rested, thought differently. Bastien-Lepage's *Annunciation* only received the second prize, and the Prix de Rome was awarded to Comerre, an older and more conventional artist. But that evening the art students who met at Mademoiselle Anna's well-known restaurant in the Quartier Latin crowned the picture of Bastien-Lepage which hung there with laurel wreaths in honour of the painter who was felt to be the true hero of the hour. The next morning a palm-branch was found fixed in the frame of his *Annunciation* by the other competitors and in silent acknowledgment of their rival's supremacy. And at the same time a laurel bough

was placed there, by the hand, it is said, of Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

Bastien-Lepage felt the disappointment keenly, but he soon recovered his equanimity and resolved to try his fate once more in the following year, less for his own satisfaction than to gratify the parents, who had made so many sacrifices for his sake.

But the subject for 1876, "Priam at the feet of Achilles," was less congenial to his taste, and he once more failed to win the prize. Yet the vigour and originality of the picture which he produced impressed the critics profoundly, and in the opinion of more than one of the best judges, deserved the prize. This time, however, the painter himself was comparatively indifferent as to the result. Other dreams were filling his brain, and with a sigh of relief he shook off the trammels of the schools and felt himself once more a free man. As a matter of fact, his failure on this occasion was the best thing that could have happened to him. There are painters for whom the sight of Italy is a necessity. Claude and Corot both found inspiration in the luminous skies and broad horizons of the Campagna. Bastien-Lepage's genius was cast in a different mould. Like Millet and Rousseau, his work lay nearer home, and he needed no other theme than the landscapes and the peasants of his native France. For him the woods of Réville and the meadows along the Tinte were more eloquent than the enchanted regions of classic story. Had he won the Prix de Rome and gone to study at the Villa Medici, his impressionable nature might easily have been diverted from its natural aims, and it might have been long before he found his true vocation. As it was, he went back to Damvillers that summer to work out the cherished dream of his youth and become the painter of peasant life in La Meuse.

PART II

"Paint these
Just as they are, careless what comes of it,
God's works—paint any one, and count it crime
To let a truth slip."—ROBERT BROWNING.

Bastien-Lepage as a peasant-painter—Tour in Argonne—"L'Absent"—"Les Foins"—Portraits of his parents and brother—of Sarah Bernhardt—Albert Wolff—Madame Drouet—the Prince of Wales—Visits to London—"Jeanne d'Arc"—"Saison d'Octobre"—Success of "Le Mendiant" and of "Père Jacques"—Plans new pictures—"L'Amour au Village"—Illness—Visit to Algiers—Marie Bashkirtseff—Death—Exhibition of his works in 1885—*General characteristics of his art.*

I

FOR some time past, the rustic life of his country home had been absorbing Bastien-Lepage's attention. When he went back to Damvillers, after his first successes in Paris, the old scenes seemed to him full of new and deeper meanings. Here he felt was his true vocation. These fields and orchards in all the varying aspects of the changing seasons, these peasants with their rough hands and coarse clothes, were more interesting and attractive to him than all the tales of "old, unhappy, far-off things," which he had been asked to paint in the schools. Born and bred among the peasants of La Meuse, he was intimately acquainted with their ways and thoughts. Every detail of their lives was familiar to him. Their joys and sorrows, their fears and hopes, their times of labour, their hours of rest, he could tell them all by heart. He knew their characters and tempers, their slowness of speech and their awkward manners. And he knew, too, how deep down underneath the homely features and the stammering tongues,

lay hidden a poetry and a pathos of which the world never dreams. The strong attachment to the soil which brings the peasant who left home as a boy back to end his days in his native village, the pride of the labourer when he becomes the owner of a few acres, the lifelong devotion of one man to one woman, mutely expressed in the downcast eyes of the awkward lad and enduring through years of good and evil—these things were all well known to him. And he was determined to make others understand them too. The critics might sneer at his choice of subjects and call his types vulgar if they chose, they might have said the same of many an old master.

"Most of Holbein's heads," he said one day to his friend Theuriet, "are not beautiful in the plastic sense of the word, but none the less they are singularly interesting. For, underneath their very ugliness and vulgarity, we find the thought and feeling that glorifies everything. The peasant, he too has his own fashion of being sad or joyous, of feeling and of thinking. It is that particular fashion which we must try and discover. When you have found out and represented *that*, it matters little if your personages have irregular features, clumsy manners and coarse hands. They cannot fail to be beautiful because they will be living and thinking beings. The patient, conscientious study of nature—that is the only thing worth having!" If only he could go deep enough down into the life of these simple folk, lay bare the thoughts of their hearts, and show the world that they were thinking and feeling men and women, moved by the same passions, and stirred by the same emotions as other human beings, he knew that his pictures must become interesting. For this would be true poetry and great art, and could not fail in its appeal to humanity in every age. But to make others feel what he felt, he must reproduce the actual scene, the light and colour of the landscape, the very atmosphere in which his people moved. He must make others see the flowers in the long grass, and the shadows on the sloping hillside, feel the burning heat of the sun drying the hay and ripening the corn, realise for themselves, in fact, some of those thousand different sensations of which he himself was hourly conscious. And to do this would demand years of patient and continual labour, the concentration of his whole faculties upon the work before him.

This then was the task to which the young painter brought his powers

of hand and brain, matured as they had been by his Paris training. He made himself an atelier in a garret of his father's house in the Grande Place at Damvillers, but most of his painting was done out of doors, in the garden or the meadows. He wandered up and down the fields and lanes, taking note of all he saw, and learning some fresh lesson at every step. Whatever the time of year might be, he was never idle. Each season in turn supplied him with new subjects for pen or pencil. In the spring he sketched the trees bursting into leaf, the gardens with their opening flowers and their young plants shooting out of the ground, the apple orchards laden with their wealth of rosy blossom. When the summer came he painted the tall seeds and grasses in the meadows, the haymakers and the reapers at their work. In autumn there was the vintage and the potato-gathering, in winter the hoar frost and the snow. Endless was the variety of subjects with which he filled his sketch-books, during the quiet months which he spent at Damvillers. The mowers sharpening their scythes under the hedgerow, in the half-mown meadow, the shepherd taking shelter under a spreading beech tree from the blazing heat of the noonday sun, the vine-dresser digging the ground between the rows of vines, all find a place in these pages. On one sheet we see a *pêcheur de grenouilles* wading up to his knees in the marshy swamp on the edge of the rush-grown pond, on another we see a fire which has broken out at midnight in the village, and has brought the whole population out into the street. He shows us the peasant going to visit his field in his leisure hours on Sunday, and paints the village street at the evening hour when the tired labourer wends his way slowly home and the lights are twinkling in the window of the house where the good wife is busy preparing her husband's supper. Sometimes he sketches the women at work in the kitchen, or washing their clothes in the river. Sometimes he paints them kneeling devoutly at their prayers, or else some fleeting ray of sunlight on the roofs, some chance reflection in a clear pool of water has caught his eye, and he stops to jot down the colours of the bright clouds chasing each other across the sky at early dawn or the mysterious effect of the evening shades descending over wood and field. In one study we see a mass of rolling white clouds, floating across a deep blue summer sky, with a plough standing in the foreground and a wide stretch of brown arable land beyond. In another, the graceful boughs

of a slender ash tree are clearly defined against the midnight sky, under a long trail of luminous cloud. But whether he gives us sunsets or moonlight effects, studies of sky or landscape, the forms of hill and cloud, and the character of trees and plants are alike indicated with the same close observation.

The simplest incidents often supplied him with subjects. A beggar standing at the hall door, a little peasant-girl watching her cow graze by the side of the road, a man crossing the meadow and leaving the track of his footsteps in the long grass, a child crying or a ragged boy at play—these are some of the impressions which he records with a few strokes of his pen, or a hasty dash of colour. Sometimes he sketches a wounded stag which has come to die on the edge of a reedy pool in the heart of the autumn woods, sometimes a boar-hunt in the forest, sometimes merely a bunch of spring-flowers or a dead robin. But in the summer of 1876, Bastien-Lepage's thoughts were already occupied with his picture of *Les Foins*, and many were the studies which he made of haymakers either at work or else resting from their labours in the noonday heat. Often the same woman appears in half-a-dozen different attitudes, lying in the grass or leaning upon her rake, looking towards us or turning her back on us. One of his best-known drawings which has often been reproduced under the name *La Faneuse*, is that of a peasant-girl walking home through the meadows with her rake on her shoulder, and turning round to look at the other haymakers at work and at the loaded waggons under the poplar-trees by the river. Her face is turned away, we only see the back of her head and the tresses of hair loosely coiled together, but the whole figure is admirably expressive. In this finely-grown, strongly built young woman, with her thick wrists and ankles and her short homespun skirts, we have a true type of the Meuse peasant, sturdy of frame and stolid in nature, accustomed to hard labour from her youth, but not without a certain dignity and consciousness of honest independence in her bearing. In these early days, Bastien-Lepage painted the portraits of his father and mother, which were exhibited in the Salon of 1877. Both of his parents took the greatest pride in his work, and were never tired of telling their friends that Jules' name was in all the Paris papers, although the boy himself declared that this meant very little and was not worth talking about. His father liked to watch him at his painting, and generally had

some criticism to offer. Even the old grandfather had his opinion to give, and would leave his work and pause before Jules' easel for a few minutes to see how the boy was getting on, and then go back to his flower-beds. The freedom of this country life exactly suited the painter. Often, on his return from visits to Paris, he would ramble about the fields and woods for whole days with his hands in his pockets, and drinking in the fresh air, the country sights and sounds. On winter days he would take long shooting expeditions accompanied by his favourite dogs, and hunt the deer in the woods of Réville, or stroll along the river in search of wild duck till nightfall. Then he would set to work and paint for days together with the whole energy of his being.

Sketch of the Artist's Grandfather.

In the evening the family met round the parlour table. Jules and his brother Emile were busy with their pencils, while their father read the papers, their mother sewed and the favourite cat dozed on the knee of the old grandfather. Then Bastien-Lepage would put down ideas which had struck him in the course of the day, or divert himself and his companions by making careful studies of a copper candlestick or a felt hat, or any other object at hand. Often too, he would draw caricatures of his brother, representing him in a dozen different attitudes, each more comical than the last. Or else, like Leonardo before him he would cover whole sheets of paper with grotesque heads, talking and laughing all the while. Many were the pen-and-ink sketches which he made of this

happy family party, sitting round the table with the lamp in the centre; many the clever portraits which he took of his old grandfather, reading

The Artist's Grandfather.

the newspaper in his arm-chair, or resting his elbows on the table, or else lying fast asleep on his couch.

The friends who came from Paris, André Theuriet or Charles Baude the engraver, and saw Bastien-Lepage in his home used to say that there were two different persons in him, the man of Paris and the man of Damvillers. The one they describe as grave and silent, impatient of interruption and occasionally hasty in word and manner. The other, they said, was gentle and charming, full of kindly forethought for his friends and parents, and brimming over with fun and laughter. They saw him at home the life and soul of the family circle, they went with him on his country walks and shared his delight in the beauty of trees and flowers. They tell us with what genuine pleasure he would hunt for the first spring violets or delicate wood anemones, or listen to the carol of the March blackbird. Often he would stop to pick the chicory or hemlock plant, the field daisies, and blue cornflowers, which he loved to set in the foreground of his pictures, or point out the decorative forms of some bud or leaf. "Ah! how beautiful!" he exclaimed, one spring day, when he had found a plant of the wild Christmas rose growing in the woods. "How I should like to make a careful study of these finely-cut dark green and brown leaves, with their green stem and cluster of pale flowers tinted with rose pink. What exquisite shapes, and what a variety of tender shades! That is what they ought to give the children of our drawing-classes to copy, instead of that eternal and detestable Diana of Gabii!"

II

In the autumn of 1876, M. Theuriet paid a visit to Bastien-Lepage at Damvillers, and took a walking-tour with his two brothers in the picturesque district of Argonne. Together they visited the ancient glass-works of les Islettes, founded by a guild of artists as far back as the fifteenth century, and explored the forest of Beaulieu. They saw the street of Varennes where the ill-fated Louis XVI. and his family were stopped in their memorable flight, and they penetrated through narrow valleys and rocky gorges to the ruined Abbey of La Chalade. Finally they reached the hermitage of Saint Rouin, the Irish Apostle

who had evangelised the district of Argonne in the seventh century and lies buried in this secluded spot in the heart of the forest. . . .

Here they witnessed a pilgrimage, and, much to their amusement, narrowly escaped being taken up as Prussian spies. The German invasion had made a deep impression on the simple folk of the district, and the presence of these strangers, who quoted German phrases, and discussed Goethe, had already aroused suspicion. In one village where Bastien-Lepage took out his paint-box and brushes, an old woman had asked him in a voice of terror if he was going to bring the Prussians back again. But he had only treated the notion as a good joke and had never dreamt of any serious trouble on this score. Now, the sight of the assembled crowds at the open-air mass in the meadow at Saint Rouin moved him to make another sketch. An altar bearing a silver cross and candles and decorated with green boughs and flowers had been raised on the grass under the forest-trees, and a bishop in purple robes "exactly like a magnificent violet iris" was officiating, attended by scarlet acolytes. The effect of all this rich colouring and the play of sunlight and shadow on the picturesque groups of pilgrims kneeling or standing on the grass with their banners charmed the painter's eyes, and as soon as sermon and mass were over, he set to work to reproduce the scene on canvas. But when the procession of priests and choristers had left the spot and the pilgrims were dispersed, a crowd collected round the artist and malignant whispers were heard among the country people. A report had already got about that these strangers were Prussian spies, who were making plans of the country, and the village authorities were prepared to take active measures. Presently a forester stepped forward, and in the name of the law, demanded the gentlemen to produce their papers. An animated discussion followed, during which Bastien-Lepage alone kept his presence of mind and continued his drawing. But the friends, unable to produce anything but their cards, were on the point of being arrested as suspicious characters, when fortunately one of the party was recognized by an old acquaintance, who hailed them as *compatriotes*. So the adventure ended happily and Bastien-Lepage was allowed to carry off his sketch in triumph, much to the disappointment of the inhabitants, who thought they had made an important capture that would redound greatly to the honour of their village.

All through this expedition, Bastien-Lepage was in the highest spirits. In spite of the heavy rain which repeatedly interrupted his work, he made seven or eight drawings, and beguiled the long evenings spent at village inns by singing popular songs at the top of his voice. And he talked freely with his friends of his hopes and plans for the future. He intended to paint a great series of pictures, illustrating the whole cycle of peasant-life. Sowing and reaping, ploughing and digging, haytime and harvest, the vintage and the fruit-gathering, were each to form part of the scheme. Love and marriage, birth and death were to have their place in the story. Together with Theuriet he would publish a series of twelve compositions entitled *Les Mois Rustiques.* His friend should write the letter-press and he would adorn the pages with drawings of peasant-life and labour, and with the flowers and fruits of the different seasons. And then he would carry out his favourite dream and paint a Jeanne d'Arc, of his own "coin de terre," as well as another great picture, which should have for its subject, *La Mise au Tombeau* and represent the Maries weeping over the body of Christ. He had already made several preparatory sketches for this work, including a water-colour study of the dead Christ, but before he began the picture was anxious to see the celebrated *Entombment* at Saint Mihiel, the masterpiece of Ligier Richier, a Lorraine sculptor of the sixteenth century. So he left his friends on their return journey to visit the church containing this marble group, which he described in a letter to his friend Charles Baude as the most touching work of sculpture that he had ever seen. "France," he adds, "ought to be prouder and less ignorant of this great Lorraine artist."

Meanwhile M. Theuriet had made the walk through the Argonne the subject of an article called "La Chanson du Jardinier," and sent a copy of the magazine in which it appeared, to Damvillers. "I must tell you" wrote Bastien-Lepage in return, "how much pleasure your article gave my parents and congratulate you on the portraits you have drawn of them. When the *Revue* arrived, we did not *read* the book, but tore it out of each other's hands and devoured it, over one another's shoulders. I will do my best, I assure you, to deserve the name of the Primitif! Bravo! for the songs! for the sunny page of the Bishop's sermon!—that great violet iris—how exactly you describe the scene!

But what more can I say, only that you have made me live the whole journey over again!"

M. Theuriet's article was afterwards republished in his volume of *Sous Bois*, and one of Bastien-Lepage's best-known drawings was destined to adorn the title-page. Eventually the book appeared without illustrations, but the drawing, which was evidently a recollection of the walking tour in Argonne, has been often reproduced, sometimes by the name *L'Absent*, sometimes simply described as *L'Auberge*. The scene represented is the interior of a village inn. In the background a group of men seated at table are engaged in talking, drinking, smoking and playing cards; while in the foreground we see a young woman, probably the servant of the inn, who has set down her basket on the floor and retreated to a window overlooking the street, where she sits, leaning her head against the frame and watching for the form of her absent friend. There is no particular charm about her, she is simply a peasant girl in a coarse stuff gown and long apron. The whole beauty of the picture lies in her intent face, in the fixed yearning of her eyes, and the expectant air of her whole form, as she listens for the footstep which tarries still. The face of that poor peasant girl is in its way as much a triumph of expression as that of Jeanne d'Arc herself, and is a sufficient answer to the critics who say that Bastien-Lepage was a painter devoid alike of poetry and of feeling.

But those joyous autumn days were to have a melancholy ending. When the painter wrote again to his friend, it was in a sadder strain. His father had died suddenly of congestion of the lungs. It was the first break in the happy family circle, and Jules felt the blow keenly.

"We were too young to lose so good a friend, and for all my courage, the blank, the awful blank fills me at times with a sense of despair." "Happily his memory is left us," he wrote to another friend, M. Victor Klotz, "and what a memory it is! the purest and best that there could be. He was goodness and unselfishness personified, and he loved us so well! But what can we do? Nothing but try to fill up the gap with a great deal of love for those who remain and who care for us, and keep up the remembrance of him we have lost, as well as work hard to drive away the one thought that is always present."

Work indeed proved his one consolation, and the next year saw the

production of some of his most important works. He spent the winter months in Paris, engaged on a full-length portrait of Madame Lebègue, in a splendid court costume of Tudor date, and on another of his friend Theuriet. He was now settled in the Impasse du Maine, with his brother Emile, who was studying architecture, as his companion. Here he had a large atelier looking out on a garden with a single apricot tree which he liked, for the sake of the white blossoms which reminded him of Damvillers. The walls were hung with his own sketches and some Japanese curtains, and an old divan and a few stools were the only furniture. Here, M. Theuriet tells us, he used to appear every morning at eight o'clock, to find the painter but half awake, and after smoking a cigarette together Bastien-Lepage would set to work with fiery speed. Now and then he would stop and leave his seat and contemplate his friend's face in silence for several minutes without saying a word and then return to work with renewed vigour. The rapidity and boldness of touch with which he worked was marvellous. He always prepared the exact tone of his colour on his palette, and never put it on the canvas until he was certain of the effect that it would produce. In this way his painting won that peculiar crispness and freshness which has been often admired. He was also very particular about keeping his palette clean and tidy, declaring that he could not work unless his white was in the middle, between the blues and greens on one side and the reds and browns and yellows on the other. He generally managed to get the general effect of the picture at the first sitting, but after that he would work at it again and again for weeks together, always finding that something more was wanted to make it perfect, and never quite satisfied with the result.

The whole of that summer was devoted to his large open-air picture of *Les Foins*, and his letters to M. Theuriet give some interesting details respecting its progress.

In July he writes: "My picture, as yet, is not fully sketched out. But I may tell you that I am going to indulge in a revel of pearly tints; half-dried hay and flowering grasses seen together in the sunshine, and producing the effect of some pale yellow tissue embroidered with silver threads. A few clumps of trees along the banks of the brook and in the meadow will stand out like dark spots and give the whole a Japanese

effect. . . ." A month later he returns to the subject with fresh interest:

August 15, "Your verses are just the sort of picture that I should like to paint. You make one feel the scent of the hay and the heat of the meadow. . . . If only my hay smells as good as yours does, I shall be content. . . . My young peasant woman is sitting on the grass. Her arms are drooping, her face is red and hot, her fixed eyes have a vacant look. Her whole attitude is tired and worn out. She will, I think, give the idea of a true peasant. Behind, her companion is lying flat on his back, sleeping with his fists closed; and in the full sunshine of the meadow beyond, the peasants are going back to work again. At first, I had a great trouble in the composition of my picture, being anxious to preserve the actual aspect of a corner of nature. There is nothing of a conventional arrangement here, no willow falling over the heads of the personages to frame in the scene. Nothing of all that. My personages stand out against the half-dried hay. A small tree grows in the corner of the picture, to show that other trees are near, and that our peasants have come here to rest in the shade. The whole tone of the picture will be a very pale gray-green. . . ."

And in September he tells Theuriet that the country people say his figures are alive, a verdict which gratified him more than all the praises of the Paris world. In the following spring, *Les Foins* appeared at the Salon, and caused a great sensation there. The extraordinary force of the painting, the absolute reality of the two figures, the tired, panting woman, and the man sleeping with his hat over his eyes, and the way in which they stand out against the pale background, above all the wonderful effect of light and air in the picture, made an immense impression at the time. "I came into the room, without knowing what I should see," wrote Marie Bashkirtseff in her journal, "and stopped short before *Les Foins* as you would stop before a window which has been suddenly opened on the country." Several critics, as might be expected, accused the artist of heresy, and as he expected, reproached him with the coarseness and vulgarity of his types. But the younger men rallied round Bastien-Lepage, and hailed him with enthusiasm as the master of a new school and the painter of open-air life.

III

An artist who makes truth his first object and has a keen and penetrating faculty of observation is likely to excel in portraiture; and so we find that Bastien-Lepage was no mere professional manufacturer of portraits, but a portrait painter of the very highest order. From the beginning of his career in Paris, his portraits had been popular among his brother-artists and every year increased his reputation in this direction. Commissions reached him from all sides. Editors and journalists, ministers of state and merchants, actors and beauties, came to him in turn and sat to him for their portraits.

In the Salon of 1875, his portrait of the wealthy banker M. Simon Hayem, dressed in clothes of the latest Paris cut and fashion, was recognized as a living type of the rich merchant and thorough man of the world, who combined refined tastes with practical business qualities. That of M. Wallon, exhibited in the Salon of 1876, was a no less exact admirable likeness of this former Minister of Public Instruction, with his timid and careworn expression, although it was attacked for political purposes by his opponents. At the same time Bastien-Lepage painted several portraits of ladies, which were exhibited at the Cercle Volney. That of Madame Godillot attracted attention by the skilful manner in which the bright carnations of a fair complexion were relieved by the black velvet of her gown, while the refined charm of Madame Victor Klotz's dark eyes were heightened by the simplicity of her white tulle folds and black robe. The portrait of Madame Lebègue, here reproduced, is interesting as the only full-length life-sized portrait ever painted by the artist. The fantastic character of the lady's costume, the blue velvet train and white satin skirt excited the scorn of the critics, who reproached the painter with this theatrical effect and called him a servile copyist of old pictures. At the same time they were forced to acknowledge the marvellous skill with which he had treated the rich details of old brocade and lace in Madame Lebègue's dress and the

Portrait of Madame Lebègue.

tapestry of the background. If any further proof of the independent and versatile nature of Bastien-Lepage's talent were needed, his detractors had only to turn to the double portrait of his father and mother in one frame, which hung in the same Salon. Here was a masterpiece which it was impossible to overlook and which imposed silence on the most cavilling tongues. The artist had represented his parents sitting on a low bench in the garden at Damvillers, in their every-day country dress, just as he had done in his grandfather's portrait. And as before, the effect he has chosen is one of plain daylight, without help from striking illumination of any kind. The whole charm of the pictures lies in the ease and simplicity of their treatment, in the affectionate feeling with which they are painted. In each case the individual character is admirably brought out. We see at a glance the frank manliness and kindliness of the father, the goodness and tenderness of the mother. In the opinion of artists Madame Bastien-Lepage's portrait is considered the painter's greatest technical triumph, because the structure and modelling of the face are so perfect. The features are plain and irregular, and there has evidently not been the faintest attempt at flattery on the part of the artist, but at the same time there is a look of lively intelligence and sweetness which makes the portrait far more profoundly charming than many a younger and prettier face. This characteristic picture is at once a touching tribute of filial affection and a worthy memorial of the devoted woman whom her son's friends describe as the best possible mother for an artist, skilled in all that makes the home, and yet quick to follow his moods and fancies, always thinking of others and only forgetful of herself.

These earlier portraits of Bastien-Lepage were all on a large scale, generally about the size of life, and treated with a certain breadth of manner. But about this time he adopted an entirely different style, and began to paint a series of small portraits, varying from twenty to fifty inches in height and from twenty to forty in breadth. These little portraits were painted in the same style as his old picture *La Communiante*, and were marked by the same delicate brushwork and high degree of finish. It is wonderful to see how in a few square inches of canvas, the painter contrives to give a vivid impression of his sitter's personality, and of the atmosphere in which he lives. The whole of the man's outer

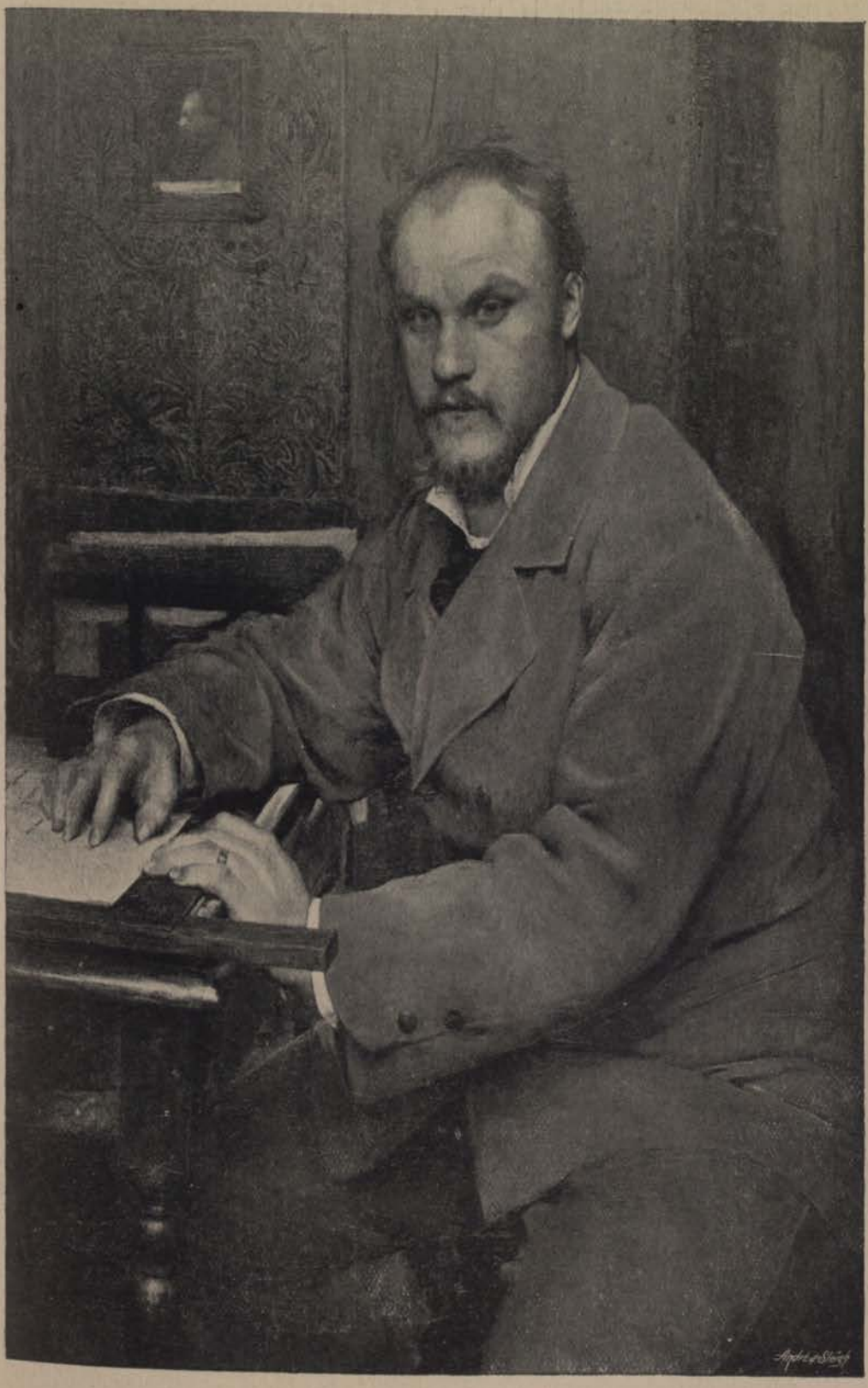
and inner self, his habits and surroundings, his temper, character and condition of life are all brought before us at the same moment. "The man himself—what he was—not more, but to all conceivable proof of

The Artist's Mother.

right, in all aspect of life or thought, not less. So far as it reaches, it contains the absolute facts of colour, form and character, rendered with an unaccusable faithfulness."

Take for instance, one of these little portraits, which does not depend for interest, as others may, on the fame of the subject, that of his brother, the architect. M. Emile Bastien-Lepage, a small, fair-haired man, with the same square forehead as the painter, is seated in his ordinary gray morning suit at the table, resting his hands on some architectural plans which are spread out before him. Both hands and face are studied with the most careful attention, and the strong character and thoughtful expression of the countenance are admirably rendered. The colouring is very quiet throughout. There is a yellow curtain at the back of the head, and a small profile portrait of the artist's father hangs on the stamped leather of the wall behind. The light, as usual in the painter's works, is ordinary daylight, and the same high degree of finish is perceptible in every part of the picture. Yet in sober and tranquil accomplishment this little portrait can hardly be surpassed.

Equally fine in its way is the portrait of M. Albert Wolff, the well-known journalist, sitting in the luxurious ease of his study, wearing red slippers on his feet and holding a cigarette in his hand, with a bronze of Barye at his side and a number of *Figaro* lying on the table before him. In M. Theuriet's thoughtful countenance and gray eyes we realise the imaginative power and poetic dreams of the thinker and author. In M. Andrieux's keen face and alert eye as he bends to listen to a report which is being read to him, we recognise the former prefect of police. Or, to take an instance of his power in another direction, there is the portrait which Bastien-Lepage painted in Victor Hugo's house, of the poet's faithful friend, Madame Juliette Drouet, and which has been described with good reason as "a miracle of likeness, of feeling, and of execution." At that time she was already slowly dying of cancer, and the traces of suffering are plainly seen in her drooping form, in the deep-lines of the brow and the pallor of the thin cheek, but the painter has caught and rendered the spiritual charm which lingered on her countenance to the end. This pathetic little picture was painted by Bastien-Lepage during the last years of his own life, when he himself was smitten by the same terrible disease, and the friends who watched the progress of the portrait, often wondered which of the two would be the first to go.



M. Emile Bastien-Lepage.

But the most famous and the most actually beautiful of all Bastien-Lepage's portraits is that of Madame Sarah Bernhardt. In

Madame Drouet.

its vivid sense of life and power, this portrait forms a strange contrast to that of Victor Hugo's white-haired friend. The great actress is painted in profile, sitting up in an erect attitude and looking down

apparently rapt in thought, at a small statue of Orpheus which she holds in her hand. The creamy tones of her brocades, the snowy whiteness of the fur rug at her side and the bright locks of her wavy hair are all painted with rare delicacy. Both as a study of colour and of expression, this picture is equally remarkable. In some strange way the artist has been able to lay hold of the dreamy spell that floats about the enchantress. We see the magic of the down-dropped eye and hear the vibrations of that voice which has thrilled us all with its passion and its power.

It is interesting to compare this well-known portrait of Sarah Bernhardt with another picture which is slighter indeed, but just as exquisite in treatment. It is that of a lady sleeping on her bed. Only the face and one hand are visible. But the expression of the slumbering face and the varied tints of white are beautifully given, while the surrounding objects—pillow, curtains, and counterpane—are all very slightly indicated and kept in a subdued light. This harmony in white is another example of the variety of styles in which this artist worked and of the mastery which he attained in each of them. Like Rembrandt and other artists who have worked in different styles, Bastien-Lepage expressed himself most decidedly in the style adopted for the time being, as if it had been the only one he knew or could employ. Among the works in his brother's possession, there is a study of a naked man about the size of life seated on the ground, with his knees raised and his head and one hand resting upon them. This is interesting as a specimen of strong and rough brush-work, as opposite as possible to the workmanship of the portraits we have been considering. A critic who saw this study without knowing the artist of the work would naturally conclude that he was a painter of considerable manual power but altogether wanting in refinement. "The fact is," he said to an English friend who questioned him closely about this variety of style that was so curious a feature in his work, "I have no fixed rules and no particular method. I paint things just as I see them, sometimes in one fashion, sometimes in another, and afterwards I hear people say that my pictures are like Rembrandt or like Clouet."

Whatever di[illegible] B[illegible]en-Lepage's works provoked during his

lifetime, his portraits received the most unqualified praise. They were the wonder of all the critics, the despair of all the artists. "C'est la vie même! c'est l'âme," wrote Marie Bashkirtseff. "Et c'est d'une facture qu'on ne peut comparer à rien, car c'est la nature même. On est insensé de peindre après cela." We have only mentioned two or three of the most remarkable among the many portraits which he painted during his short career. He had told M. de Fourcaud that once he had finished his series of rustic pictures he meant to turn his attention to Parisian life and to paint the people he knew and saw there. Had he lived long enough to carry out this intention we might have had many more portraits of distinguished contemporaries from his hand. It is impossible not to feel what a priceless possession a gallery of such portraits would have been for the future historian of the nineteenth century. But this was not to be, and Bastien-Lepage's portraits of Albert Wolff, of Sarah Bernhardt, and of Madame Drouet, remain to show us what he might have done in this direction had he been allowed a longer span of life.

IV

In the spring of 1879, another great picture came from Damvillers. This was the well-known *Potato Gatherers*, or *Saison d'Octobre*, as it is sometimes called. The exact shape and size of this canvas are the same as *Les Foins*, almost square, and rather wider than it is high, the proportions being 1 meter 81 inches in height and 1 meter 99 inches in width. The scene is a potato-field, where two women are at work. The principal figure, a woman with a fine head and serious face, is stooping down to empty her basket into a sack on the ground, while her companion, a rosy-cheeked, smiling, peasant-girl of a common type, is kneeling down gathering potatoes at her side. Behind them is the broad plain with its patches of arable and grass land and a few leafless trees swayed to and fro by the wind, reminding us of the coming winter. There is no sunshine in the picture, but the rich browns and russet and

Sarah Bernhardt.

greens of the soil under the gray sky, the clods of earth and scanty herbage and wild flowers of the foreground are all exactly rendered, and help to give the same impression of the lonely countryside on a still October day. The picture is in some ways the most complete that

The Potato Gatherers.

Bastien-Lepage ever painted. There is the same sense of light and air as in *Les Foins*, the same vigorous drawing and forcible realisation of life and character in the figures. But the harmony of colour is more perfect and the composition is more impressive, while the action and expression

of the stooping woman is finer than anything of the kind in his peasant-pictures.

This time the artist's success was complete. The voices of envious detractors were silenced and Bastien-Lepage was recognised among the foremost of living painters. His *Portrait of Madame Sarah Bernhardt* was exhibited at the same time, and the painter's double achievement in these separate branches of his art commanded general admiration.

"Bastien-Lepage," wrote the poet Théodore de Banville, "is the king of this year's Salon."

Now that success had at length come to him, his first thought was of his parents. His father indeed was dead, but his mother and grandfather remained. They had shared his struggles and trials and must now share in his prosperity. So he brought both of them to Paris and showed them the sights of the city. He took his mother to the Magasin du Louvre and told her to choose a new gown for herself. In vain she protested that these silks and satins were too fine for her. Jules would have his way and chose the richest and stiffest black satin that he could find, saying, as he well might, that nothing could be too good for the mother to whom he owed so much. He took his grandfather for a walk on the Boulevards and showed him the chief theatres. But he was disappointed in the effect which the sight of these splendours had upon the poor old man. The old man yawned at the Opera and complained that he was tired of all the noise and bustle. So he soon went back to Damvillers to grow his geraniums and asters, and said that he was too old to leave home again.

That summer Bastien-Lepage paid his first visit to England. The fame of his portraits had already reached London, and he met with a cordial welcome. He never could learn a word of English, but the simplicity and *bonhomie* of the man delighted his admirers, and he made many friends. He visited our picture galleries, and was never tired of studying Rembrandt's etchings in the Print Room of the British Museum. He painted several portraits, amongst others one of Madame Alma Tadema, and sketched the banks of the river and the shipping in the Thames. And his last day in England was spent in making a drawing of the Prince of Wales. An amusing little story is told with

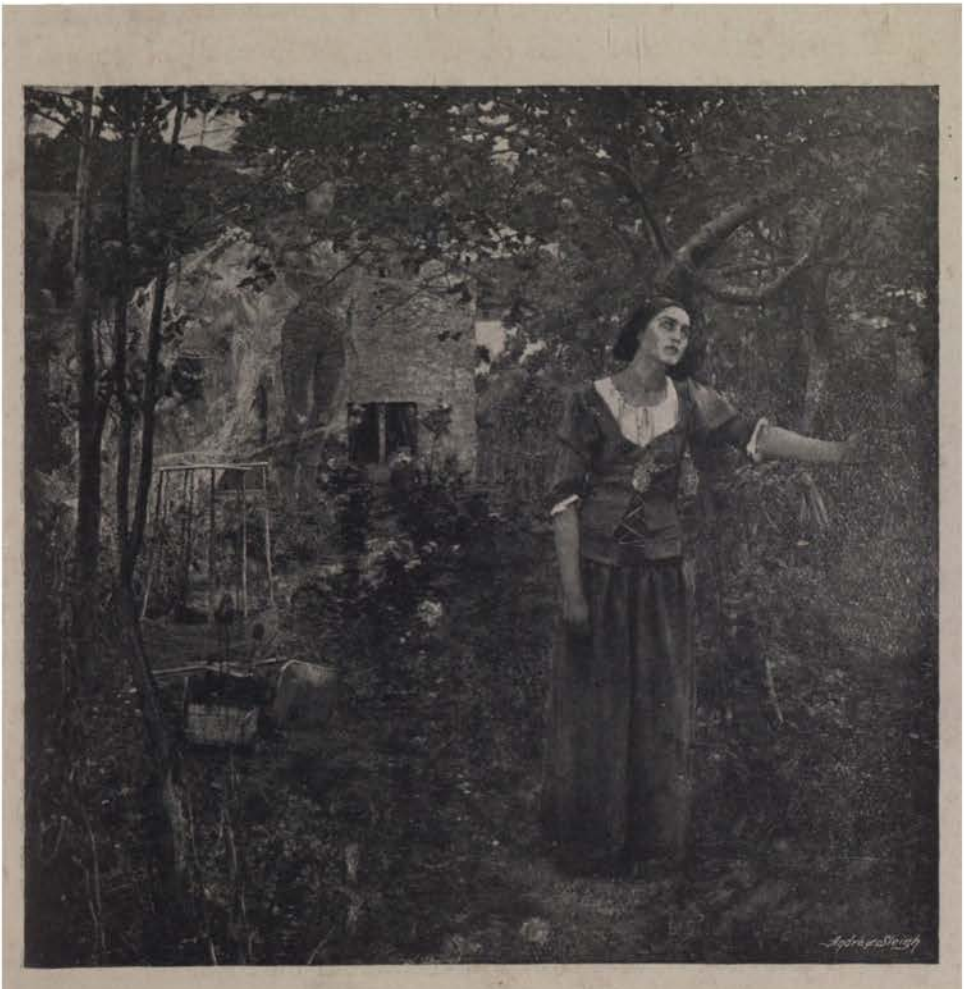
regard to this portrait. An Englishman whose name is well known in literary and artistic circles, and who had made friends with the young French artist, was at his club about six o'clock on Saturday evening, when he was told that a gentleman who could not speak a word of English wished to see him. The description, he felt at once, could apply to no one excepting Bastien-Lepage, and true enough, much to his surprise, he found the painter who had already taken leave of him and was leaving town that evening, awaiting him in a great state of perturbation. An hour before, he had received a note, of which he could not understand a word, but which, he was told, demanded his immediate attention. The letter, as his English friend informed him, came from Marlborough House, and contained an intimation to the effect that the Prince of Wales would give M. Bastien-Lepage a sitting on the following day. "That is impossible," replied the painter; "my things are already packed; I start in an hour's time for Paris." His friend begged him to defer his departure for a night, and pointed out the discourtesy of neglecting to obey, what was in fact, a royal command. Still Bastien-Lepage remained obdurate. He had promised his mother to be back at Damvillers on a certain day, and he could not disappoint her. And it needed all his friend's powers of persuasion to induce him to change his plans, and put off his departure until the following evening. In the end he yielded with a very bad grace, and presented himself at Marlborough House the next day. There he made a silver-point drawing of the Prince, and came away charmed with the genial manners and affable kindness of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children, who had conversed with him in French, in what seemed to him the most natural manner in the world. "After all," he said to his friend, with an honest twinkle in his eye, "this time you were right." And that same evening he started on his way back to France. From this sketch which he had taken at Marlborough House, afterwards he painted his well-known portrait of the Prince of Wales in Holbein costume, with the masts of the Thames and the Tower of London in the background.

On his return to France, Bastien-Lepage was decorated with the Legion of Honour, and hurried home to set to work on his next great picture. This was to be the *Jeanne d'Arc*, of which he had dreamed

so long, a Jeanne d'Arc not of his atelier, but a true shepherdess of Lorraine. Before beginning his picture, he paid a visit to Domrémy, accompanied by his faithful mother, and saw the birthplace of the heroic maid, and the cottage where she had lived. A complete series of studies for this picture, seven or eight in number, were collected in the Exhibition of Bastien-Lepage's works, that was held after his death. And he has himself described the successive stages of thought by which he reached the form of composition which he finally adopted for his picture.

Jeanne d'Arc, he began by saying to himself, was a simple and devout maiden, of a thoughtful and contemplative nature. Often she was to be seen on her knees in the village church, praying to the virgin saints Katherine and Margaret, and the great archangel Michael, whose carved images adorned the altar of Domrémy. Often as she knelt there, she thought of the distracted state of her poor country and of the misery which she saw around her. And as she prayed to God and the Saints for help, it seemed to her that a voice from heaven called her to go forth and save her unhappy land. Accordingly the artist's first idea was to represent Jeanne on her knees before the altar of the village church, and he made a beautiful drawing of the kneeling maid with her hands clasped in prayer and her head raised in a listening attitude. But then his love for open-air subjects got the better of his first resolve. He remembered how Jeanne d'Arc had said that the mysterious voices followed her everywhere, and haunted her both at her work and in her sleep. So he drew a coloured sketch on the walls of his studio, in which he represented his heroine, in the gray homespun bodice and brown skirt of the Lorraine peasants, spinning under the fruit-trees of her father's orchard. That orchard was the garden of Damvillers with the rose-bushes and the flowers and vegetables growing together under the pear-trees and the apple-trees, and wild flowers in the long grass of the meadow beyond. And in the background he painted the white walls and the red roofs of the cottage at Domrémy. Still he was not satisfied. He altered Jeanne's attitude and represented her standing under an apple-tree with her right arm hanging down and her left hand grasping the leaves of a bush at her side. She has started to her feet, overturning the spinning-wheel in her agitation, and listens with a rapt

look on her face to the voices that are calling her by name. But it was some time before the artist could find the exact head he wanted for his Jeanne d'Arc. The type of face was to be that of the ordinary Meuse peasant-girl, with low brow, high cheek-bones, and square chin. But the right expression was hard to get, and he drew a dozen different



Joan of Arc listening to the Voices.

heads before he could satisfy himself. When at length he succeeded he wrote joyfully to his friend Charles Baude: "I really think I have found the head of my Jeanne d'Arc, and every one agrees that the resolve to start on her mission is well expressed in her face, while the simple

charm of the peasant is retained. Her attitude is, I think, very pure and gentle, as it ought to be. . . . But I shall see you soon, and I had rather leave you the pleasure of the surprise which you will receive from the first sight of the picture. You will judge of it all the better and be better able to tell me what you think of it."

But another difficulty remained to be solved. How were the unseen voices to be represented? The painter's friends were all of opinion that the saints whose call she hears should be invisible. Suppress your phantoms, they said, and depend on the expression of Jeanne's face alone for the desired effect, and your conception will gain immensely in dramatic force and in artistic beauty. But this idea did not content Bastien-Lepage. The maid's vision, he felt, must be embodied in a palpable form, the saints must be present if the mystic meaning of Jeanne d'Arc's story was to be fully realised. At one time he thought of representing the gilt and painted images of the patron saints of Domrémy, as hidden among the fruit-trees of the orchard. But by degrees a happier inspiration prevailed. In the pure dreams of Jeanne, he reflected, the "blessed saints" would appear in a glorified form, with the light of paradise on their brows. And so he painted the great archangel in his shining armour and the white-robed virgins, dimly seen through the luminous mist that streams from heaven.

The artist's friends hurried down to Damvillers to see the work into which the artist had put so much of his heart. His own hopes were high, and great things were expected. But when *Jeanne d'Arc écoutant les Voix* appeared in the Salon of 1880, there was a general feeling of disappointment. The strangeness of the composition repelled the public, and many of the painter's warmest admirers were puzzled. The representation of the voices was condemned on all sides, and the critics complained of a certain confusion of form and want of atmosphere and perspective in the picture. And in some measure, no doubt, they were right. The artist had tried to say too much, in his anxiety to be perfectly true to nature. The details of his background were too elaborately painted. The mass of tangled leaves and thorns had been allowed to come too far forward, and interfered with the effect of the central figure. And yet, in spite of these defects Bastien-Lepage's

Jeanne d'Arc remains a great and noble picture. No one can look at that wonderful face and form without feeling how completely the artist has realised his own idea. His Jeanne is the true peasant-maid of Domrémy, pure, and good, and simple, and wholly rapt in thoughts of the unseen. The figure itself is a masterpiece of drawing. The attitude of passionate attention, the upraised head, and wide-open blue eyes all tell the same tale. She is conscious of divine presences about her and hears the sound of heavenly voices, and she rises up, without delay, to follow the call of God.

If Bastien Lepage had painted nothing else, he would deserve to rank among the great masters of expression, for the sake of this one figure. And if on its first appearance in the Salon of 1880, it failed to produce the effect which might have been expected, there were some at least upon whom the impression which it then made was never forgotten.

"Nothing in painting has ever moved me like the *Jeanne d'Arc* of Bastien-Lepage," wrote Marie Bashkirtseff, a frank and at times a severe critic of the pictures which she most admired. "There is something indescribably mysterious and marvellous about it. There you have a sentiment which the artist has thoroughly understood, the perfect and intense expression of a great inspiration,—something great and human, inspired and divine at the same moment, in fact what it actually was, and what no one before him had ever understood. Only think of all the *Jeanne d'Arcs* that had been painted before! Good Heavens! why they are as common as Ophelias and Gretchens! But in this incomparable artist you find what is only to be found in the sacred art of Italy, in the days when men believed in what they painted." But the jury of the Salon took the popular view, and the medal of honour which Bastien-Lepage had hoped to win, was awarded to a far inferior work, the *Good Samaritan* of Aimé Morot. *Jeanne d'Arc* was promptly bought by an American collector and taken to Boston, where the great picture received the homage which it had failed to win in Paris. When it came back to France for the Exhibition of 1889, there was a general feeling of regret at the loss of a work which, by reason both of its subject and its merit, should have found a place in the Louvre. But it was too late then to repair the wrong. Bastien-Lepage himself was bitterly disappointed, not so much

at the loss of the medal, as at the failure of a picture upon which he had spent so much time and thought, and which, he was conscious, represented the best that he had to give. In his sadness he began to doubt his own powers, and seriously asked himself and his friends if after all his theories of art were false.

"Tell me frankly," he said one evening to M. de Fourcaud, "what is wrong in my picture? They tell me that my values are not correct. That may be true, but upon my word I only paint things as I see them, and it is impossible that I should borrow other people's eyes. Or else, is it my subject to which people take exception? Well, that is Jeanne d'Arc, a young peasant girl of Lorraine, who sees visions. My figure is true; surely the rest may be left to my imagination." So he complained in his darker hours. But he soon recovered his usual courage and gaiety, and went off to England, where his friends welcomed him warmly, and he was everywhere received as an honoured guest. The few weeks which he spent in the midst of his variety of engagements he found time to paint several pictures, including a portrait of Mademoiselle Damain, of the Comédie Française, and a clever study of the London Docks, with the muddy waters of the Thames flowing under a gray sky. And by August he was back at Damvillers, planning new pictures and working with renewed activity.

V

The next two years were the most productive in Bastien-Lepage's life. That autumn he painted his beautiful harvest landscape *Les Blés Murs*, with the reaper in the foreground, putting in his sickle to cut down the golden corn, and the sun breaking out behind a passing storm-cloud, over the purple hills and distant woods of Réville. Among his smaller sketches for future pictures were his *Vendanges* and his *Femme Enceinte*; among his larger studies, the Peasant visiting the field on Sunday, and an old woman anxiously examining the blossoms of her apple-tree on a cold spring morning, to see what damage the night frost

had done, and asking herself if she will have any fruit this year. A colporteur hurrying across the plain in driving rain was another subject which he began at Damvillers, that winter, while during his brief visits to Paris he was busy executing the orders of portraits which now reached

The Beggar.

him on all sides. That of M. Albert Wolff appeared at the following Salon (1881) together with *Le Mendiant.* The artist had gone back to one of his earliest impressions, in this life-size picture of the sturdy beggar who

has grown old in tramping from door to door. He is the very type of the habitual mendicant, dirty, ragged and lazy, shod in huge sabots and armed with a stout stick which he is quite ready to use in his own defence if necessary. The cunning old tramp has started on his rounds and has taken care to call at a house where he is sure of alms. The clean white shutters and garden seat, the iron ring to which a horse or donkey can be tied, the scarlet geraniums at the window are all signs of thrift and comfort which his experienced eye is quick to detect. He has told his habitual tale and has received the expected dole, in the shape of a loaf of bread, which he stows away in his roomy pouch, while the pretty little girl in trim frock and pinafore and white collar, who has been sent out to him, lingers at the door, with wondering eyes, to take another look at this strange visitor. This time the story was easy enough to read, the character of the figures and force of the painting were undeniable, and there was a touch of humour in the incident which appealed to the popular taste. The public which had failed to appreciate *Jeanne d'Arc* gave *Le Mendiant* a cordial reception, and Bastien-Lepage reaped the solid fruits of a popular success.

The picture of *Père Jacques*, which was exhibited the following year in the Salon of 1882, was intended as a companion or rather as a contrast to *Le Mendiant.* This time the artist told his friends, laughingly, he would show them an honest man, and *Le brave Homme* was the name which he originally chose for his picture, although when he sent it to the exhibition he changed his mind and called it *Le Père Jacques*, after the old Damvillers woodman who had sat to him for the figure. The aged peasant whom he painted, bearing his heavy load of faggots home, through the autumn woods, on a cold November afternoon, was the very type of the respectable labourer. Père Jacques has worked hard, it is plain, all his life long, and has seen bad times, but he has not toiled and saved in vain. Now, as he wends his way slowly home, at the close of the brief autumn day, he knows that a good fire and a comfortable meal are awaiting him there. The little grandchild who trips before him, in her neat print frock and blue apron, half-hidden in the grass as she stoops to pick the last flower of the forest, is a living proof of the order and happiness that reigns in the old woodcutter's home, of the love which cheers the evening of his life. The contrast between the gray-

headed old man and the fair-haired child charmed all hearts, and when the Salon closed, *Père Jacques* was sold to a London picture-dealer, for whom Bastien-Lepage also painted his famous *gamin*, *Pas-Mêche*. This celebrated work, one of the most lifelike specimens of humanity ever put upon canvas, was the first of several pictures of children which were among the most popular of the artist's creations. There was his *Petite Coquette* and *Petite Fauvette* and *Allant à l'Ecole*, that well-known picture of the rosy-cheeked child, carrying her lesson books and wrapping her shawl closer round her, as she goes to school, on a snowy winter's morning. And there was the peasant-boy looking at the rainbow, which the painter sketched out on a large scale, but which, like so many more of his finest conceptions, was doomed to be left unfinished.

The growing popularity of his peasant-pictures had not led him to give up other subjects. He was anxious to paint an Annunciation, and drew a sketch of the subject in oils, as well as another of Golgotha at dawn of day, with the three crosses set on the hill in the dim morning light. Another subject which especially attracted his imagination was the death of Ophelia. On one of his visits to London he had seen *Hamlet* at the Lyceum, and had returned to Damvillers deeply impressed with Shakspeare's conception. He saw in this hapless maiden a "*misérable d'amour*," an eternal type of unrequited love, of the failures and disappointments of human life. In his eyes, Ophelia was the most touching of victims and her end the most pathetic thing in tragedy. In August 1881 he began his picture on a large scale.

"I have made some progress," he wrote to Charles Baude, "with a large picture of Ophelia. I think it will be a good thing to make her an entire contrast to my Beggar, that is to say a really touching Ophelia, as heartrending as if she were really alive. The poor foolish child no longer knows what she is about. Her face bears marks of her grief and her madness. She is close to the edge of the water, leaning against a willow, the smile of her last song is still on her lips and her eyes are full of tears. Only a branch supports her, and she is slipping unawares into the stream close beside her. Another moment, and she will be in the water. She wears a pale blue bodice, half blue, half green, a white skirt with loose folds, her pockets are full of flowers and behind her you see the

river banks—a wooded bank with tall flowering grasses and thousands of hemlocks—flowers like stars in the sky, and in the back of the picture, a wooded hill-side, with the sun setting behind birches and nut-trees. That is the scenery."

Sketch for the Death of Ophelia.

But this beautiful poetic scheme, which the artist had thought out in all its details, was never completed, and the sketch here reproduced is all that is left us. He was interrupted in his work, and when he

returned to Damvillers, other thoughts came crowding on his brain and Ophelia was put off—till a more convenient season.

That autumn he took a short journey to North Italy and sketched the lake of Como and the water streets of Venice, but the art of Titian and Tintoret did not appeal to him, and he was glad to come back to the peasants and fields of Lorraine. In June 1882, he paid his last visit to London. There he painted a brilliant little portrait of M. Coquelin and his well-known picture of Blackfriars Bridge. The streets of London were a source of endless interest and amusement to him, and he brought home a large picture of a flower-girl and a smaller study of a shoe-black in his red jacket leaning against a post, at the corner of the crowded thoroughfare, a figure so lifelike that, a visitor to his studio remarked, you seem to hear the sound of the wheels all round him.

Bastien-Lepage was a great man now. Each of his works was hailed with a fresh burst of applause, and he himself was courted and caressed by the leaders of Parisian society. Invitations poured in upon him and his company was in great request. At first sight, his youthful and insignificant appearance might be disappointing, but a closer acquaintance soon revealed the man's powers. He had read widely and thought deeply upon many subjects. His perfect simplicity and absence of affectation made him a pleasant companion, and when he found a sympathetic listener, he would talk freely of his home and early life, and of the pictures which he meant to paint. "Genius is a grand thing," exclaimed Marie Bashkirtseff one evening when she first met the painter, whose works she had so long admired. "This ugly little man is an angel in my eyes, and I could spend my whole life in hearing him talk of his pictures. It is really beautiful to understand art and to feel as he feels. And he speaks so naturally. He replied to some remark that was made to-night, 'I always find so much poetry in Nature,' with an accent of such perfect sincerity and conviction, that I cannot forget it now. . . . I really believe I shall end by thinking him handsome! At all events, he has the infinite charm which belongs to men of real power and greatness, who are conscious of their worth without any conceit or nonsense."

In 1887, he left his old atelier in the Rue de Maine for a larger and pleasanter quarters in the Rue Légendre, near the Parc de Monceau.

But the change in his circumstances had not altered his character. He was the same true friend and good comrade as in old days, and was never so happy as when he could escape from the *salons* of the great world to join a party of his old companions. One such joyous meeting M. Theuriet recalls, in the summer of 1881, when the members of an Alsace-Lorraine society, to which both he and the painter belonged, went down the river to dine at Suresnes. That day Bastien-Lepage was the gayest of the gay. He collected pence on board the steamer for a blind beggar, revelled in the loveliness of the blossoming hawthorns and acacias of the Bois de Boulogne, and shouted joyous songs at the top of his voice, as they went home under the stars. In January 1881, he had been elected a member of the Council of the Société des Artistes Français, and both in this capacity and as one of the Salon *jury*, was frequently called upon to attend meetings. He kept his engagements punctually, but these frequent interruptions were a tax upon his time, and although his first glimpses of the gay world amused him, before long he found the distracting influences of Paris too much for him. His advice to promising young artists was always the same. Economise your strength and concentrate the whole energies of your body and soul upon your art. But it was impossible for him to carry out his own principles, when, at all hours of the day, his doors were beset by struggling artists or by fine ladies who clamoured for his presence at their balls and parties. He became restless and moody, and complained that life was not long enough to satisfy all the demands upon his time. But once he could escape to Damvillers, his cheerfulness and good temper returned, and he looked forward confidently to a day when he might be able to give up painting portraits, and devote himself entirely to his work in his country home.

After his return from England in July, 1882, he finished several important pictures. One of these was his *Rires d'Avril*, a group of women washing their clothes in the river under the flowering apple-trees of a Damvillers orchard, in the fitful sunshine of an April day. Another was the exquisite little idyll of *Le Soir au Village*, the village street in the quiet stillness of evening, with the moon climbing over the top of the roofs and two figures seeking their homes in the fading twilight. A third which attracted even greater attention, was *La Forge*, a small study of a blacksmith's shop, with its glowing coals, throwing a fine

Rembrandt effect of light on the face of an old man, as he bends at work over his anvil.

In January 1883, Bastien-Lepage and his brother Emile were employed to design the funeral car of Léon Gambetta, and both painter and architect walked in the solemn procession immediately behind the bier. Jules painted a picture of the statesman lying dead in the humble room at Ville d'Avray, with the wreaths of flowers resting on his lifeless corpse

Sketch of Gambetta after Death.

and an expression of happy serenity on his sleeping face. "I am not afraid of death," the artist said, as he showed M. de Fourcaud his picture. "It is nothing to die; but the question is, which of us will live in the remembrance of the world? . . . Ah! well, let us do our work honestly and leave the rest." He little dreamt then how near death was, and how little more time was left him for work.

The cold was severe at the time. Jules caught a chill painting in the

dark little room at Ville d'Avray and went home ill. For some time past he had been ailing, and now he was laid up for several weeks with acute rheumatic pains. But as soon as he was fit to work, he began a new open-air picture, and sat out in the garden painting, wrapt up in rugs, for whole days together. This time his theme was that of rustic courtship, a subject after his own heart. The simple tale is charmingly told. It is a spring evening in Damvillers, and the church spire and village roofs are seen on the rising ground behind the garden hedge where the peasant-girl is hanging out her clothes to dry. A lad of twenty has left his work to bring his sweetheart a flower, and lingers at her side with downcast eyes. He has something more to say; but words are hard to find, and he leans on the stile with a shamefaced look on his honest face and twists his fingers together in clumsy silence. The girl's face is turned away. We only see the outline of her cheek, the hand holding the flower, and the back of her head with the short plaits of hair falling on her neck. Yet every line reveals the thoughts that are passing in her mind, the new and confused emotions that are stirring in her breast. And all around the hedges are breaking into flower, the orchards blossom under a pearly sky, and the old earth smiles in its spring loveliness on this young dream of love.

Early in March, M. Theuriet and another friend went down to Damvillers in answer to the painter's pressing invitation, to see his picture before it started for Paris. The whole family—grandfather, mother, and sons—met them at the door and gave them a hearty welcome. The next day they saw *L'Amour au Village* and a new picture, *Le Petit Ramoneur*, on which he was then engaged. He had painted the little chimney-sweep in all his blackness, eating his roll with evident enjoyment, and throwing crumbs to the cats, who watch his proceedings with friendly attention and a keen eye to their own interests. The snow still lay thick on the ground, but the beeches were budding and the larks sang of coming spring. Bastien-Lepage took long walks in the woods with his friends and talked freely of his future plans. He had bought a neighbouring orchard and meant to build a châlet, where his friends might come and spend the summer and share the pleasures of his rural retreat. And he discussed the criticisms which had been made on his *Père Jacques* in the last Salon, and defended himself from the charge of

want of atmosphere and perspective, which was often brought against his open-air pictures. "Here we are in a wood," he said, "and as yet there are no leaves on the boughs, but you see how little the figure stands out from the thick growth of trees and brushwood. There is a great deal of prejudice, depend upon it, in the fault which people find with the perspective of my open-air pictures. It is the criticism of men who have never looked at a landscape, except when they are sitting down. Then you see more of the sky, and trees and houses or living beings stand out sharply, and the effect of greater distance and wider atmosphere is naturally given. But this is not the ordinary way in which we look at the landscape. We see it when we are on our feet, and then objects, both animate or inanimate, instead of standing out against the sky, are seen in profile against the trees, or the fields, and mingle with the background, which seems to come forward. The fact is, we must renew the training of the eye by looking at things as they are in nature, instead of accepting the theories and conventions of the schools and studio as absolute truths."

The evenings of M. Theuriet's visit were spent in cheerful talk and round games, in which Jules took care that his grandfather should always hold the best cards and took the greatest delight in the old man's childish pleasure at his good luck. The painter himself had never seemed in better spirits, and before the party broke up, he insisted on etching a plate, in which the whole group was represented listening to the recital of a fable of La Fontaine, by one of the guests. When his friends returned to Paris, he made them promise to come back the following September and spend a long holiday at Damvillers.

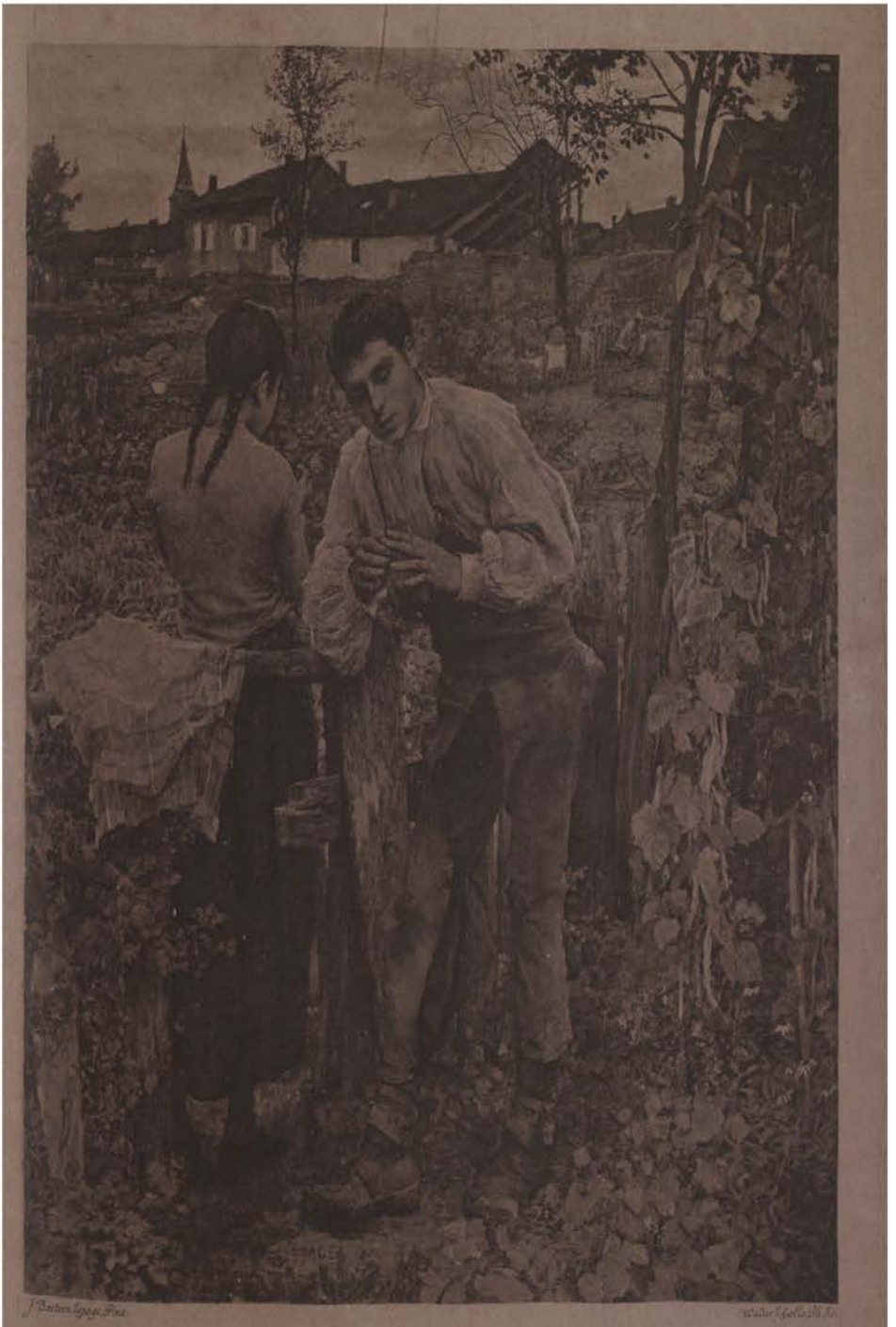
VI

A few weeks later, *L'Amour au Village* appeared at the Salon, and was greeted with acclamation. The shy young girl was declared to be a poem in herself, the painting of her fair head and of the lad's torn gaiters was applauded as a marvel of execution. So unanimous was the verdict of approval, that scarcely one critic noticed the real fault of the

picture, the peculiar tint of pale green in which the background is painted, a colour commonly used by the artist, which here strikes the eye as at once too uniform and too prominent. Bastien-Lepage's name was on every lip that summer, but the painter himself was missed from the circles where his presence was most frequent, and he was supposed to have gone home. It only transpired later that he was already suffering from the terrible disease which ended his life, and that after undergoing a serious operation for cancer, he had been sent for change of air to Concarneau in Brittany. Here he spent the summer days in a boat, making studies of the sea, which he had already tried to paint on his visits to England, and which inspired him with new delight each time he approached its shores.

In August he returned to Paris, showed his friends his Brittany sketches, and appeared once or twice in Madame Bashkirtseff's *salon*. His good spirits deceived others, and he spoke with great earnestness of the works which he meant to paint during the winter. One was to be the Shepherds on their way to Bethlehem, the other that long-thought-of *Enterrement d'une jeune Fille*, for which he had already prepared several careful sketches. The contrast between the joy and beauty of the spring-time and the sorrow of death is forcibly brought out in the painter's design. A group of young girls, dressed in white with black tippets, lead the way. One of them bears a cross which has caught in the boughs or a flowering apple tree, scattering the white blossoms over the procession. A spray falls on the bier, which draped in white, and attended by priest and acolytes, is borne aloft on men's shoulders, and the white houses of the village are seen in the background, gleaming in the spring sunshine.

Full of this touching and impressive idea, which had taken strong hold of his imagination, Bastien-Lepage went back to Damvillers in October, and reached home in time to witness the last moments of his aged grandfather. He felt the old man's death keenly, and wrote full of grief to his friends: "You have no idea how empty the house feels. Only a few days ago, the door might open at any moment and the grandfather might appear. The sight of his good face was enough. We reason with ourselves and appear brave and resigned. But behind all that, there is a painful sense of blank, of absolute hunger. If only one



Love in the Village.

could still take his hand! Ah! my friend, it is hard, and I have been and am still quite ill. I cannot work, and have been out to-day for the first time, shooting larks on a fine day, in a bright sun, and through a beautiful country, which did me good."

Sketch for the Burial of a Young Girl.

His own health was failing fast. He still struggled to work, but each day his sufferings seemed to grow worse. The letters which he wrote to his friends that winter, are very touching in their tender affection, and in the deepening sense which they reveal of the beauty of

the world that he was so soon to leave. Never before had the sunsets been so full of solemn splendour; never had the leafless woods and the dead yellow grasses been so fair in their pale soft tints. What effects he caught as he lingered at twilight on the edge of the forest, what glories he saw when the dawn broke over the low hills, or the dark masses of rolling clouds swept across the midnight sky! Each day the curtain rose on a new scene, and he could not paint fast enough to keep a record of all the lovely changes that followed each other in such quick succession. And all the while he was slowly dying of a wasting disease. When he came to Paris in March to consult the doctors, he did not know that he was leaving Damvillers for the last time. His friends found him terribly altered, and the weary look in his eyes told them how much he had suffered. But he tried to talk cheerfully, and said, as he showed them his last drawings, "When people see these at George Petit's, they will say after all little Bastien knew how to paint landscape when he chose!"

A journey to Algiers was recommended, and his "valiant little mother," as he called her, who had never left home except for a few days, at once prepared to accompany him. They reached Algiers when the spring was in its full beauty, and at first the change seemed to relieve his pain. He wrote long letters to his friends in Paris, describing the luxuriant wealth of vegetation, the orange and lemon and palm trees in his garden, and the delicate tints of rose and pearl in the white walls of the old Arab town on the green hillside, with the blue sea beyond. The Arabs, too, filled him with admiration. He was never tired of watching their splendid forms, and calm and noble bearing. "They are knaves, people tell me. What does it matter? They are beautiful. . . Each of them wears his *burnous* draped in a fashion peculiar to himself. There again you see the triumph of truth over conventional arrangement. The sorrowful man, whether he knows it or not, never puts on his clothes in the same way as the gay. Beauty, I am convinced, is absolute truth, neither to the right nor to the left, but straight before us." Soon, he adds, he will be able to paint again, and then what studies he will have to bring home! But his sufferings returned, and his strength failed as the summer heats came on. His brother joined him in Algiers, and told him of the great success which had attended

Sketch for the Burial of a Young Girl.

the exhibition of his recent works at Petit's gallery that spring, and of the admiration which his *Forge* had excited at the Salon. All Paris was talking of his pictures, and longing to see him back again. Late in June they brought him home. He bore the journey well, but by this time all hope of recovery had vanished, and the next six months were one long struggle with increasing pain and weakness. Yet he longed to paint more than ever, and often said how gladly he would give up everything for three months of health and power to work. "What beautiful pictures I could paint now," he said to his Russian friend, Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch, "if only I had strength to work. I have learnt a great deal since I left off painting, and have done nothing but think about it." But his painting days were over. The last drawing that he ever made was a portrait of himself in pencil, as he lay in bed, with long hair and sunken eyes, a mere shadow of his former self.

His Russian friend, Marie Bashkirtseff and her mother paid him frequent visits, and drove with him on fine days in the Bois de Boulogne. This brilliant Russian girl, who had long been one of the warmest admirers of Bastien-Lepage's genius, and whose own picture had met with great success at the Salon of that year, was herself dying of consumption. She was just twenty, and had all that the world could give. And now that she seemed to be entering on a great career, like him she was stricken with mortal disease. No wonder that a bond of more than common sympathy drew the two together in these last weeks of their lives. "He is dying," wrote Marie in her journal on the 1st of October. "When you are as far gone as that, you cease to care for earthly things. Already his soul soars above us. I only go to see him from habit. He is but a shadow, and I too am half a shadow. My presence is no longer of use to him. I cannot bring back the light to his eyes. But he is glad to see me." When she became too ill to leave home, Bastien-Lepage came to see her, and was carried upstairs to the large drawing-room in Madame Bashkirtseff's house. The change seemed to do him good; he talked with Marie of art and books, and liked to look at the dark-eyed girl with her wealth of fair hair lying there wrapt in soft folds of white lace and plush. The sight of these different tints of white recalled the pictures which he had painted in the days of health and strength. "Ah! if I could but paint now!" he cried. The 20th of October was a glorious

autumn day. Bastien-Lepage came as usual, supported by his brother. But once on the couch, his strength was utterly exhausted. "And to think," wrote Marie in her journal that evening, "how many *concierges* are in rude health." They never met again. Eleven days afterwards Marie Bashkirtseff was dead. Bastien-Lepage lingered on five weeks longer. On the night of the 9th of December he was very wakeful, and talked to his mother and brother of Damvillers and of the old home, which was ever present to his mind. At last the clock struck four, and he said with a smile "It is time for children to go to sleep." When he woke, his sight was already dim, and his limbs were growing stiff. Towards evening the long agony was over, and his eyes closed in the last sleep.

Two days afterwards his remains were taken to Damvillers. The whole population of the village joined in the funeral procession, and followed the painter to his resting place in the little churchyard, where the last wild flowers of the year were mingled with the laurel wreaths which lay thick upon the sod. An apple-tree was planted by his mother on the spot, and each year as spring comes round the white blossoms which the painter loved so well fall like snow upon his grave. Five years afterwards a statue of Bastien-Lepage was set up by the roadside at Damvillers. It was the work of his friend, the great sculptor Auguste Rodin, and no more living image was ever carved in stone. The painter stands there in his short coat and cape, looking over the fields and orchards of his home. His brush and palette are in his hand, his glance is as keen, his step as resolute as of old. The peasants who see that familiar form say that he seems to live again, and to be watching them as they go to and fro at their work.

In the spring after Bastien-Lepage's death, a complete exhibition of his works was held at the Hotel de Chimay, close to l'Ecole des Beaux Arts. All his great pictures were there, with the single exception of *Jeanne d'Arc*, which could not be brought across the Atlantic in time. All his wonderful little portraits were there too, and all the chief drawings and studies he had left behind him, from the canvas of *La Source*, which had been struck by a shell during the Siege of Paris, down to his last sketch of the moon rising over the sea in Algiers.

The critics who had called him a mere realist, saw with wonder all the poetry which this man had found in the skies and in the fields. They

The Chimney Sweep.

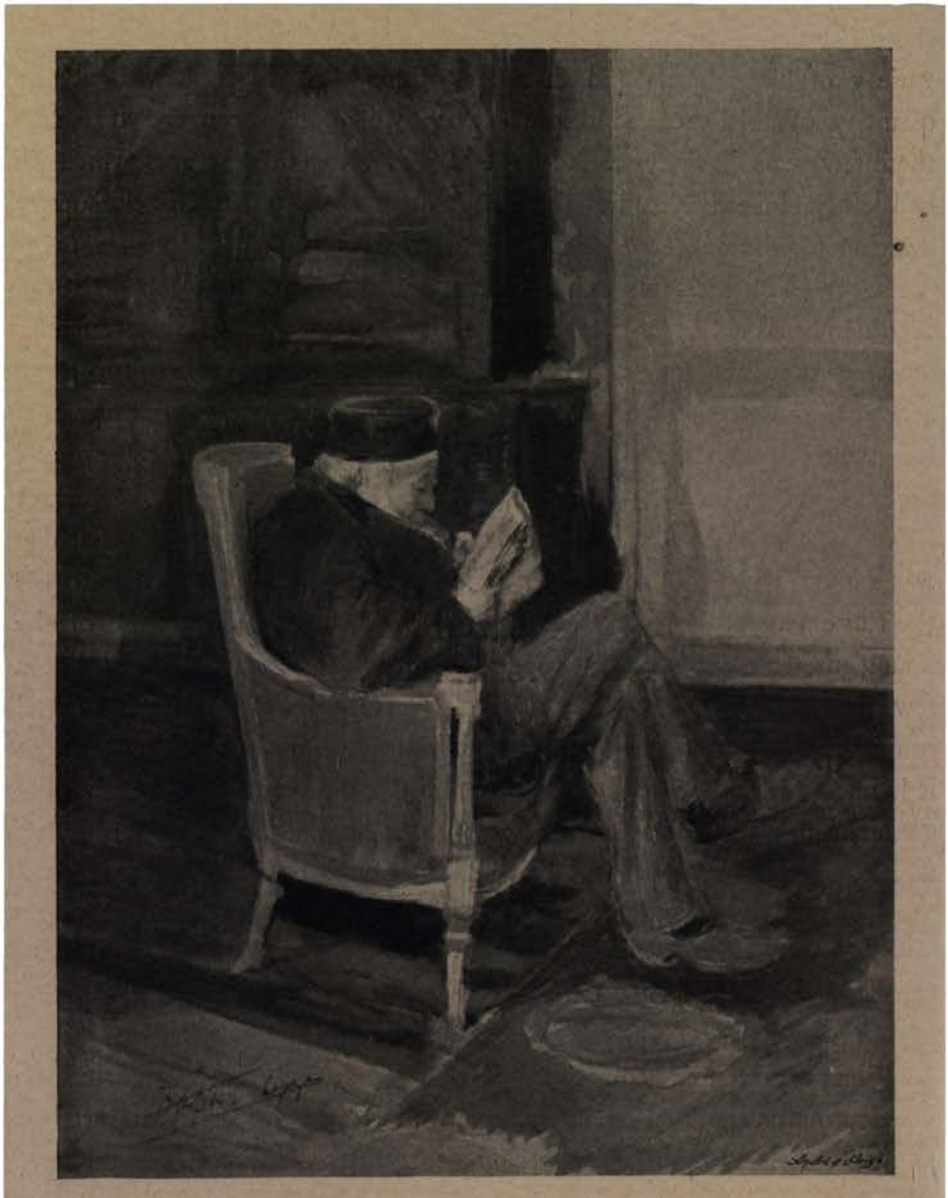
saw his *Orpheus* and his *Ophelia*, his *Andromeda* and his *Angel of the Annunciation* side by side with the haymakers and potato gatherers of Damvillers, the docks of London and the seas of the wild Breton shore, by the landscapes of his own Lorraine, and they marvelled at the variety of his subjects and diversity of his styles, as much as at the quantity of brilliant and original work which had been crowded into these few years. They saw, too, the sketches for the pictures which he had left undone, the studies for his great *Entombment*, the lovely sunrise drawing for the *Shepherds of Bethlehem*, and the designs for the *Burial of a Young Girl*, which was to have been his picture for the Salon of 1885. And hanging on the same wall, in startling contrast with these touching drawings which tell of sorrow and death, was the lifelike portrait of the artist painted by his own hand. There we saw him in all the vigour of his manhood, with the frank gaze and thoughtful brow, the keen eye and the anxious expression which marked the countenance of this earnest seeker after truth. Sad as the sight was, for Bastien-Lepage that day was a great triumph. Then for the first time, the world began to see the full extent of its loss, and realise all the power and promise of the young master who had been cut off in his prime. Had he lived but a few more years, there can be little doubt that he would have painted some greater and more dramatic picture than he had done before. But it is idle to speculate when death has said the last word. We can only gather up what remains, and be thankful for the fine and thoughtful work which he has left behind.

VII

The general impression left by Bastien Lepage's work confirms the honesty of his repeated declaration that he had no object in his art but truth. "*Faisons vrai!*" was the motto which he himself would have wished to see inscribed over his pictures. Truth—as Mr. Ruskin said of those earnest young Englishmen whom the French master resembled in his closeness of observation and intensity of feeling—Truth was the vital power of his art, his armour and his watchword.

"There is only one to be admired," said Bastien Lepage, "that is

Nature. There is only one art and that is to reproduce Nature." The consequence of this simple faith, which was complicated in his own mind



The Artist's Grandfather. From a water-colour drawing.

by no æsthetic considerations, was that his works are remarkable for their veracity. This veracity is of a very comprehensive kind. It does not

attach itself to any special department of nature, but includes everything that he attempts to represent. But although a realist of a very decided kind, Bastien-Lepage is not to be classed among the men who despise artistic selection and have a positive aversion for beauty. It is true that beauty is never his primary aim, but it is none the less present in his works and was seldom absent from his thoughts. No one can read his letters without feeling how keenly alive he was to natural beauty and what keen delight he took in all its varied forms. In his eyes the word no doubt may have had a wider meaning, and his idea of beauty may not have been the same as ours. He found beauty alike in the subtle expression of a human face, and in the ploughed fields under the gray skies of autumn, and to make others feel this pathos and poetry by a perfectly faithful rendering was the whole of his aim.

"At the present time," he said one day to M. Theuriet, "we have a number of very clever artists, but for all our skill, our painting for the most part, only serves to amuse people. It does not lay hold of them, because we ourselves do not paint with conviction. We must change our ways if any of our work is to live. We must try to see and reproduce that inmost radiance which lies at the heart of things, and which is the only true beauty, because it is the life."

Again, in spite of his careful fidelity to nature and anxiety to follow her as closely as possible his work was no mere photographic reproduction of life. He would not adopt conventional arrangements of composition or "prettify types," but he brought the eye of a true artist to the study of natural fact.

This is best proved by the great variety of his execution, more minutely truthful in one picture than in another, and ever careful to note the objects on which he desired to fix the spectator's attention. At the same time Bastien-Lepage's work is not free from defects in this direction. In his eager desire to be truthful, and to reproduce every part of nature, he too often sacrificed general effect, and allowed the essential facts to become obscured by a mass of detail. This tendency, which weakens the impression of some of his finest pictures, would, there can be little doubt, have been gradually overcome, if he had lived longer, and his work would have gained in proportion.

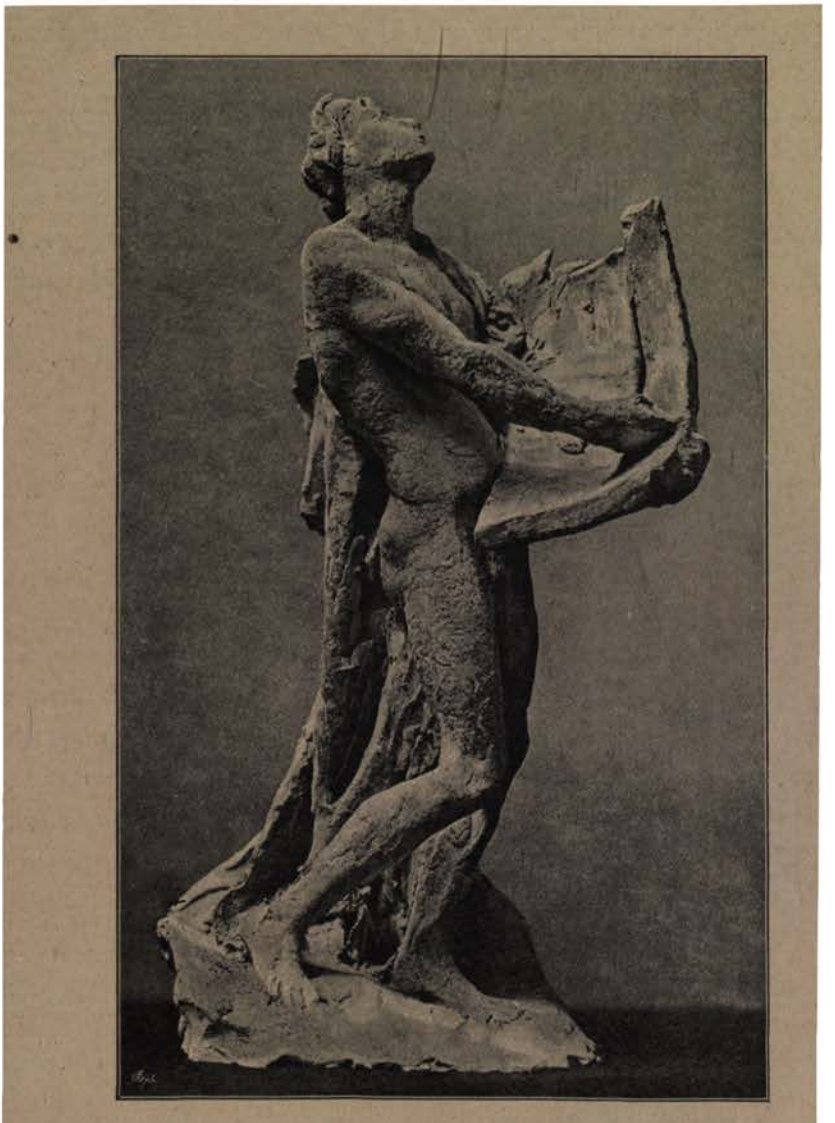
The wide range of Bastien-Lepage's art, and his proficiency in

different branches of painting has been sufficiently proved. But he also worked in other materials, and tried his hand both at modelling and etching. Three sketches by him in clay remain. One is an impressive portrait-bust of his father, modelled by him after Claude Bastien-Lepage's death and cast in bronze. The second is a figure of Jeanne d'Arc as a shepherdess leaning upon her crook. The third and finest of the group is a small statuette of Orpheus with his lyre, which Sarah Bernhardt held in her hand when her portrait was painted. There it appears as a statuette, and it has accordingly been usually described as some rare antique, belonging to the actress, whereas it was, in point of fact, the painter's own work.

In his later years Bastien-Lepage devoted some attention to etching, and executed as many as twenty plates.

"These, however," writes Mr. Hamerton, "are relatively of very slight importance. Bastien-Lepage never attained to much manual power as an etcher, and in fact, at the time of his death, was in this art like a skater who has not yet felt the edge of his skate. I believe he would have mastered the art later, if he had lived to pursue it. The two best plates he has left are one in dry point of Theuriet, the novelist, and his family and a portrait of Rodin, the sculptor. I may also mention a peasant-girl seen from behind. She is holding a rake and is standing in a landscape characteristic of Eastern France, with thin poplars standing three by three, and most of their branches lopped off. There are also two or three plates of peasants at work in rural occupations. However, I do not insist upon Bastien-Lepage's merits as an etcher. He was no more than an experimentalist in the art, though his experiments were in the right direction, and he did not waste time in useless labour. His pen-drawings are good painter's pen-drawings, though they do not resemble the technical displays of the clever modern specialists in pen-draughtsmanship. In water-colour he has left a remarkable sketch portrait of his grandfather reading his newspaper in a gray arm-chair near a book-case. In this sketch the whole of the background is as much suggested as the characteristic figure, but nothing is realised. It is an excellent example of genuine sketching in water-colour, without any attempt to rival oil, and without the employment of body-colour

for the lights, all of which are reserved. The colour, which is excellent, is chiefly in grays and browns, passing in places into violet and pale blue, and there is very little definition, though everything is suggested.



Statuette of Orpheus.

It is technically nearer to Turner's water-colour sketching than to such definite drawing as we see, for instance, in the artist's portrait of M. Emile Bastien-Lepage. All his drawings, including his water-colours, have the valuable quality of stopping short in time. In oil,

he was able to carry finish as far as he liked, and yet keep it sound and proportionate throughout. In a word, he was a master of oil-painting and sufficiently a master of other graphic arts for his own purposes."

It is hardly to be expected that the art of Bastien-Lepage will find favour with the critics of a school which resents the presence of ideas in painting as an intrusion, and sees no excellence in finish. But to speak of the master of Damvillers as a mere *salonnïer*, who painted

Rouna the Lamp.

pictures for the sake of exhibition, and whose work is of the most commonplace and uninteresting kind, is as ignorant as it is unjust. No artist ever cared less for popular applause or material rewards. No man was ever more faithful to his own convictions, or more single-minded in his devotion to art. Whatever the defects of his work may be, it contains undoubted elements of vitality. It is at once strong and delicate, original and profound. It was inspired by the most passionate love of nature, and distinguished by a complete mastery of means. And this being the case, it cannot fail to live.

INDEX

Algiers, 66, 70
"Allant à l'Ecole," 57
Andrieux, M., 42
Angelico, 21
Anna, Mdlle., 14
"Annunciation," 57
"Annunciation to the Shepherds," 23
Argonne, 32

Banville, Théodore de, 48
Bashkirtseff, Marie, 37, 46, 53, 59, 69, 70
Bastien, Claude, 10, 12, 40
„ Mdme., 40, 48, 66
Bastien-Lepage, Emile, 11, 36, 42, 61, 66, 70
Baude, Charles, 32, 51, 57
"Beggar, The," 55
Bernhardt, Sarah, 25, 44, 48
"Blackfriars Bridge," 59
"Blés Murs," 54
Boston, U.S., 53
Botticelli, 21
Bouveret, Dagnan, 8
Brittany, 64
"Burial of a Young Girl," 64

Cabanel, 13, 14
Castellani, 14
Chavannes, Puvis de, 15
"Chimney Sweep," 62
Clouet, 21
Comerre, 24
"Communiante, La," 22
Como, Lake of, 59
Concarneau, 64
Coquelin, M., 59
Corot, 21
Courbet, 22

Damain, Mdlle., 54
Damvillers, 8, 9, 14, 15, 25, 28, 50, 54, 62, 64, 70
Daubigny, 21
Domrémy, 50
Drouet, Mdme. Juliette, 42

Ecole des Beaux Arts, 13, 16, 17
England, 48, 54
Etchings, 76
Exhibition of 1889, Paris, 8, 53

"Faneuse, La," 29
"Femme Enceinte," 54
"Forge, The," 60, 69
Fouquet, M., 11
Fourcaud, M. de, 8, 17, 46, 54, 61

Gambetta, Léon, 61
Godillot, Portrait of Mdme., 38
"Golgotha," 57
"Grandfather, The Artist's," 15

Hayem, M., 22, 38
"Haymakers, The," 8, 29, 36
Henner, 21

Holbein, 20, 27
Hugo, Victor, 42

"Jeunesse dorée," 14
"Joan of Arc," 8, 17, 34, 49, 70

Karageorgevitch, Prince Bojidar, 69
Klotz, M. Victor, 35
„ Mdme., 38

"L'Absent," 35
"L'Auberge," 35
Lebègue, Portrait of Mdme., 36, 38
Lepage, M., 10, 48, 64
Lippi, 21
London, 48
London Docks, Sketch of, 54
"Love in the Village," 8, 62, 63
Luxembourg Gallery, 15

Manet, 21
Marlborough House, 49,
Meuse, Department of the, 9, 13
Millet, 22
"Mise au Tombeau," 34
"Mois Rustiques," 34
Morot, Aimé, 53

Ophelia, Study for, 57
"Orpheus," 45, 73

Paris, 13, 14, 17, 36, 59, 60, 66
"Pas-Mêche, 57
"Père Jacques," 8, 56, 62
Perugino, 21
"Petite Coquette," 57
"Petite Fauvette," 57
"Potato Gatherers," 8, 46
Pre-Raphaelites, 23
"Priam," 25

Rembrandt, 20, 48
Réville, 25, 30, 54
Richier, Ligier, 34
"Rires d'Avril," 60
Rodin, Auguste, 70, 76

Salon, Jury of, 60
Saint-Gaudens, André, 9
Sculpture, 76
"Soir au Village," 60
"Source, La," 14, 70
"Springtime," 15
" „ Song of," 15
Study. Lady sleeping on her bed, 45
„ Nude figure of a man, 45

Tadema, Portrait of Mdme., 48
Thames, 48
Theuriet, M. André, 8, 16, 32, 34, 36, 42, 60, 62, 63, 76
Tinte, 9, 25

"Vendanges," 54
Venice, 59
Verdun, 9, 10

Wales, Prince of, 48, 49
„ Princess of, 49
Wallon, M., 38
Water Colour painting, 76
Watteau, 15
Wolff, Albert, 42, 55

D. G. Rossetti, pinx. Walter L. Dolle, Ph. Sc.

Venus Verticordia.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

By

F. G. STEPHENS

Author of "Celebrated Flemish and French Pictures," "Landseer," etc.

LONDON
SEELEY AND CO. LIMITED, ESSEX STREET, STRAND
NEW YORK, MACMILLAN AND CO.
1894

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PLATES.

PAGE

Venus Verticordia . . . . . *Frontispiece*

Dante on the Anniversary of Beatrice's Death . . . . . *to face* 34

Found 38

Proserpine 80

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT.

Genevieve. Rossetti's First complete Design. Lent by Sir E. Burne-Jones . . . 16

Ecce Ancilla Domini! 20

The Laboratory 26

Pages Quarrelling 28

D. G. Rossetti 29

How they Met themselves 33

The Artist's Wife 37

Margaret and Faust 43

The San Grael 44

Study for Guinevere and Sir Lancelot 46

Study for Guinevere 47

Ancilla San Grael 48

Lancelot in Guinevere's Chamber 49

Alma Mater and Mr. Woodward 50

PAGE

Dante 51

Girl Plucking Fruit 52

Lucrezia Borgia 53

Dr. Johnson at the Mitre 55

Paolo and Francesca da Rimini 59

Study of a Head 63

Lilith 67

The Lady with the Gold Chain 71

Our Lady of Pity 76

Lady with a Fan 79

Sancta Lilias, which was founded on The Blessed Damozel 87

Two Figures Embracing, from The Blessed Damozel 89

The Sphinx 91

Christina Rossetti 93

Beatrice and her Nurse 94

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

PAINTER AND POET

CHAPTER I

1828—1851.

NOWHERE in Time's vista, where the forms of great men gather thickly, do we see many shapes of those who, as painters and as poets have been alike illustrious. Among the few to whom, equally on both accounts, conspicuous honours have been paid, none is superior to Rossetti, of whose genius doubly exalted the artists say that in design he was pre-eminent, while, on the other hand, the most distinguished poets of our age place him in the first rank with themselves. As to this prodigious, if not unique, distinction, of which the present age has not yet, perhaps, formed an adequate judgment, there can be no doubt that with regard to the constructive portion of his genius Rossetti was better equipped in verse than in design.

It is certain that our subject looked upon himself rather as a painter who wrote than as a verse-maker who painted. It is probable that the very facility, which, of course, had been won with enormous pains, and was maintained with characteristic energy and constant care, of his literary efforts led Rossetti to slightly undervalue the rare gifts of which his pen was the instrument, while, as to painting, his hard-won triumphs with design, colour, expression, form, and visible beauty of all sorts seemed to him the aptest as well as the most successful exponents of the passionate poetry it was, by one means or the other, his object to make manifest. His mission was that of a poet in art as in verse, and, by devoting the greater part of his life and all his more

arduous efforts to the former means, he made it plain that, notwithstanding all obstacles, the palette served his purpose better than the pen. I refer thus emphatically to Rossetti's genius in its double form as well as to the inevitable division of his energies which attended that circumstance, because, while I wonder at his achievements and know how great were the powers he employed, I cannot help thinking that a less complex nature than his would have done still more than, so far as time and space allow, these pages have to report of and illustrate.

Gabriel Charles Dante was the elder son, and, his sister Maria Francesca being his senior, the second child of Gabriele Rossetti and Frances Mary Lavinia, his wife, born Polidori; she wrote some poems and educational books of value, and died several years ago. William Michael, third child of this union (born in 1829), is the still living accomplished writer on poetry and art, and the tenant of a high post in the Inland Revenue Department, Somerset House. The fourth child is Miss Christina Georgina Rossetti (born 1830) whose *Goblin Market* attests her to be one of the most distinguished poetesses of this century. Gabriele Rossetti was descended from an Italian family of some renown, whose original name was Della Guardia, and he was born in 1783 at Vasto d'Ammone, in the Abruzzi, the son of one Domenico, who was connected with the iron trade of that town. Gabriele, a man of culture, whose specialty was in profound studies of Dante—whence one of the names of his elder son—removed to Naples, and held an honourable office as custodian of antique bronzes in the then Bourbon Museum of the capital. This post and all his other possessions were forfeited in 1820, when he joined in revolutionary movements against Ferdinand I., King of the Two Sicilies, which, by the aid of the Austrians, were defeated and the chiefs proscribed. Among them Rossetti took refuge at Malta in 1822, and, ultimately, in London, where he arrived in 1825, and in the next year married the above-named lady, who was a daughter of Signor Gaetano Polidori, a secretary of Count Alfieri, the Italian poet and supposed second husband of Louisa of Stolberg, Countess of Albany, wife and widow of Charles Edward Stuart, the besotted Young Pretender. The wife of Signor Gaetano was a Miss Pierce, an Englishwoman. Besides the lady who became Mrs. Gabriele Rossetti, Gaetano had for his son Dr. Polidori, one of Lord

Byron's physicians, with whom his lordship fell foul in a certain *Epistle from Mr. Murray*, and who, with other things in verse and prose, wrote a sanguinary novelette called *The Vampire*, which still retains its shadow of a reputation. Arrived in London Gabriele Rossetti maintained himself as a teacher of his native tongue, and succeeded so well in that capacity that the Professorship of Italian in King's College was offered to him and accepted in 1831.

As might be expected of one possessing so many accomplishments and whose career had been marked by so much courage, the professor was a man of striking character and aspect, so that when I was introduced to him in 1848, and his grand climacteric was past, and, as with most Italians, a life of studies told upon him heavily, I could not but be struck by the noble energy of his face and by the high culture his expression attested, while a sort of eager, almost passionate, resolution seemed to glow in all he said and did. To a youngster, such as I was then, he seemed much older than his years, and while seated reading at a table with two candles behind him and, because his sight was failing, with a wide shade over his eyes, he looked a very Rembrandt come to life. The light was reflected from a manuscript placed close to his face, and, in the shadow which covered them, made distinct all the fineness and vigour of his sharply moulded features. It was half lost upon his somewhat shrunken figure wrapped in a student's dressing-gown, and shone fully upon the lean, bony, and delicate hands in which he held the paper. He looked like an old and somewhat imperative prophet, and his voice had a slightly rigorous ring speaking to his sons and their visitors. Near his side, but beyond the radiant circle of the candles—her erect, comely, and very English form, and face remarkable for its noble and beautiful matronhood, and but half visible in the flickering glow of the fire—sat Mrs. Rossetti, the mother of Dante Gabriel. He too, leaning his elbows upon the table and holding his face between both hands so that the long curling masses of his dark brown hair fell forward, sat on the other side, his attenuated features sharply outlined by the candle's light.

It is not certain whether the scene which thus impressed my memory was presented at No. 38, Charlotte Street, Portland Place, one of those then very "respectable," but dull, and now much deteriorated

opposing lines of brick walls, with rectangular holes in them, which Londoners call houses, where, on the 12th of May, 1828, our subject was born, or whether No. 50 in the same street was thus signalised. To the latter house the Rossetti family migrated about the time in question. It is fortunate that a "Board" has not, as in many neighbouring regions, changed the numbers of the houses in Charlotte Street, and that its monkey-like activity has, for the present at least, spared the record of a famous family. Nevertheless, the birthplace of the Rossettis will, doubtless, some day be marked with an honourable white stone. Certain it is that they were all born at No. 38, and that in April, 1854, at No. 50, the ardent self-sacrificing patriotism of Professor Gabriele Rossetti found its earthly close. Tennyson's "long unlovely" Wimpole Street, where the Laureate was wont to stand waiting for the

"hand that can be clasped no more,"

and which is close to our poet's birthplace, is not more "bald," than that which took its name from the ill-favoured wife of George III. Rossetti was christened Charles after Mr. Charles Lyell, his godfather, of Kinnorchy, Fife (whose more famous son wrote *The Principles of Geology*), Gabriel, after his father, and Dante after the illustrious poet. We know that his first teaching was due to his mother, an accomplished and devoted matron whose affection was, even to his latest days, ceaselessly acknowledged by her son. Mr. Knight tells us the lad's first school was under the Rev. Mr. Paul, in Foley Street, whence, in 1837, he was with his brother, removed to King's College School, where he stayed till 1843, and received all the advantages of that capital academy; these, however, did not include what are now called "sports," a circumstance which of course had not a little influence on his character in after life.[1]

[1] It has been said that Rossetti shared at least some of the athletic proclivities and aptitudes of British youth, and was accustomed to enjoy energetic exercises. This is quite a mistake, for, although he was in youth a tolerably good walker, he never excelled in that respect. It was an error which has made him appear as a rower; indeed, I remember when in my boat he proposed, because it was in his way, to throw overboard one of the stretchers (!); he never cared to swim, and, if he rode at all, he could not be called a rider. The fact is that, when he pleased, which, until his later days, was both often and long, no one worked harder than Rossetti; but, as a glance at his frame and face amply attested, his energy was not physical. In after life he deplored his youthful neglect of school games and struggles of the more manly kind.

At King's College School the Italian professor's son acquired, as his brother tells us, "an education in Latin, French, and the rudiments of Greek." Italian was, of course, his customary, if not his native tongue; to these collectively considerable attainments must be added a "certain knowledge of German," which was more than enough to enable him to read in that language. After some tentative and rather "boyish" literary efforts, resulting in an experimental drama, and a prose romance or two, one of which was printed by his grandfather, Mr. Gaetano Polidori, Rossetti determined to become an artist. This was in the autumn of 1843, a date which, however, must not be taken as that of the youth's beginning to draw. Indeed, his brother tells us that our subject was even then a member of a sketching club, and the same authority still possesses some drawings made in ink to illustrate a story of the designer's, called *Sorentino*, by means of which, by the way, he even thus early appears in that double capacity of author and artist which always obtained with him. The influence of Retzsch and his once-famous *Outlines* anent *Faust* was manifest in all the productions of this category by Rossetti, as well as all his colleagues of the P-R.B. who could draw, that is six of the seven. Every one of these was accustomed to make designs in this manner. Thus, some of the finest "inventions" of Sir John Millais's most brilliant youth were, with stringent care and delicacy, put upon paper. That influence is manifest in the beautiful outlined design called *Genevieve*, which charms us in this text, and has not been reproduced till now.

There is no doubt that Rossetti's systematic training as an artist was begun in 1843, and at Mr. Cary's then well-known academy, which stood at the south-east corner of Charlotte Street and Bainbridge Street, Bloomsbury. It was a capital drill-ground for drawing from the antique, beyond which step of his training Rossetti did not pass in that place, including drawing from the human skeleton, but not painting. Here, with frequent excursions into the realms of poetry proper, he remained, I fear, in a somewhat desultory mood, rather less than three years, during which period he prepared the drawing of a statue, then demanded by the Royal Academy ere its tyros were admitted as Probationers to the Antique School in Trafalgar Square. In July, 1846, he was admitted a Student of the Academy. "I saw," says a fellow

student, "Rossetti, whom Fame of a sort had preceded, enter the school with a knot of Probationers, who, as if to keep each other in countenance, herded together. All their forerunners turned, as was natural, to the door of the room, and noticed among the freshmen the saturnine, thin, and for a youth of nearly eighteen, not well-developed tyro other 'Caryites' had talked of as a poet whose verses had been actually printed, and whom they described as a clever sketcher of chivalric and satiric subjects, who, in addition, did all sorts of things in all sorts of unconventional ways. Thick, beautiful, and closely curled masses of rich brown much-neglected hair, fell about an ample brow, and almost to the wearer's shoulders; strong eyebrows marked with their dark shadows a pair of rather sunken eyes, in which a sort of fire, instinct of what may be called proud cynicism, burned with a furtive kind of energy, and was distinctly, if somewhat luridly, glowing. His rather high cheek-bones were the more observable because his cheeks were roseless and hollow enough to indicate the waste of life and midnight oil to which the youth was addicted; close shaving left bare his very full, not to say sensuous, lips and square-cut masculine chin. Rather below the middle height, and with a slightly rolling gait, Rossetti came forward among his fellows with a jerky step, tossed the falling hair back from his face, and, having both hands in his pockets, faced the student world with an *insouciant* air which savoured of defiance, mental pride and thorough self-reliance. A bare throat, a falling, ill-kept collar, boots not over familiar with brushes, black and well-worn habiliments, including, not the ordinary frock or jacket 'of the period,' but a very loose dress-coat which had once been new—these were the outward and visible signs of a mood which cared even less for appearances than the art-student of those days was accustomed to care, which undoubtedly was little enough. Apart from all these unconventionalities one saw at a glance that the partial slovenliness of the newcomer was far from being a sign of mere vanity affecting pride and, in contempt for others, seeking to be singular." It must be remembered that Rossetti had all his life been accustomed to meet in his father's house poets, scholars, and patriots of mark. When he entered the Academy he was by no means unknown, many a "Caryite" had preceded him from Bloomsbury, and not a few turned to welcome him to the Antique School.

In that school Rossetti worked somewhat less than was desirable, intermittently, and as if without a serious intention to profit by it to the utmost; nor did he ever pass to the higher grades of the Life and Painting Schools. It is clear that literature, abundant reading and writing poetry were his chief delights till about March, 1848, when, much stirred by the vigorous and noble design of Madox Brown's *Parisina*, which he saw at the British Institution in 1845, and thus strengthened impressions due to the same fine artist's contributions to the Westminster Hall Exhibitions of 1844 and 1845,[1] and, above all, to the pathos and originality of Brown's picture in the 'Free Exhibition' at Hyde Park Corner in 1848, he wrote to the latter expressing the highest admiration of his works, and begged for lessons in painting, in the technique of which our subject had, it is beyond question, made no considerable progress. This appeal was made in such enthusiastic terms that as, with a great deal of humour, Brown was wont to tell in after years, the recipient fancied such compliments were not unlikely to cover an intention to "make fun" of him. Brown therefore, before calling on his would-be pupil, provided himself with a thick stick and sallied forth, intending to use it if need be. To Charlotte Street he went, and seeing "Mr. Rossetti" on the doorplate was partly reassured, but held to the cudgel until the young Rossetti's manifest sincerity disarmed all suspicion and, finally, impelled Brown so warmly that he then and there undertook the office of a teacher, not for fees, but entirely for the love of art, and in order to be helpful to one so anxious and so deeply moved. Rossetti himself was wont gleefully to tell his intimates that the first result of Brown's teaching was dismay, because the subject set before the pupil for accurate and stringent imitation was a group of jars, such as pickle-pots, or some such things, in still life, the uncompromising prose of which did not suit the aspirations of the tyro. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt whatever that to Brown's guidance and example we owe the better part of Rossetti as a painter *per se*, although his will to study with tenacity, and thus command success, might have been stiffened by the encouragement and example of Mr. Holman Hunt, apart from which, I fear the latter-named student was not

[1] These were *The Body of Harold brought to the Conqueror*, a cartoon, 1844, and *Justice*, 1845.

the fittest guide for a genius like Rossetti, who very soon departed from the uncompromising principles of the indomitable friend who had never been, even for an hour, his model in art. Rather had the brilliant and happy power of Millais, one of the truest painters of the age and a born artist, been as light before the subject of these pages. Rossetti was considerably behind his friends. Brown was his senior by seven years, and a thoroughly trained artist, who had exhibited in this country in 1841; Millais was a Gold Medal Student in the Royal Academy before the foundation of the P-R.B., and an exhibitor in 1846; while Mr. Holman Hunt, an exhibitor from the last-named year, had passed through ordeals of practice and training of the most self-exacting stringency, far beyond what Rossetti, although he had never departed from the conviction that his chief function was painting, and not poetry, had submitted to.

Desiring to become a thoroughly trained painter, Rossetti wrote to Brown. It appears that, with greatly increased admiration of Brown's skill and genius, Rossetti had seen besides *Parisina*, and other instances at the British Institution, that artist's contribution to the "Free Exhibition of Modern Art,"[1] which in the spring of 1848, was formed near Hyde Park Corner. This noteworthy and epoch-marking instance was named *The First Translation of the Bible into English*, or, more aptly, *Wickliffe reading his Translation of the New Testament to John of Gaunt*. Painted in 1847-8, it was No. 216 at the gallery in question, where it attracted much attention, aroused abundant controversies, and, above all, allowing for the idiosyncrasies of the artist, was the first Pre-Raphaelite picture of the original stamp ever produced. It

[1] This gallery was afterwards known as the Portland Gallery, and removed to Regent Street, where it survived till 1861. It was originally held in the *ci-devant* Chinese Gallery, Hyde Park Corner, and filled a long, well-lighted brick building standing on a site in the rear of the present Alexandra Hotel, and originally constructed for the exhibition and sale of Chinese and Japanese *bric à brac*. The time not being ripe for an adequate development of that cult of quaintness and strong colour which has culminated in the wildest Impressionism, so-called, of which we are now witnessing the decline and fall, the Chinese Gallery, as an exhibition, came to grief in a year or two. It gave way to the "Free Exhibition," as it was humorously called, because there was nothing free about it, the artists paying for their places, besides a percentage on the prices of their pictures when they sold them there, while the public paid for the privilege of seeing them as well as for the catalogues which described them.

was, of course, exhibited months before the foundation of the Brotherhood in the autumn of 1848, and undertaken while the P-R.Bs. proper were still in their original darkness. A happy combination of Italian taste, and the technique of the Low Countries of the pre-Rubensian epoch, the gravity, energy, high finish, and pure and brilliant coloration of this noble piece had, as I said in the *Portfolio* of 1893, p. 66, profound effects upon the painters of the Brotherhood.

It was in the autumn of 1848, that Rossetti, finding the accommodation of the paternal house in Charlotte Street too limited for his purpose, joined Mr. Holman Hunt (with whom he had not previously been particularly intimate) in renting a studio at the then No. 7 Cleveland Street, Fitzroy Square, a house which stood next to the south-west corner of Howland Street, before one reaches the workhouse. It was, even then, a dismal place, the one big window of which looked to the east, and through which, when neither smoke, fog, nor rain obscured the unlovely view, you could see the damp, orange-coloured piles of timber a neighbouring dealer in that material had, within a few yards of the room, piled in monstrous heaps upon his backyard. In this forlorn quarter Rossetti began his first picture in oil that deserved the name, although, as already intimated here, certain tentative experiments in portraiture with that vehicle had exercised him with more severity than success. Nothing could be more depressing than the large gaunt chamber where the young artist executed two memorable pictures and from which posterity must perforce date the inception of Pre-Raphaelitism of the primitive and stringent, not to say hide-bound sort. Except early in the morning, nothing like that fulness of light which painters now demand was obtainable where the dingy walls, distempered of a dark maroon which dust and smoke stains had deepened, added a most undesirable gloom. The approach to it was by a half-lighted staircase up which the fuss and clatter of a boys' school kept by the landlord of the house, and too often dashed with sounds of chastisement and sorrow, frequently arose; add to these uncomely elements a dimly lighted hall, surcharged by air of which the damp of the timber yard was not the only source of its mustiness, and a shabby out-at-elbows doorway, giving access from the street that, even then, was rapidly "going down in the world." It was sliding so to say, to its present *zero* of

rag and bottle shops, penny barbers, pawnbrokers and retailers of the smallest possible capital. Such was the place where Mr. Holman Hunt, then in his twenty-first year, and Rossetti, who had not completed his second decade, met and began to work out their destinies. The former, who on that occasion left his father's house, was the master of a good deal less than a hundred pounds, being the price, or what remained of that sum, for which he had sold to a prize holder of the "Art Union,"[1] his noteworthy No. 804 in the Academy of 1848, entitled *The Flight of Madeline and Porphyro*, an illustration of Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes*. It was an excellent example which, without the least quality of Pre-Raphaelitism, attested the remarkable skill of the artist and his rare sense of the picturesque in design. He had before this time painted, besides pot-boiling portraits, two or three less ambitious works.

Rossetti was yet, apart from the studio, a member of his father's family, and, unlike his comrade, still, being so young, dependent upon his father, but resolutely devoted to art, that is to say to the expression of the poetry of his nature by means of painting, rather than in verse. It is the more to his honour that, while his facility in verse was rare, brilliant, and great, he had at this period to undergo agonies of toil and passionately to, so to say, tear himself to pieces, while he became a painter according to the lofty standards of Madox Brown, Holman Hunt, and John Millais. These, as well as other friends of his, witnessed the greatness of the struggle and honoured accordingly the

[1] This was the now deceased Mr. Charles Bridger, a well-known archæologist and antiquary, whose *Index to Printed Pedigrees* has proved the value of his services. The prize was £60 or thereabouts, for the winner being a friend of mine, I negotiated the business, but forget the exact sum in question.

[2] Millais, too, had exhibited at the Academy in 1846, his *Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru*, his *Elgiva* (which he sold for £120) in 1847; his picture of *The Widow's Mite*, which, with life-size figures, was at Westminster Hall in 1849, occupied this artist in 1848, so that he exhibited nothing at the Academy in that year. There was no Pre-Raphaelitism in any of these instances, nor otherwise until the painters' contributions to the Academy of 1849 marked their adherence to the newly pronounced principles of the Brotherhood. In March of this year Rossetti's *Girlhood of Mary, Virgin* was shown at Hyde Park Corner, and by Brown, his splendid *King Lear*, which is now in the collection of Mr. Leathart, of Gateshead, and, as a powerful illustration of Pre-Raphaelitism a glory of the English School, worthy to be compared with any masterpiece of Rossetti in his riper days, with *A Huguenot*, or *The Proscribed Royalist* of Millais.

victor of that strenuous self-contest. Under these conditions, and in the studio here described Rossetti began to paint *The Girlhood of Mary, Virgin*, which is, so far as he was concerned, the first outcome of the Pre-Raphaelite views he had accepted. Whether he had adopted them under the inspiration of one or more of his friends, or, as some have supposed, had invented them, matters little. That he took an independent line in regard to art the work in question emphatically affirms; the truth seems to be that Brown's influence predominated in his studies, while the mysticism of his own mind directed him where neither the dramatic intensity of Millais and Brown, still less the stringent realism of Mr. Holman Hunt, had any power. The design was certainly made rather early in 1848, probably before going to Cleveland Street.

How independent that line of thought and art had already become, that is how entirely free from impressions due to any of those artists of power with whom he was then associated, I could not better demonstrate than by setting before the reader a very sufficient, but much reduced transcript of Rossetti's design, made in fine outlines and exquisitely drawn, to illustrate Coleridge's *Love*, and having for its text the wooing of Genevieve—

"She lean'd against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

* * * *

"I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary."

If ever pencil gave the tender pathos and suggested the moving cadences of a poet's verse this lovely drawing, which has never been reproduced before, does so entirely and sympathetically. Quoting his brother's own record, a sort of diary, Mr. W. M. Rossetti tells us that "On August 28 [1848] Rossetti sat up all night, and made, from 11 p.m. till 6 a.m. an outline of Coleridge's *Genevieve*, 'certainly the best thing I have done.'"[1] The drawing was, I believe, produced

[1] The choice instance is made in ink, with a very fine, probably crow-quill, pen, and bears, in a monogram, "G. C. D. R., August, 1848." Not long after this the artist ceased

as the artist's contribution to a rather ambitious body calling itself "The Cyclographic Society," according to the rules of which each member furnished a design to be placed in a portfolio with others, circulated and subjected to the criticism of all who chose to offer their opinions. The design itself was given to Mr. Coventry Patmore who, not long since, gave it to Sir E. Burne-Jones, to be exchanged for a drawing by that master himself. It now belongs to Sir Edward, who generously lent it to illustrate this sketch of his old friend's art.

Genevieve.

Rossetti's first complete Design. Lent by Sir E. Burne-Jones.

To return to *The Girlhood of Mary, Virgin*, the style, gravity, and grace of which are manifest developments of the like qualities of *Genevieve*, it is indispensable to illustrate the leading facts in its history, as the first example of Rossetti as a Pre-Raphaelite out of which naturally arises an account of the origin of the Brotherhood bearing that name. Mr. Holman Hunt has in the *Fortnightly Review* given a version of the history of the body, which, though not quite complete, is, as far as it goes, correct. It is to the effect that some time after the two comrades settled in Cleveland Street, they encountered at Millais's

to use his name of Charles, and thenceforth adopted the style "Dante G. Rossetti," or a monogram, of which there is more than one version, comprising "D. G. R." only.

house in Gower Street, a book of engravings from frescoes in the Campo Santo of Pisa, that is to say from pictures, the purity, energy, simplicity, and poetic veracity of which served as points of crystallisation, or *nuclei* of enthusiasm for the till then somewhat nebulous ideals in art the three men severally and independently of each other possessed. Then and there, or very shortly afterwards, the friends determined to form what may be called a League of Sincerity, with loftier aims than artists generally cared for, a leading principle of which implied that each confessor should paint his best with due reference to nature, without which there could be no sincerity. There was no intention of following, much less copying the modes and moods of the artists who preceded Raphael, nor of rejecting anything which had been attained in art's service since the days of that Prince of Painters. Each friend was to work in his own way, and, if an edifying use could be made of the subject he chose for his art, so much the better, yet nothing like a didactic, religious, or moral purpose was insisted on by any Brother. The enthusiasm of Rossetti prompted the idea of forming a "Brotherhood," which in a very few days was enlarged to include James Collinson, then a painter of domestic *genre* of conspicuous ability and great promise; Thomas Woolner, a sculptor of rare gifts and prodigious skill; the present writer, who was then in training as a painter, and W. M. Rossetti, who acted as secretary to the society. In 1848 none of these men, except Collinson and Woolner, was more than twenty-one years of age. Naturally enough, Brown was solicited to become a Brother, but he, chiefly because of a crude principle which, for a time was adopted by the other painters, declined to join the society. This principle was to the effect that when a member had found a model whose aspect answered his ideas of what his subject required, that model should be painted exactly, and so to say, to a hair. Such a hide-bound rule was, of course, an absurdity, destructive of all art and hopeless. It is not to be supposed that enthusiasm for the right was the monopoly of the leading trio, or that during several years after the date in question, any one of the Brotherhood turned aside from his duty as a member. In course of time Collinson, having painted a a remarkable picture to which much less respect than is due has been

awarded, and, being sorely tried by religious influences and a wavering will, openly seceded.[1]

Rossetti gallantly began and carried out his beautiful though tentative *Girlhood of Mary*, *Virgin*, which represents Mary and her mother, St. Anne, seated at an embroidery frame in a balcony and beneath a vine whose foliage extended over a lattice, through which is a view of a landscape without the chamber. In front of the group six books are piled, each inscribed with the name of a Virtue, while near the volume stands a child-angel, who is watering a tall lily. Joseph is trimming the vine, amid the leaves of which the Holy Dove is resting in a golden halo. The lily is not only the Virgin's emblem, but serves as a model for the embroidery she is supposed to be devoutly engaged upon while her mother tenderly and gravely regards her. The sonnet Rossetti printed in the catalogue of the Free Exhibition describes her as being

> "As it were
> An angel-watered lily, that near God
> Grows and is quiet."

This sentence sufficiently indicates the mystical and allusive mood of the painter in 1848, as well as illustrates the devout spirit which the companionship of Mr. Holman Hunt tended to strengthen while the counsel

[1] Walter Howell Deverell, a much beloved fellow-student, with artistic gifts time could surely have developed, was nominated, but not actually elected, to fill the place of Collinson. He died February 2nd, 1854, aged twenty-six. Collinson became a member of the Society of British Artists, which did not recognize Pre-Raphaelitism in any of its forms, and, being well advanced in middle life, died some years since. What Woolner was expected to do as a Brother I do not exactly know, but in Art and otherwise he lived a Knight of the Order of Sincerity, became a Royal Academician of great renown, and died October 7th, 1892. As for myself, having been stringently trained in the practice of Art, I found the experience thus won to be of great value in the profession of an Art-critic, into which "gentle craft" I gradually drifted, and so remain. In the same profession Mr. W. M. Rossetti has made a position of importance, besides that to which he holds as a *littérateur*. Ford Madox Brown, whose death occurred October 6th, 1893, left a name we all honour as that of one in the higher ranks of Art. It appears thus that of seven young men and Brothers five have attained eminent positions, four of them being pre-eminent, although for years after the society was formed no single member, whatever his position might be, escaped insult, obloquy, and wicked and malicious misrepresentation. The more conspicuous the Brother was the more outrageously was he attacked.

of that artist and Madox Brown helped materially the execution of the picture which, apart from its prodigious merits and simply as the first work of a painter whose training had been both brief and interrupted, I never cease to look upon with indescribable wonder. A little flat and gray, and rather thin in painting, it is most carefully drawn and soundly modelled, rich in good and pure colouring; and in the brooding, dreamy pathos, full of reverence and yet unconscious of "the time to come," which the Virgin's still and chaste face expresses, there is a vein of poetry, the freshest and most profound. Rossetti had no difficulty in finding models whose aspects he could delineate without scruple as fittest for his purpose; his sister Christina sat for the Virgin, his mother for St. Anne. The Child-angel was painted from a younger sister of Mr. Woolner, whose features did, perhaps, require a little modification. The artist's descriptive sonnet, above quoted, continued with the account of the Virgin's girlhood, which lasted

> "Till one dawn, at home,
> She woke in her white bed, and had no fear
> At all, yet wept till sunshine, and felt awed;
> Because the fulness of the time was come."

This passage distinctly points to the next picture of Rossetti, the supremely beautiful *Ecce Ancilla Domini!* for the *Ancilla* in which the artist's sister again sat, and which again illustrates the brooding, dreamy pathos of the painter's mystical mood, as well as the virginal charm of the lady who sat for its principal figure and face, a charm to which *The Girlhood of Mary, Virgin*, as well as the *Ecce Ancilla Domini!* manifestly owe much, if it was not actually the prompting *raison d'être* of both the works. There is an excellent reproduction of the latter in the *Portfolio* for 1888, with an illustrative note by the present writer.[1]

On that occasion it was said that this small picture on panel—it measures only twenty-eight by sixteen inches—is the one perfect outcome of the original motive of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood by its representative and typical member. It is not correct, nor would

[1] It was priced at the gallery at £80, and sold, I believe, to the Marchioness of Bath for that price. It now belongs to her daughter, the Lady Louisa Feilding, who lent it, as No. 286, to the Academy in 1883. There is an amusing note on the selling of this picture in the *Art Journal*, 1884, p. 150.

Ecce Ancilla Domini!

it be just to say more of his influence on that much misrepresented company than admits his leadership in regard to the pathetic expression of a religious ideal. Each of the three distinguished painters whom the world now recognizes (at the time *Ecce Ancilla Domini!* was in hand James Collinson had to be reckoned with), so completely followed his own devices, that after a year or two, Rossetti was Rossetti alone, and hardly any traces of his genius are to be found except on his own canvases. Millais, at least, gave the painter some help in working out the highly spiritualised ideal, which may be described as follows. In a chamber, whose pure white sides and floor exhibit an intensity of soft morning light, the couch of Mary, itself almost entirely white, is placed close to the wall where dawn would strike its earliest rays, and with its head towards the window. A scanty blue curtain shaded the face of the sleeper; behind, attached to the wall, a lamp (such as in antique chambers was rarely extinguished, and supposed efficacious against evil spirits) is still alight, although it is broad day without, and the sun reveals the tree growing close to the opening. At the foot of the couch, Mary's embroidery frame, with a lily unfinished on the bright red cloth which was the sole piece of strong colour in the picture, bespeaks one of those domestic occupations painters have agreed to ascribe to the Maiden Mother. As the subjective incident of the work is the Annunciation, Rossetti intends us to suppose that the Virgin was aroused from sleep, if not from prayer, when the gentlest of the archangels appeared, the light of Heaven filled the room, and the words "*Ecce Ancilla Domini!*" were uttered by Mary in submission to her lot; for it is manifest that *The Girlhood of Mary, Virgin*, was intended to show her in a state of mystical pre-cognition, as became the sequence of the subjects.

How original were the views of Rossetti in respect to the treatment of this wonderfully difficult theme will appear when we remember how other masters had treated it. The Virgins Annunciate of Angelico, Memmi, Taddeo Bartoli, Fra Bartolommeo and others, were, as the *Portfolio* has already pointed out, generally handsomely clad, if not crowned and jewelled, and most of them are enthroned under arched canopies, adorned with sculptures. The Flemings and Germans went beyond this, and expended all the resources of their skill on Mary's

brocade, precious stones, goldsmithery, and even the illuminations of the sumptuous breviary they bestowed upon her. Rossetti gave her no ornaments, except the gilded nimbus, which, as in other pictures, glows round her hair and was kindled as the angel spoke. She is covered from head to foot-heel by a simple robe of lawn, leaving her arms bare, and her dark auburn tresses fall on her shoulders, and, like the contour of her bust and limbs, have not the amplitude of womanhood. It suited Rossetti's views of his subject that the Virgin, who is almost girlish in her slenderness, should have but lately passed out of the adolescent state into a riper one Fra Angelico, whose designs of the *Rosa Mystica* are the chastest and most original of all, witness the lovely *Annunciation* of St. Marco's convent and that other which Sir F. Burton has lately acquired for the National Gallery, never produced a maiden more passionless than this; her earnest and reverent eyes brood, not without knowledge of the pain to come (a point which had been made of yore), upon the meaning of Gabriel's salutation; while awestruck, but not overpowered, she shrinks against the wall, whose whiteness differentiates the candour of her raiment, and contrasts with the lustrous aureole of metallic gold which incloses the dark warmth of her tresses—the unbound condition of which has, of course, a meaning all readers recognize in relation to the Dove which, as in all early pictures of the Annunciation, descends from above, hovers towards Mary, and is indicated by the declaration of the Angelic harbinger. Nearly all the more ancient pictures of the Italian, German, and Low Country Schools, not less than cognate sculptured representations of this subject, give magnificent if not royal habiliments—sometimes even (as if the gentle Gabriel were the warlike Michael) archangelic coronets, armour, and weapons to the harbinger of Heaven when appearing to Mary. He is usually winged, and his vast pinions, glittering in gold, azure and vermilion, and *semée* with stars, reach from his superb tiara to the floor. A stupendous design by Holbein gives a Gabriel all glorious to behold, with pinions such as we seem to hear rustling; while in a voice mighty but subdued, he, robed like the Kaiser and grasping the sceptre of his Archangelhood, delivers his message to a round-eyed and plump Jungfrau very different from Rossetti's, while the fattest of doves appears between the imperial angel and the ponderous maiden. These

figures indicate a motive quite other than that here in question, in which the stalwart, wingless harbinger, who is simply clad in white from radiant head to fiery feet, and holds the lily—an emblem and a sceptre in one—which it is his duty to deliver to Mary, approaches her with a calm and passionless face, which assorts with his noble, unmoved, and undemonstrative air, as he stands erect, and—unlike the Gabriels of Angelico, Memmi, Dürer, Del Sarto, Raphael, Giovanni Santi, Tintoret and Rembrandt—makes no obeisance to Mary, not yet crowned Queen of Heaven. In Tintoret's picture Gabriel rushes into the stately chamber of the Virgin as if on the wings of a whirlwind, and a host of angels follow him to witness the event. There is a second superb design of Holbein (now in the collection of Mr. Fisher of Midhurst) in which the grand angel, with a world of draperies flying in his haste, enters before the kneeling and tremulous Virgin, while his sword-like pinions are fully displayed as he grasps a long sceptre with one hand, and, with the other extended in a minatory way, speaks as in a voice of thunder.

This picture was begun and finished in the squalid Cleveland Street studio. The face of Mary was a just and true likeness of Rossetti's sister, and was painted with hardly any alteration of her features or expression. The face of Gabriel was mostly founded on that of Woolner, whose hair supplied the characteristic form and colour of the archangel's. The nimbus of the archangel is proper to Rossetti's masterpiece like the other emblematic lustres of the design, while there is special significance in the fiery feet of the Messenger of God. The idea of the Annunciation as a mystery, thus illustrated by the namesake of the Harbinger is imperfectly appreciated without recognition of the character of the fire streaming from the feet of the Messenger of Peace as he approached the earth.

While—not without struggles and efforts innumerable and gallant, for Rossetti's technique was, in 1849, in a somewhat uncertain and tentative condition—this picture was in progress, the *Germ* was concocted and put forth. The first number of that amazing publication appeared on "Magazine Day" of December, 1849. The last number (4) was issued soon after he wrote on *Ecce Ancilla Domini!* the date, March, 1850. In this year the picture was No. 225 in the Portland

Gallery, 316 Regent Street, to which place the tenants of the Hyde Park Gallery had removed their exhibition. *Ecce Ancilla Domini!* was priced in the catalogue at £50. It was returned unsold and remained on the painter's easel till January 1853, when Mr. McCracken, a packing agent of Belfast, who, Mr. W. Rossetti tells us, had never seen the picture, bought it for the original price; after his death it changed hands more than once, including those of Mr. Heugh, with whose collection it was in 1874 sold; for £388 10*s.* it passed to the collection of Mr. William Graham, who soon after Rossetti's death lent it to the Academy Winter Exhibition of 1883; at his sale in 1886 it was bought (price £840) for the National Gallery out of a fund bequeathed by the late Mr. John Lucas Walker. It is now No. 1210 in the Gallery.[1] It has been etched not quite successfully by M. Gaujean.

Simultaneously with the execution of *The Girlhood of Mary, Virgin*, and in the same dismal Cleveland Street studio above described, Mr. Holman Hunt painted his famous *Death of Rienzi's Brother*, which only concerns us here because, in the rather grotesque (a term I use not depreciatingly) face of Rienzi vowing to be revenged on the boy's murderers, we have that which is by much the truest portrait of D. G. Rossetti as he appeared at that time. The pallor of his carnations was exaggerated and made more adust to suit the passion of the incident; but the large, dark eyes, strongly marked dark eyebrows, bold, dome-like forehead, the abundant long and curling hair falling on each side of the face, and especially the full red lips conspicuous in the picture are, or rather were, of Rossetti to the life. This fine and important painting having deteriorated in a deplorable manner, has been so much retouched as to have parted with nine-tenths of its historical and artistic value. Not long before it was completed Madox Brown painted a much less startling version of Rossetti's head in his

[1] Here is Rossetti's opinion of his own work as communicated to Mr. W. Bell Scott in a letter dated "Kelmscott, June 17th, 1874. My dear Scotus,—A little early thing of my own, *Annunciation* [this title the painter preferred for his picture when he sold it to Mr. McCracken], painted when I was twenty-one—sold to Agnew at Christie's the other day (to my vast surprise) for nearly £400. Graham has since bought it of Agnew, and has sent it to me for possible revision, but it is best left alone, except just for a touch or two. Indeed my impression on seeing it was that I couldn't do quite so well now!"

picture of *Chaucer reading the Legend of Custance to Edward III.*, and to the present writer described his doing so in a letter[1] dated November 21st, 1882.

The latter part of the year 1849 was not only signalised in the manner above stated, but by the inception of and preparation for the publication of the *Germ*. With W. M. Rossetti for the editor the first number comprised of Dante Rossetti's writing "Songs of Our Household, No. 1," a poem, and the first version of "Hand and Soul," a prose romance in which it is impossible to avoid recognising the *quasi*-nuptial and deeply devout motives of *The Girlhood of Mary*, *Virgin*, and *Ecce Ancilla Domini!* as they clothed themselves anew in words. They are both the prototypes of those legions of poems and novelettes of which the prose and verse romances of Mr. William Morris are the most fortunate examples.[2]

[1] Here is part of the letter in question: "The *Chaucer* was exhibited at the Royal Academy. 50 [No. 380, 1851], at Liverpool, where it won the £50 prize, in 1859; at my own exhibition [in 1865, in Pall Mall], and bought for the public gallery at Sydney, N.S.W. When at Liverpool it belonged to David Thomas White, who wished to cut it up (!); so I got it back from him in exchange for smaller work. Deverell, as you rightly remember, sat for the page [sitting in front, an admirable likeness of our dear boy-friend]; W. M. Rossetti, who then had his hair [*i.e.* previous to his becoming bald], for the troubadour; John Marshall, the great surgeon, sat for the jester. I remember his mother's and sister's surprise! D. G. Rossetti sat for Chaucer himself, and was the very image of Occleve's little portrait. I began the head of Chaucer (Rossetti and I both at the top of a high scaffolding [in a large studio at No. 17 Newman Street, where Rossetti worked under Brown, as before stated], he reading to me), at 11 P.M., and finished it by 4 A.M. next morning; when daylight came it looked all right, so I never touched it again."

[2] *The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, a sort of reflection of the *Germ*, published a few years later, abounds in proofs of Rossetti's influence on Messrs. Morris and his *entourage*. The first number of the *Germ* contained, besides the above, in "The Seasons," a lovely lyric by Mr. Coventry Patmore; Miss Christina Rossetti's versed dirge, called "Dream Land," as well as "An End" by the same; a sonnet and a review by her younger brother; a delightfully fresh "Sketch from Nature," by John L. Tupper, and Woolner's "My Beautiful Lady." In "Hand and Soul" it is easy for his intimates to recognise the outpourings, protests, and introspective lamentations, the doubts, self-fears, and partial despair of his future of the author himself, then struggling with himself to attain means and powers sufficient for his devotion, his hopes, and his ambition. In No. 2 of the *Germ* we find the first version of "The Blessed Damosel," a poem which in after years supplied a theme and subject for one of Rossetti's most important pictures. In No. 3 he contributed "The Carillon," one of the fruits of a journey to Paris and the

It is time to set forth the prodigious influence exercised in 1841 and later by the then hardly recognized poetry of Robert Browning upon Rossetti and the more imaginative members of that circle of which he had already become the leader. This could not be better illustrated than

The Laboratory.

by the cut which, thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Fairfax Murray, is now before us and entitled *The Laboratory*,[1] of which the story is that a

Low Countries, and "From the Cliffs," a poem. In No. 4 his contributions were "Pax Vobis," and "Six Sonnets for Pictures" in the Louvre and Luxembourg at Paris, and in the Academy at Bruges.

[1] The subject for this work Rossetti appears to have found during abundant reading at the British Museum, which, among other results, led to his introducing himself to the author of *Paracelsus* and *Sordello*, by means of a letter expressing the highest admiration and keenest appreciation for that poet's works, then collected under the title of *Bells and Pomegranates*. "The Laboratory" originally appeared in *Hood's Magazine* in 1844, and was reprinted in No. VII. of *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1845, where, no doubt, Rossetti first

Court-lady of the *ancien régime*, who had been jilted, and become maddened by love and furiously jealous of a fairer rival, visited in his "devil's smithy" a lean old chemist and poison-monger like the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, and by the gift of all her jewels, nay, the kisses of her mouth, bribed that gaunt villain to concoct a "drop."

When he had finished the dire compound, she cried to him as in the picture

> "Is it done? Take my mask off! Nay, be not morose,
> It kills her, and this prevents seeing it close:
> The delicate droplet, my whole fortune's fee—
> If it hurts her; beside, can it ever hurt me?"

The original of this cut is noteworthy as the first of Rossetti's completed works in water-colours, materials which he had not, except tentatively, till then employed, and because it has such a bold and original design, and is painted in such brilliant and strong colours that no one can regard it without surprise. Apart from the voluptuous suggestiveness—which was quite new from Rossetti—of the design, the snake-like virulence of the lady's face, the deadly passion of her clenched hand, the eager wrath of her sudden uprising, the lovely brilliance of her carnations—a little paled by rage and envy, the sumptuousness of her bust, and the vivid coloration of this striking little work attest the development of the artist in a way his biographers have failed to observe, although these

met with it and numerous other pieces which he and all his company took the highest delight in reading, and in assimilating to their hearts' content the "scraps of thund'rous epic lilted out" by the painter-poet. It was with regard to poems of Browning's that, at the time in view here, Rossetti chiefly exercised his unrivalled power of reading aloud and the gigantic resources of his memory. Nearly all the P-R.B., except perhaps Collinson, were sympathetic adepts in reading aloud, but none of them approached Rossetti, whose musical, modulated, and sonorous voice still rings in the ears of those who remember with what vigour, spirit, and poetic appreciation the dear comrade of those days took his part in reading thus. As to his memory of poems, that seemed inexhaustible, when nothing was missed in the recital of a *Lay of Ancient Rome*, a longish poem of Tennyson, sections of Henry Taylor's *Philip van Artevelde*, sequences of a dozen pages each from *Paracelsus* or *Sordello*, passages of Dante and other Italians faultlessly quoted, and other poetic jewellery borrowed from Leigh Hunt, Landor, Wordsworth, Chaucer, and Spenser, and stored in the prodigious mind of the poet who recited them, and was destined to add to the wonders of English verse such treasures as *Sister Helen*, *Jenny*, and *The Burthen of Nineveh*. All his life Rossetti was great in reading and reciting aloud, and continued the practices to the last.

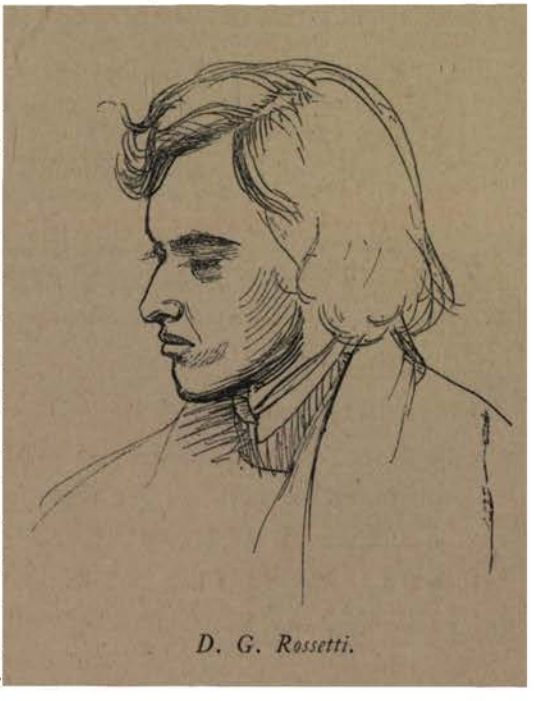
elements are noteworthy in the highest degree. They mark the opening of his second period, they excel in movement as in ardour of all kinds, remind us of Madox Brown, his true master, and, as it appears to me, owe much to what the designer had learnt during a visit made in the autumn of 1849 to Paris and the Low Countries, part of the outcome of which were the sonnets published in the *Germ* of 1850, that with rare poetic force and skill commented on several masterpieces of old art which Rossetti had studied in the Louvre and at Bruges.[1]

Pages Quarrelling.

The Laboratory distinctly reflects the intense illuminations and pure colour of Memlinc's and Giorgione's (so-called) pictures at those places, to which the painter had addressed the sonnets of 1849. In the early part of the next year, he, by way of continuing his share in the *Germ*, wrote a tale of unhappy love intended for the fifth, or April number thereof, but which never appeared, although Millais etched his first plate to illustrate Rossetti's text with the design of a lady dying while sitting for her portrait. Neither the tale, which was called *St. Agnes of Intercession*, nor the etching was finished, and the latter is now one of the

[1] Although it is in many respects the most important of Rossetti's illustrations to Browning, *The Laboratory* is not the first of them. Previous to this he had begun in pen and ink a very elaborate and characteristic illustration to *Pippa Passes*, in three compartments, the central one of which, representing "*Hist!*" *said Kate the Queen*, seems to have gone astray. The part particularized was the original of a water-colour drawing lent by Mrs. Spring Rice, as No. 12, to the Burlington Club in 1883, and of a portion of an unfinished picture in oil, called *The Two Mothers*, which Mr. Hutton lent to the same exhibition. About 1852 Rossetti drew in ink, and gave as a keepsake to the present writer, *Taurello's first Sight of Fortune*, Burlington Club, No. 21, where it was wrongly dated "C. 1848." This work derives its origin from *Sordello*, and is the sole illustration to that poem; it was designed to commemorate the ver's and the receiver's ardent studies anent "Sordello's delicate spirit all unstrung."

scarcest of its kind. Rossetti, too, began an etching to illustrate his own narrative, but it was soon put aside. It was about this time, or a little later, that, wanting to improve his knowledge of perspective, a subject of the Royal Academy curriculum to which he had never addressed himself, he came to me to be helped in that respect. That he was a perfectly intelligent, but not a very diligent learner is shown by the rough sketch of two medieval pages quarrelling here reproduced from among a score of such remaining on sheets of his exercises in the little science. Assuming the airs of a teacher, I had complained that he neglected his work. His reply was this sketch, intended to show what I should incur by continuing to grumble. The oblique lines athwart the feet of the figures are parts of the diagram.[1]



D. G. Rossetti.

Still later, but of the same period, is the profile portrait of himself, drawn with a pen, and here reduced from a sketch which Rossetti gave to our friend Arthur Hughes, whose picture of *April Love* is one

[1] Rossetti had so much humour that he cared little who, if good-naturedly, caricatured him, and he often sketched himself in odd circumstances and conditions. One of these sketches, made in 1849, lies before me now, and is ludicrously like in all its exaggerations of a huge head clothed by masses of dark, unkempt, curling hair, and inclosing gaunt features, a short beard and moustache, large, hollow and "detached"-looking eyes; the head is set upon sloping shoulders rounded by a slight habitual stoop, and carried forward in an eager sort of way, which is true to the life; the chest is narrow, the hips are wide. The artist's attire is the above-mentioned long-tailed dress coat, a loose dress waistcoat, and loose trousers. The sketch attests Rossetti's manner of gripping with his half-clenched fingers the cuff of his coat—a spasmodic habit which was highly characteristic of his nervous, self-concentrated temperament. Much the best description of Rossetti at this period is Mr. Holman Hunt's account of himself and "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," printed in the *Contemporary Review*, vol. xlix., p. 737; the best portrait of him, apart from the

of the most tender-hearted and subtle love-poems in the world, an idyl of ineffable pathos and sweetness.

In 1850 Rossetti completed the famous drawing in ink with a pen, entitled *Hesterna Rosa*, which illustrates the song, pregnant of sorrow and shame, of Elena, the mistress of Philip van Artevelde, in Sir Henry Taylor's noble drama. The motto of *Hesterna Rosa* is :—

"Quoth tongue of neither maid nor wife
To heart of neither wife nor maid,
'Lead we not here a jolly life
Betwixt the shine and shade?'

"Quoth heart of neither maid nor wife
To tongue of neither wife nor maid,
'Thou wag'st, but I am worn with strife,
And feel like flowers that fade!"

The scene is a tent pitched in a pleasaunce and, though a pallid dawn gathers force among the trees, still lit by lamps from within, so that the gaunt and ghostlike shadows of a party of revellers seated in front of the design flicker and start ominously upon the canvas walls. One gambler is seated on a couch and throwing dice upon a stool placed before the group, while his companion kneels opposite and, with a goat-like action, draws between his lips the finger of his mistress, the singer, and *Hesterna Rosa* of the design, who, half hiding her face with her disengaged hand, sits behind him. He is waiting the cast of his companion's dice and will, in turn, throw his own dice upon the stool. Another girl, the mistress of the former, sits above him on the couch, and while she seems to be chanting a merry, perhaps ribald, song, has thrown her bare and beautiful arms about his neck. Near them, on our left, is a young girl holding to her ear, as if to catch the lowest throbbing of its notes, a sort of lute, while on the other side is a huge ape, grossly scratching himself, and thus intended to repeat the sensual half of the *motif* of the design, just as the lute-player repeats the sadder, less degraded pathos of the other half.

already-mentioned and somewhat exaggerated head of Rienzi, is that of the guest, who in Millais' *Lorenzo and Isabella* is drinking from a wine-glass; here the pallor of the sitter's face is overdone, but the likeness is otherwise perfect. Mr. W. M. Rossetti sat for Lorenzo in this picture.

CHAPTER II

1851—1861

In 1851 we find Rossetti removed to a studio on the first floor at No. 72, Newman Street, and in his art likewise removed from those hide-binding influences which inexperience forced upon him in Cleveland Street. The *Germ* having changed its name with the third number to *Art and Poetry*, had come to an end, and with it the central point, so to say, of our subject's life had shifted from the religious and mystical purposes of his first period to those intensely dramatic and romantic, and sometimes voluptuous, impulses which *The Laboratory* heralded and illustrated. The last-named year produced, besides smaller examples of less account, a fine and masculine drawing in ink, now the property of Mr. Coventry Patmore and called *The Parable of Love*, where a lady sits at an easel painting her own portrait, while her lover, stooping over her, guides her hand with his own. The motives and style of this example, which has never been engraved or copied, have even more fibre than those of *The Laboratory*. The lover is a portrait of Woolner. To be grouped with it is Mr. Boyce's brilliant and powerful drawing in water colours, called *Borgia*, for which the design in ink dates in 1850. This little piece measures only $9\frac{1}{2} \times 10$ inches, but it has that largeness of style we appreciate highly in an old master, and a brilliant and powerful coloration as well as vivid and finely harmonised colours proper, especially a rich amber and a strong black, which latter is thus, for the first time, found in Rossetti's work, and a potent element in the well conceived chiaroscuro of the whole. Lucrezia Borgia is seated on a couch playing on a lute to the sound of which a boy and a girl are dancing with wonderful spirit and energy; behind the sumptuously developed and splendidly clad dame sit the infamous Pope Alexander VI. and her brother Cæsar. The latter is blowing the rose-petals from amid the labyrinth of his sister's hair,

gazing eagerly at her, and with his dagger beating time to the music upon a half-filled wineglass at his side. Belonging to the same group as *Borgia*, and the property of the same distinguished water-colour painter and friend of Rossetti, is the original drawing in ink with a pen, styled *How they Met Themselves*, an impressive illustration of the ancient German legends anent the *Döppelgänger*, which is here reproduced from one of the two water-colour versions, painted in 1864. It is now in the possession of Mr. Pepys Cockerell, and was developed from the original.

Two lovers are walking in a twilight wood when they are suddenly confronted by their own apparitions portending death ; she sinking to the earth, stretches out her arms as if appealing for mercy, while he, bolder but overawed, lays his hand upon his sword. Dramatic as it is, this design is not so virile and pathetic as the original drawing. *Giotto Painting the Portrait of Dante* is the most vigorous and apt example of 1852, and with an extraordinary sense of style and largeness in design represents the great Florentine master whom (because of the majestic simplicity of his motives and compositions) of all the old painters Rossetti most affected, sitting on a scaffold erected before a wall in the Bargello at Florence and in the act of painting that likeness of Dante, which, having been discovered by Mr. Kirkup in 1839, is still visible there. The austere poet is placed in a chair, with his knees crossed ; he holds a pomegranate and maintains a dreamy, self-absorbed expression ; Cimabue stands near Giotto and looks at his fellow painter's work ; Guido Cavalcanti is behind his fellow poet ; below, upon the pavement of the chapel, we see Beatrice in a procession of worshippers. This picture is in water colours and has all the freshness and brightness, with some of the dryness, of a fresco. The text of Dante's *Purgatorio*, c. xi. beginning

> "Credette Cimabue nella pintura
> Tener lo campo,"—

is most aptly illustrated by this noble design.[1]

[1] A sketch for it was shown, a most exceptional circumstance with regard to a Rossetti, as No. 7, in a "Winter Exhibition of Drawings and Sketches at 121 Pall Mall, 1852" ; with it were his *Beatrice meeting Dante at a Marriage Feast* (196), and *A Sketch for a Portrait in Venetian Costume* (20). It appears that Rossetti's offered contributions

How they Met themselves.

It is certain that prices for Rossetti's pictures did not at this time "rule high." On the contrary we learn that in April, 1853, Mr McCracken of Belfast, our painter's staunch admirer, gave him the sum of £35 for the masterpiece called *Dante on the Anniversary of Beatrice's Death*, of which a plate from the water colour drawing in the late Mrs. Combe's collection, recently given to the University of Oxford, is now before the reader.

The print shows the motives, design, and composition of the picture, but no reproduction in black and white can give an adequate idea of its subtlety, brilliancy, and colour. The subject was thus quoted by Rossetti himself from Dante's *Vita Nuova*, a mine of mystical, introspective and suggestive matter to which at this time the painter, more than before or since, devoted his attention with great energy. His ideal mistress being dead, Dante wrote, "On that day which completed the year since my lady had been made [one] of the citizens of Eternal Life, I was sitting in a place apart, where, remembering me of her, I was drawing an angel upon certain tablets, and as I drew, I turned my eyes and saw beside me persons to whom it was fitting to do honour, and who were looking at what I did: and, according as it was told to me afterwards, they had been there a while before I perceived them. Observing whom, I rose for salutation and said, 'Another was present with me.'" In the design Dante is kneeling before a window opening above the Arno and Florence, and upon the sill of which stand bottles of pigments for painting, likewise a significant pomegranate, while, beneath the sill, lies with other things the quaint lute alluded to in the previous note upon "Hesterna Rosa." Dante—his attention being called from his task by the officious friend who introduced "certain people of importance" his visitors,—the impression of sorrowful thought still lingering in his eyes,—turns to look at the latter, who are an elderly magnate and his fair, tall and stately daughter. The father's action indicates that he would fain check the intrusive action of the busybody, while the lady, one

to a preceding exhibition of the same series, which was held in 1851 at the gallery of the Old Water-Colour Society, had been, as he said, "kicked out of the precious place in Pall Mall."

[1] Browning, too, in his "One Word More," published in *Men and Women*, 1855, i. 229, sympathetically treated this subject.

D. G. Rossetti, pinx. Walter L. Gills Ph. Sc.

Dante on the Anniversary of Beatrice's Death.

of her hands clasping the senior's hand, thus expresses her sympathy with the sorrow of Dante and her tender regret that he has been disturbed. Among the objects within the room are an hour-glass with its sand more than half run down, a flowering lily stem, a convex mirror (the existence of which at this time is challengeable), a votive picture of the Virgin and Child, and round the wall, a row of the heads of cherubs who, like

> "Carvèd angels, ever eager-eyed,
> Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
> With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts."

Outside the chamber and beyond the half-withdrawn *portière* we see a closet with a brass cistern suspended over a basin for washing hands, one of those quite "impracticable" staircases which, as with his musical instruments, were the despair of the specialists, and, farther off, a serene landscape, comprising a sunlit meadow, a shadowy wood, and, overhead, that brooding, softly-glowing firmament, which, with Rossetti as with other poet-painters, attests the perfect peace of a Paradise beyond the grave. In this way the artist took us from the busy Arno, past the dim, half-lighted room where Dante sojourned with his grief, and through the narrow pass of Death, whose purifying function is indicated by the basin and its appurtenances, until, remote but bright, the pleasaunce of Eternity is discovered to be "beyond the veil," which is represented by the *portière*.

As in the picture before us, the often-mentioned Miss Elizabeth Eleanor Siddall, who afterwards became Mrs. Dante G. Rossetti, appears for the first time in the figure of the compassionate lady, a few lines concerning her may be acceptable. Some time late in 1850 Walter Deverell, going with his mother to a then renowned bonnet-maker's "establishment" in Cranbourne Street (then called an "alley"), and being dreadfully bored while the lady discussed a new purchase with the principal, happened in his boyish and restless mood to glance wearily along the counter to where, in the background of the shop, a group of assistants could be seen diligently building head-gear of the latest *mode*. Among these damsels sat one conspicuous by a rare sort of comeliness, tall, elegant, lithe, slim-waisted, not exuberant nor otherwise of the order

Rossetti afterwards affected, as in the *Venus Verticordia* and other sumptuous visions to which we shall come presently, but precisely of the type we recognize in the compassionate visitor of Dante. Her abundant hair was of a darkish auburn-brown, with golden threads entwined, and bound compactly about her rather small and well-shaped head, which nature poised in graceful ease upon a "neck like a tower," as Rossetti said about that royal charm of one of the beauties his fancy had created. Her carnations, "rather pale than wan," were not without freckles Deverell at a distance did not see, but, under these spots of the sun, her fine skin was even-tinted and smooth, while her features were as choicely modelled as those of an Italian *cinque-cento* bronze of the purest kind. In a moment "our dear boy," as all his friends called Deverell, was on fire to paint this strangely found beauty as Viola in a picture of *Twelfth Night* he had in hand, and for whom the model must needs be filled with an inward and spiritual grace and modesty. For Walter to ask was to command his mother, and that lady exerted herself so successfully with the bonnet-maker, the damsel, and her father—who was a watchmaker originally from Sheffield and then settled somewhere in the Newington Butts region—that the desired sittings were granted to Deverell, who, poor fellow, dying young, never did the maiden justice, nor quite carried out his meaning in the picture. Soon after this Rossetti persuaded Miss Siddall to sit to him in turn, and thus began a close relationship, including Rossetti's falling in love with his model, their engagement in or about 1853, and his marrying her in May, 1860. Her death, in lamentable circumstances and some time after childbearing, occurred through an over-dose of laudanum, inadvertently taken to relieve the agonies of neuralgia. This pain was a symptom of that phthisis which had long threatened the life of the ill-starred Mrs. D. G. Rossetti. Here reproduced is a sketch of her, made by her husband at a later date (? *c.* 1859) than that to which we have arrived, and now the property of Mr. Fairfax Murray, who kindly lent the original for reproduction. Naturally, Rossetti made countless sketches and studies from his wife, and not seldom included her in his pictures, as in *Regina Cordium*, 1861. Several of these examples were at the Burlington Club, 1883; many more at the Rossetti sale at Christie's, May 12, 1883.

One of the most interesting pictures produced, or rather left incom-

plete, by Rossetti is that to which the progress of time and this narrative brings us with the year 1853. It is a work anent which, more than any other by our master, numerous erroneous statements have been made, and yet, *Found*, of the original pen drawing in ink of which, thanks to Mr. Fairfax Murray, the reader has a capital reproduction, is a noteworthy instance of Rossetti having for the nonce departed out of his then accustomed pietistic and romantic moods and entered upon a moral and modern application of design. Although an entirely original work, and, in the touching, simple and veracious nature of its theme, far superior to Mr. Holman Hunt's somewhat analogous production, *The Awakening Conscience*, which preceded it before the public, it is difficult to avoid thinking that the moving and terrible story of the latter work had not much to do with turning Rossetti's attention to, and insuring his sympathy for unhappy women of the class with the fate of whom both these pictures are concerned. Rossetti must have seen it, and could not but be deeply touched. The theme, as well as the intensely realistic treatment of *Found* are completely "Huntean" and remote from Rossetti's mood, which was, if the truth be said, rather over-scornful of didactic art, and thoroughly indisposed towards attempts to ameliorate anybody's condition by means of pictures.

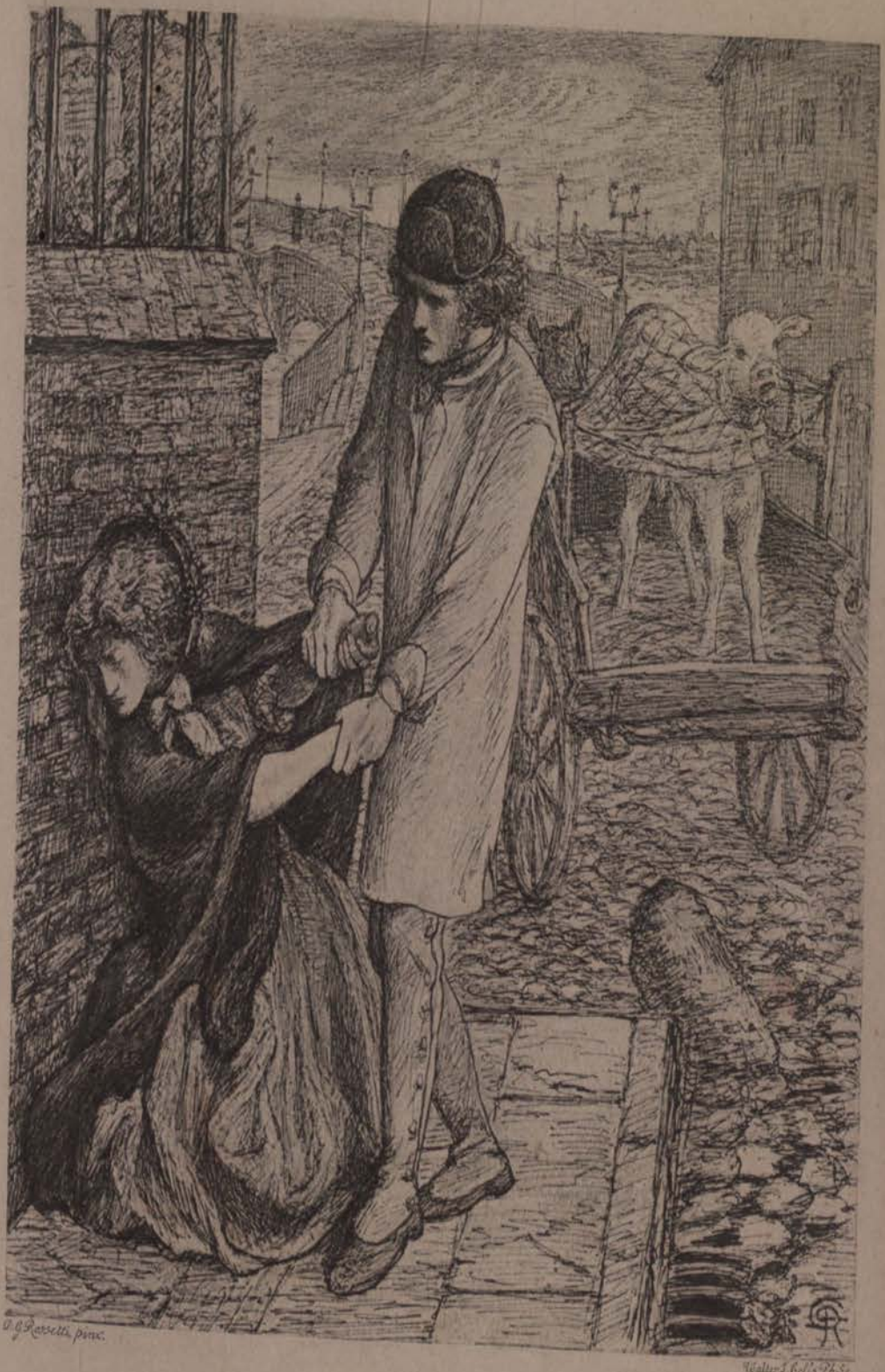
The Artist's Wife.

The incident Rossetti imagined follows, as it were, in a natural sequence that of Mr. Hunt's invention. The latter implied a seduced woman in the house of her seducer; the former shows her deserted, expelled, and, whether self-wrecked or not, a wanderer in the streets of London, while we may suppose the grim Nemesis of her sex was leading

her towards a veritable Bridge of Sighs, where it was but too likely the fate of Hood's

> "One more unfortunate,
> Even God's providence
> Seeming estranged,"

awaited her. The time was soon after the chilly silvery dawn had dispersed the gloom which concealed the victim, and there was light enough to reveal her form to the young countryman, who, driving townwards to market, no sooner saw the still fair face set in pale golden hair than he recognized the once pure maiden, formerly his betrothed, who, years before, had left his village and was lost in London. Leaping from the cart he seized the girl's hands and held her firmly, while shrinking to the ground, she struggled and turned her face away in vain. Beyond this the design tells its own story and we may leave it so, adding, however, that it illustrates the motto "I remember thee ; the kindness of thy youth, the love of thy betrothal," *Jerem.* ii. 2, with which it is inscribed. Rossetti's original idea is expressed in the drawing now before us and some time in 1854 he, having made studies for parts of it, seems to have begun, or intended to begin, the work on the canvas. Several of the studies, squared for transferring, were included in the painter's sale. He did not get very far with the picture, the stringency of naturalistic painting not suiting his mood nor his experience. It was taken up at intervals of years, was commissioned by Mr. Leathart of Gateshead, but, not advancing, never reached that gentleman's hands ; was revived in 1870, again in 1880, and commissioned again by Mr. W. Graham. As it happened, although part of the background was, after Rossetti's death, put in by another hand, *Found* was never finished as the painter meant it should have been. Despite some disproportions, questionable perspective and inequalities of details, it remains a masterpiece of poetry with exquisite parts. It is hardly needful to point out to those who have observed the allusive wealth of incidents in *Dante on the Anniversary of Beatrice's Death*, that *Found* abounds in similar details. Among these are that the girl crouches against the wall of a churchyard—"where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest" ; that the brightening dawn symbolizes, as it may be, peace (with forgiveness) on earth, or in



Found.

Heaven, after sorrow; while the calf trammelled in the net, and, helpless, carried in the cart to its death, points to the past and present life of the girl. This allusion is the least happy of Rossetti's "moralities," because, unlike the harmless beast, the woman had betrayed every one—father, mother, brother, and even the lover who had trusted her.[1]

Rossetti, who was in fairly good health at the time in question, and depressed rather than permanently defeated by the fate of *Found*, now for a while continued to design and paint in water colours, inventing his own subjects entirely, or, when older themes were adopted, giving them the new life and light of the genius which informed them with fresh fire, and left little but the title which was not his own. These themes were mostly romantic and dashed with mysticism, and they frequently referred to legends of the Arthurian cycle, the too-often dry bones and rickety whimsicalities of which Rossetti never failed to vivify, while he glorified them with light and colour. Apart from them,—and yet not quite distinct from the romantic class proper as to their poetic motives and technical treatment,—is a fine series derived from Dante, which occupied Rossetti during 1854 and 1855. Of this number the triptych of *Paolo and Francesca*, which Mr. Ruskin coveted intensely and bought, is to be reckoned. As it resembles a later version of the same subject, dated 1862, and introduced in this text, it is expedient to pass on to *The Passover in the Holy Family*, now at Oxford, the gift of the author of *Modern Painters*, which represents the porch of the house

[1] It is believed that the difficulties attending the completion of *Found* in the oil medium (with which he was then temporarily less accustomed to deal), and the sharp disappointment attending those difficulties, had a good deal to do with the changes of his mood and that "detachedness" which grew upon him from this time. Engaged to marry Miss Siddall, and deeply in love with her, he could not but suffer while her health was frequently broken. When the time for their wedding approached, in May, 1860, Rossetti caused the wall between Nos. 14 and 13 in Chatham Place to be broken through, and thenceforth he occupied, as in a modern flat, the second-floors in both houses. There, in February, 1862, after a very brief period of wedded union, his wife died, after which he remained no longer than, with an interval of lodging in Lincoln's Inn Fields, sufficed to secure the mansion called Tudor House, No. 16, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, where he settled in October, 1862, and where all his later pictures that were painted in London were executed, and of which he remained the tenant till his death. It may be added that one of the best likenesses of Miss Siddall is the face of Sylvia in Mr. Holman Hunt's *Valentine Rescuing Sylvia*, painted in 1850–51.

of Joseph, as Rossetti conceived it, with Zacharias sprinkling the door-posts with symbolical blood held in a bowl by the boy Jesus, while, stooping at the feet of the latter, St. John is, according to his own declaration, fastening the shoe-latchet of the Saviour. "And Mary culls the bitter herbs ordained." Although never quite finished, this is a very pure, delicate and brilliant piece, with motives at once reverent and tender, and as Mr. Ruskin noticed, exceptionally realistic in treatment. Probably efforts made with regard to *Found* had influenced the artist to follow nature in this respect. There appears (the accounts are very confusing) to be more than one version of this example; the subject Rossetti described in one of his "Sonnets for Pictures," *Poems*, 1870, p. 266. The design, combining mysticism with types prophetic, is truly in the artist's characteristic vein. After this came the very different *Lancelot and Guinevere at the Tomb of Arthur*, a brilliant study of sunlight in an apple orchard, where, under the fruit-laden trees (here introduced significantly), lies the altar-tomb of King Arthur, with his effigies all in armour lying upon it, while the queen, habited as a nun of Glastonbury, and her quondam lover, clad in helmet and mail, have met and hold discourse about their former lives and sins.[1]

It was in 1856 Rossetti made five designs to illustrate *Poems by Alfred Tennyson*, which Moxon and Co. published in the following year, an event that, for the first time, really introduced our painter to the public at large. They are works of very great beauty, merit, and spirit, and represent *Lancelot looking on the dead Lady of Shalott*, *Mariana in the South*, *The Palace of Art* (two examples), and *Sir Galahad*. Their style, not less than their treatment, is thoroughly original, picturesque, and masculine, and quite different from any of the other illustrations in the volume.[2] Their history is well told in his brother's book. Some, if not

[1] Mr. W. Morris's fiery-hearted poem, *King Arthur's Tomb*, included with *The Defence of Guinevere*, 1858, illustrates the subject Rossetti chose for his drawing, and owed existence to it. While the catalogues refer to the *Morte Arthur* as the authority for the subject, I have not, although the first to describe the incident to Rossetti, been able to find anything about it in that wilderness of romance.

[2] Being drawn on the blocks direct, the original designs were unfortunately, photography not then being applied to save them, cut away by the engraver. Photographs of these originals, showing how much had been lost in the cutting, were, happily, taken from the blocks in their pristine condition. Such photographs were included in a limited

all these examples, Rossetti repeated in water-colours, and thus doubly extended his now growing reputation. *The Blue Closet*, a water-colour drawing executed for Mr. W. Morris, and now in the possession of Mr. George Rae of Birkenhead, belongs to 1857, and is one of the most romantic and, of its kind, subtlest of the artist's "inventions," which, in the justest and strictest sense of the term, it is. It is hardly necessary to say that the poet-painter had already made the colours of his pictures harmonize with their pathos, this he did even when designing the coloration of *Ecce Ancilla Domini!* in varieties of virginal white, giving the Venetian voluptuousness of Mr. Boyce's *Borgia* in sensuous splendours of diversely repeated reds, blacks, and yellows, and in the presageful gloom and terror of *How they Met themselves*, all haggard and woebegone, in the darkness of the shadow-haunted wood, and in the colours of the lover's dresses. Such harmony of subject and treatment is manifest in Mr. Rae's *Blue Closet*, an exercise intended to symbolize the association of colour with music. Four damsels appear in the composition, two of whom sing. Their dresses are respectively subdued purple and black, and pure emerald green and white. They occupy the rear of the group. The other pair are instrumentalists, and play on a double-keyed clavichord (a sort of a dulcimer) placed between them, while the one pinches the strings of a lute at her side, and her companion pulls the string of a little bell hanging

exhibition of Pre-Raphaelite works which was formed in 1857 at the then No. 4, Russell Place, Fitzroy Square (now incorporated with Charlotte Street). This exhibition had of Rossetti's works, besides the five photographs, *Dante's Dream at the Time of the Death of Beatrice*, an early version of the great picture now at Liverpool; *The Anniversary of the Death of Beatrice*, of which a plate is before the reader of this text; an unnamed example, *Mary Nazarene; Mary Magdalene;* Mr. Ruskin's drawing; *The Blue Closet*, Mr. Rae's beautiful picture, soon to be described in these pages, and *Hesterna Rosa*. The exhibition continued for a short time only, and had nothing to do with that of the original Hogarth Club, of 178, Piccadilly, and later, 6, Waterloo Place, which was not formed till June, 1858, when a similar exhibition to the above was set up. These designs for woodcuts were not the first of Rossetti's making; that distinction belongs to a charming illustration of Mr. Allingham's "Maids of Elfin Mere," published with *The Music Master*, 1855, and very much injured in the cutting. It represents three damsels clothed in white, who came

> "With their spindles every night;
> Two and one, and three fair maidens,
> Spinning to a pulsing cadence,
> Singing songs of Elfen-mere."

next to the lute. The chief colours of the foreground and its figures are those of the black-and-gold tapestry over the clavichord, the gold of the musical instruments, the white and crimson of the lute-player's garments, the scarlet, green, and white of those of her companion. As to the association of colour with music—of which this drawing is a subtle instance, more recondite than any of those examples where several old masters, and especially Rossetti himself, had made the coloration of their pictures subserve the pathetic expressiveness of their subjects—we may notice that the sharp accents of the scarlet and green seem to go with the sound of the bell ; the softer crimson, purple, and white accord with the throbbing notes of the lute and the clavichord, while the dulcet, flute-like voices of the girls appear to agree with those azure tiles on the walls and floor which gave to this fascinating drawing its name of *The Blue Closet*. *The Wedding of St. George*, another design in water-colours, likewise belonging to Mr. Rae, gives play of colour with sharp notes of red, yellow, and blue in contrast, and thus suggests the clashing of the joy-bells hanging in the background, which are struck with hammers by two very quaint attendant angels. The lovers are embracing after the combat which has delivered the lady from the clutches of the dragon. St. George's gilded corselet glows under his surcoat of scarlet, and the Princess's black tresses stream past her ardent face as she nestles to his breast. The champion's brooding looks (he was probably painted from Mr. W. Morris) indicate the danger he has undergone ; while the green and scaly head of the dragon, with red eyes of wrathful bloodthirstiness, is, as Rossetti was wont to say, conveniently packed in a case for despatch to Cappadocia.

The next illustration of our narrative finds a place here. It represents the prison scene in *Faust*, where the hero of Goethe's drama goes to the cell where, waiting an ignominious death because she had murdered her infant, Margaret is confined. By the aid of Mephistopheles he had provided means for her escape, but she, maddened by terror and love, passionately embraces him, and neglects his entreaties that she would seize the opportunity for flight. At the last moment the Tempter appears, as in the design, and vainly urges that it will soon be too late, and the executioners will arrive. The drawing has been kindly lent by Mr. Arthur Hughes, to whom Rossetti gave it long ago.

The Damsel of the Sangrael refers to the picture in the Union Room at Oxford, as described below, and now comes under notice. It was painted for Mr. W. Morris in 1857, and now belongs to Mr. Rae, to whom we owe much for leave to reproduce a characteristic work of the period in question, when Rossetti was deeply interested in the *Mort Arthur*,

Margaret and Faust.

of which, apart from Mr. Morris's passion for that romance, the nebulous splendours and fervours exactly suited the mood of the painter. The drawing shows a full-length figure of a damsel with dreamy eyes and com-

The San Grael.

posed lips, standing erect and still, and as if aloof from the world, her tresses spreading wide upon her shoulders, while she holds in one hand the sacramental cup, that very chalice of the raptures of Sir Galahad and his comrades of the Round Table, implying the

"Blessed Vision, Blood of God!"

which the champions sought to find somewhere upon this earth. It is a "romantic" (the painter's own term), rather than a mystically inspired version of a theme which hardly lends itself to art, and it is difficult to believe that Rossetti spontaneously attempted to deal with it.

In the next cuts the reader has transcripts of some original designs, which Mr. Fairfax Murray has kindly lent, for one of the unfortunate pictures painted in 1857—8 on the walls of the Union Debating Society's Room at Oxford. Seeing that the walls were intended to be left bare, or at best, clothed in detestable stucco, Rossetti, who had long been ambitious of distinguishing himself in mural decoration on a larger scale, offered to enrich them with pictures associated with legends of the Arthurian cycle, such as have been referred to here. His offer, some preliminary difficulties being got over, was accepted, although it was of the most extreme rashness. It was impelled by a rare enthusiasm, and, because of the artist's absolute inexperience in painting otherwise than in oil or water-colours, was exceedingly unfortunate. Neither of these *media* being admissible, Rossetti decided to adopt distemper painting, of which, however, he knew practically next to nothing, not so much as concerned the right preparation of the walls to receive the colours, nor what pigments were trustworthy, nor how the effects of damp, gaseous and otherwise vitiated air upon the paintings were to be guarded against. He procured the aid of several brilliant artists to execute parts of the work, and so sanguine were the company that they actually hoped to finish in about a month, the series of pictures comprising numerous nearly life-size figures in well-filled compositions.[1] The

[1] The artists whose enthusiasm Rossetti raised to the highest pitch in this matter, were Mr. E. Burne-Jones; Mr. W. Morris, of *The Earthly Paradise*; Mr. Val Prinsep; Mr. Arthur Hughes; and Mr. R. Spencer Stanhope, whose devotional pictures are well known to the world. A more brilliant company it would, out of Paradise, be difficult to select; but not even Mr. Hughes, who was the best trained of the group, knew much of distemper painting on a large scale.

efforts of six months were almost ruined before that period was complete. At the present time the decorations are not legible. Rossetti's picture, which was never finished, is not the most dilapidated of the whole; it was intended to represent *Sir Lancelot asleep before the Shrine of the San Grael.* According to the legend it happened that, because of his sinning with Queen Guinevere the ever-victorious knight was not per-

Study for Guinevere and Sir Lancelot.

mitted to enter the sacred building which held the shrine : exhausted by travel and sorrow he rested on the earth outside that edifice and soon fell asleep ; while in this state he dreamt that his mistress appeared to him gorgeously arrayed, and with both arms extended while she held to the branches of an apple-tree, and looked at him with queenly pride and the loving pity of an ardent mistress who beheld the sufferings of her knight. In the air behind this group the Damsel of the San Grael is seen floating,

bearing the mysterious chalice that was unattainable by the impure of heart and frame, and refulgent in a sort of halo of angels. In the sketches here reproduced the reader has designs for parts of this unfortunate picture, the splendour of which, while it lasted, was at once fine

Study for Guinevere.

and intense. In one the Queen, drawn from Miss Siddall, stands with arms extended upon the branches of the apple-tree and contemplates the sleeping Lancelot, some friend or model officiating in this capacity. It is so very like the Mr. Burne-Jones of 1857, that it was certainly

drawn from him. In the next design the figure of Miss Siddall, as Guinevere, appears as before holding an apple; the Damsel of the San Grael is omitted. In the third sketch we have the figure of the *Ancilla San Grael* attending the death of Sir Bors and presenting to that valiant, virtuous and holy knight the much desired chalice and the sacred bread.

Belonging to the same category as the above group of sketches, is the transcript now before us from a design for *Sir Lancelot escaping from the Chamber of Guinevere*, which, though it is dated 1859, was probably produced during the period of those studies in the *Mort Arthur* which bore such splendid fruit as the above instances and *The Chapel before the Lists*, *The Death of Breuse sans Pitié*, both belonging to Mr. Rae; Mr. Leathart's *Sir Galahad in the Chapel*, and less important works; besides two or three potent drawings concerning St. George. Of the subject of the work now before us it will be remembered that the catastrophe of the intrigue of Lancelot and his royal mistress was brought about by the foes who surprised the guilty pair. Some of Rossetti's friends have not failed to detect a satirical element in the rough sketch of *Alma Mater*, the ungirding of a knight with a sword, which, I understand, refers to the manner in which Mr. Woodward, the architect of the New Museum and the Union Room at Oxford, had been dealt with by the University authorities.

Ancilla San Grael.

Much of 1858 was devoted to the execution of Rossetti's triptych

in Llandaff Cathedral, a powerful if not quite successful work which, however, need not detain us here. It represents *The Saviour adored by a Shepherd and a King; David as a Shepherd combating Goliath*, and *David as King*. In the summer of this year the Hogarth Club, of which the brothers Rossetti were important members, was founded. Among its principal objects, besides the promotion of friendly inter-

Lancelot in Guinivere's Chamber.

course, was the establishment of an exhibition room where pictures by its artistic members could be shown in a *quasi*-private manner, so that they would not be excluded from galleries, such as those of the Royal Academy, which declined works the public had previously seen.[1]

[1] This society, which must not be confused with the existing club of the same name, included some of the most eminent and accomplished artists of the day. The first meeting was held July 2nd, 1858, at 178, Piccadilly; later, the club removed to

One of the chief figures in the *Salutatio Beatricis*, which was painted in 1859, is represented by this sketch for the figures of *Dante meeting Beatrice in Eden*, half of that diptych of which the other portion illustrated *Dante meeting Beatrice in Florence;* it was painted on a door in the Red House, which, after designs by Mr. Philip Webb, Mr. Morris

Alma Mater and Mr. Woodward.

built in an orchard at Upton, Bexley Heath. This ascription is conjectural, because the sketch may refer to the *Salutatio Beatricis*, now in the possession of Mr. J. Leathart, of Gateshead. Mr. Morris has long ago parted with the Red House, and the pictures painted there by

6, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, where it continued to meet and show pictures by its members until April 19th, 1861, when it was dissolved. Several of Rossetti's drawings were hung there.

Rossetti; mention of these suffices to recall the beginning of the latter's intimacy with the poet of *The Earthly Paradise*, which occurred some time before the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* was published in 1856, and was fortunate in bringing before the world the glorious *Burthen of Nineveh*, the original composition of which dates back to when, by his reading it aloud, that fine piece was made known to the author's circle of close friends. *Sister Helen*, a ballad royal if there ever was one, followed in about 1855, and was read in the same manner, but during the succeeding years, until 1880, or thereabouts, this poem continued to be improved. Most of Rossetti's more important pictures were, so to say, set in sonnets some of which are of priceless beauty, delightful in their colour, energy, movement and freshness. These poems, and especially the sonnets, are the outcome of a genius essentially pictorial, that is to say, a mind which saw everything—from the rose and ivory of a woman's carnations to the sullen splendour of a sunset—with the eyes of a painter revelling in colour, enraptured by the grace of a perfect curve, and capable of exquisite and sympathetic research when human pathetic expression was in view. In short, most of Rossetti's poems are pictures in words, in which respect there is a close, though partial, resemblance between his genius and that of Robert Browning.

Dante.

The next cut is of an indefinable date, probably *c.* 1859, and with extreme taste and felicity, represents a graceful girl standing at a doorway and, as a sort of Eve of later days, plucking apples from a tree.

Lucrezia Borgia, executed in 1860, comes next in our illustrations, and was thus, upon an unfinished and smaller version of the same, described by Rossetti himself: "*Lucrezia Borgia, Duchessa di Bisceglia.* The subject is the poisoning of her second husband, the Duke Alfonso

of Bisceglia. You see him in the mirror going on crutches, and walked up and down the room by Pope Alexander IV., to settle the dose of poison well into his system." Behind those figures, as they walk in the room and are seen in the mirror, is the bed where the victim is to perish. Lucrezia, standing in front, looks calmly towards them, and, smiling to herself, deliberately washes her hands after mixing the poisoned wine and placing it in the glass vessel on the table behind her. The Pope and Duke Alfonso are supposed to be in front of the scene, and much about where we, as spectators, stand, so that she looks at them, and in her eyes there is a lurid intense light, which is horribly fine, and this illustrates what we have said as to the artist's intense research where human expression was in view. The horror of the subject is enhanced by the magnificence of the woman's form, its stateliness and its beauty. In this picture there is a great force of colour and light and shade, forming chiaroscuro of which Giorgione might boast; the whole is painted in a higher key than Rossetti had, till then, generally affected; it is solid and unusually carefully finished. Originally exhibited at the Hogarth Club, the completed version of *Lucrezia Borgia*, after remaining for a time with Mr. Leathart, passed into the collection of Mr. Rae, whose kindness allowed its reproduction for this text. About the same time, 1859–61, Rossetti began and finished the bust of a young woman, whose face, saturated with passion

Girl Plucking Fruit.

Lucrezia Borgia.

as it is, baffles description, and justifies its title of *Bocca Baciata*, or *Lips that have been Kissed.* Like the last it was first exhibited at the Hogarth Club, and, as No. 309, at the Academy's Collection of Rossetti's Works, 1883. It is in oil, very highly finished, and modelled to a pitch far above the custom of modern painters. I have long reckoned *Bocca Baciata*, although a small example, one of the finest, as it is one of the subtlest and most difficult, of pictures of our age; it belongs to Mr. Boyce, having, moreover, that peculiar importance which attaches to the first remarkable, if not actually the first example of the artist's later, and much affected custom of painting single busts and half-length figures which, afterwards, came to be of life-size or even larger—of women, amorously, mystically, or moodily lost in dreams, or absorbed by thoughts too deep for words. In course of time a generation arose about Rossetti who knew him only by these startling, powerful and thoroughly original examples, and ignored him as a painter of *genre*, and dramatic and biblical themes.

Bocca Baciata and the Llandaff triptych being finished, or well advanced, Rossetti found time in 1860 to carry out in ink the original drawing (now the property of Mr. Boyce) of a very powerful little picture in water colours, which, in the next year, he finished at Chatham Place. This fine thing now belongs to Mr. Fairfax Murray, to whom the reader is indebted for seeing this version of the most humorous instance of Rossetti as a *genre* painter, and wit. Dr. W. Maxwell, a close crony of Johnson, told, among anecdotes of his friend, which are included in Boswell's *Johnson*, that "Two young women from Staffordshire [Lichfield acquaintances, no doubt] visited him [Johnson] when I was present, to consult him on the subject of Methodism, to which they were inclined. 'Come,' said he, 'you pretty fools, dine with Maxwell and me at the Mitre, and we will talk over that subject; which they did, and after dinner, he took one of them on his knee and fondled her for half an hour together." Rossetti, with keen humour, has made one of the "pretty fools" a little piqued at the favour of fondling which her companion obtains, while the latter, demure, but not unmoved, sits stiffly upon the knee of the doctor, who holds forth while he stirs his tea; Boswell, alive to the conversation, sips punch from a spoon, and the waiter, leaning over the curtain of the box,

conscientiously snuffs the candle, and, while dawn breaks in the sky without, seems to wish his customers would go. Rossetti, in introducing Boswell instead of Maxwell, did so by an oversight, or perhaps, because

Dr. Johnson at the Mitre.

a likeness of the former was easily obtained and sure to be recognized in his picture.

In 1861, the painter, who for a long time had had the work in hand, found himself in a position to publish *The Early Italian Poets from C.*

D'Alcamo to Dante Alighieri, with the *Vita Nuova* of the latter, which is the proper and almost indispensable complement to the *Divina Commedia*, a sort of autobiography of Dante in his youth and early manhood, which, as the catalogue of Rossetti's works attests, supplied him with texts for some important pictures, such as the *Salutatio Beatricis*, *Beata Beatrix*, now in the National Gallery, *Dante's Dream*, now at Liverpool, *La Donna della Finestra*, several of which we have yet to consider, and *Dante on the Anniversary of Beatrice's Death*, which has been previously described. *The Early Italian Poets* gave birth, so to say, in 1874, to *Dante and his Circle*, which included and extended the former work, and did whatever a book can to extend and elevate English ideas of the poetry to which it was devoted.[1]

Rossetti's remaining works of 1861 included designs for stained glass, the logical character of which as a means of decoration, none understood so well as he.[2] A few replicas, many studies and portraits seem to have engaged the energies of our painter, while his wife's frequent illnesses, and other grave causes of distress, must have shaken him to the heart, and were more than enough to account for the fact that no serious picture proceeded from his easel until some time after his wife's death, in February, 1862, and her burial in the cemetery at Highgate. On the day of her interment he placed in her coffin, by way of sacrifice to her gentle spirit, a small volume of poems in manuscript, the greater number

[1] In the meantime, although Messrs. Smith and Elder published the earlier volume, the pecuniary results to the brilliant translator and learned annotator were, as his brother says, "on a very small scale." A presentation copy of the book was nevertheless priced in a bookseller's recent catalogue at £5 10*s*., *i.e.* about sixteen times the original sum. The volume announces *Dante at Verona, and other Poems. By D. G. Rossetti*, as "Shortly will be published," a collection which, in that form at least, never appeared.

[2] From the first he mastered the facts that, unlike pictures proper, which are seen by reflected light, paintings in glass, being transparent, are seen by transmitted light, and do not permit the use of modelling in light and shade, intended to give a false appearance of relief to that which ought to be of the nature of a mosaic in transparent media, with shadows, not modelled to anything like naturalistic or imitative results. Knowledge of this principle lies at the root of design in this application, and yet so dense was the ignorance of art then prevailing among antiquaries and *cognoscenti*, that Mr. C. Winston, a great authority as to the history of glass painting, and a first-rate copyist of ancient windows, refused to accept this rudimentary canon of the subject, and sanctioned those illogical and inartistic transparencies, which, vilely designed and childishly executed in the picture-glass works at Munich, offend the eyes of critics in

of which had been addressed to her by him, both before and during their wedded lives of less than two years' duration.[1]

St. Paul's and Glasgow cathedrals. Greatly to Rossetti's influence, though not perhaps to his initiative (about which I am not certain), is due the successful and brilliant revival of art in glass, which has flourished chiefly by means of Messrs. F. M. Brown, W. Morris, Sir E. Burne-Jones, and a few other competent artists and manufacturers, by which the whole art and practice of *vitraux* have been revolutionized.

[1] As the leading subject of this text is the art of Rossetti as it is manifest in some of the more important and characteristic of his paintings, and because it does not pretend to be a complete biography, still less, an account of him as a poet, it will be well to anticipate time, and repeat what has been often told, to the effect that while some of the poems buried in his wife's grave existed imperfectly in other versions, many, if not all of them, were complete in the small volume only. Mr. Hall Caine says that "as one by one of his friends, Mr. Morris, Mr. Swinburne, and others attained to distinctions as poets, he [Rossetti] began to hanker after poetic reputation, and to reflect with pain and regret upon the hidden fruits of his best efforts." After many searchings of the heart, as well as promptings and encouragings from friends, the poet determined to recover the volume from the grave where they had been placed as if for ever. This was done on the night of the 6th or 7th of October, 1869, and in due time the desired verses were incorporated with other examples, and issued as "*Poems, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*" The honours of the poet were instantly acknowledged by all who had not already acknowledged them, and were worth seeking acknowledgments from. The volume which is now scarce, contains—besides most of the sonnets already published in the *Germ*—the "Blessed Damosel," which is illustrated below, the "Burthen of Nineveh," "Dante at Verona" (see above), "Jenny," "Sister Helen," fifty supremely beautiful sonnets and songs, intended to become a work to be called *The House of Life* (two of these were afterwards withdrawn, although they reappear in the Tauchnitz edition of the *Poems*), and a body of *Sonnets for Pictures*, etc., which referred to works by the poet himself, Ingres, Giorgione, Da Vinci, Mantegna, and of Sir (then Mr.) E. B. Jones.

I have often supposed that Rossetti might have found an authority, or example, for placing in and afterwards withdrawing his poems from the grave of his wife, in the record that when Francis I visited Avignon, that monarch caused the tomb of Laura de Sade to be opened, and took from it a small box containing verses which had been written by Petrarch's own hand, and were placed there by him; they were afterwards, by order of the King, returned.

CHAPTER III

1861—1882

WHEN he recovered from the shock of his wife's death, which was not till some months had passed, and he was settled in the large house at Cheyne Walk, a new and energetic sphere of life opened before our painter, of which almost the first output was Mr. Leathart's triptych in water colours of *Paolo and Francesca* (R.A. 1883, No. 291), a developed version of a design which Mr. Ruskin had some years before bought, and which is very well represented here by a transcript from one of Mr. Rae's treasures (Burlington Club, 1883, No. 13).

This is altogether a sadder and more sombre work than Mr. Leathart's. The first compartment represents with extraordinary power the kissing in the garden house ; the second the floating of the condemned pair in the dark regions, where in the irresistible air they roll as leaves roll in a strong current, still clasping each other, and with folded feet and garments all composed ; moving both as one they pass amid the rain of sapphire-hearted flames. The third compartment, the motto of which is "*O lasso!*" the poet's cry of pity, refers to the second division, and exhibits Virgil and his guest walking in the gloom, Dante regarding the lovers with pitying eyes, and holding his loose garment to his lips. In the first division, Paolo has looked up from the pictured page of the book the princess and he read together, and, all on fire at heart, seen answering fire in Francesca's eyes ; so he clasps both her hands in both of his, and they indulge with equal passion in the luxury of love. Abandoning her lips to his, she, under levelled eyelids, gazes on his face while it meets hers.

The Bride, or *The Beloved*, a noble picture which I regard as Rossetti's masterpiece—one only example, to wit *Proserpina*, to which we shall shortly come, being in my opinion fit to be compared with it—dates its origin from 1863,[1] and as regards its splendour and colour and the passion

[1] A letter from the painter to Mr. Rae, dated "December 22nd, 1863," mentions that his correspondent had previously seen the *Beloved* in a not quite finished condition.

Paolo ana Francesca aa Rimini.

of its design, need not fear comparisons with the greatest works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in Venice. In these respects this *chef d'œuvre* is a superb and ardent illustration of the Song of Solomon, "*My Beloved is mine, and I am his; let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth for thy love is better than wine.*"

The picture comprises—as if they had halted in a marriage procession, towards the spot where the enraptured bridegroom awaits them—five life-size adult maidens and a negro girl, who, in the front of the group, and bearing a mass of roses in a golden vase, is adorned with barbaric jewellery, all of which harmonizes with her dusky skin, which, although it has the true Titianesque ruddy undertint, is of a deep bronze-brown surface hue. The negress and her burthen are intended to contrast intensely with the costume and face of the bride herself, who is clad in an apple-green robe, as lustrous as silk and as splendid as gold and embroideries of flowers and leaves in natural colours can make it. This garment and its decorations support the colour of the dark maid's skin and heighten the value of the pure red and white of the bride's carnations, while the contours of the African's face and form contrast with the Caucasian charm of the bride, her stately countenance, and "amorous-lidded eyes."

The *Song* is aptly illustrated by the attire of the bride and her companions; it says, "She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework; the virgins that be her fellows shall bear her

In the February following Rossetti wrote again, and his note is an amusing illustration of that business capacity in which, as a bargain-maker, cash-receiver, and negotiator in general, he, to the wonder of his artistic and poetry-loving friends, shone greatly. Of his powers in these respects, bankers, lawyers, merchants, and everybody whose wisdom in cash and commerce was unchallengeable, spoke with unreserved admiration, not to say surprise. Mr. Leyland, who had ample experience as a buyer of Rossetti's works, humorously, kindly, and in the terms of Lowell's poem, joked about him as "a darned hard hand at a deal." A capital illustration of his ability in the managing of his affairs and negotiating the sale of his pictures is before me, in a letter to Mr. Rae, dated February 24th, 1864, proposing to sell five drawings, including *The Blue Closet* and *Paolo and Francesca*, which are before the reader, to the great Liverpool banker. Of these, he wrote, "the purchaser would have to arrange with me for the completion of the unfinished drawings," which were then in Mr. W. Morris's collection. "No opportunity," he urged, "is ever likely to occur again of obtaining drawings of mine at such a price, since they are all good specimens of my work." Than these statements nothing could be truer.

company, and shall be brought unto thee." On either side of the bride appear two damsels, not yet brides. The principal figures are differently clad, diverse in face and form, and to some extent contrasted in character and expression. Besides her robe the bride wears about her head and throat a veil of tissue differing in its green from that of the robe, and above her forehead rises an aigrette of scarlet enamel and gold, that resembles in some respects the peculiar headdress of ancient Egyptian royalty; this is set like a coronet upon her hair. While advancing towards the bridegroom, with an action at once graceful and natural, she, half thoughtfully, half in pride of supreme loveliness, has moved the tissue from her face and throat. With the same movement she has thrown backwards a large ringlet of her hair, revealing the softened dignity of her loveladen eyes, as well as her face, which is exquisitely fair and fine, and has the least hint of blushes within the skin, as though the heart of the lady quickened, while we see there is tenderness in her look, but voluptuous ardour nowhere.

All the four maids seem to have been chanting a nuptial strain, while they have moved rhythmically with the steps of the bride.

Excepting one or two later works of the master, where sentiment of a more exalted sort, as in *Proserpina*, inspired the designs, *The Beloved* appears to me to be the finest production of his genius. Of his skill, in the high artistic sense, implying the vanquishment of prodigious difficulties—difficulties the greater because of his imperfect technical education—there cannot be two opinions as to the pre-eminence of Mr. Rae's magnificent possession. It indicates the consummation of Rossetti's powers in the highest order of modern art, and is in perfect harmony with that poetic inspiration which is found in every one of his more ambitious pictures. This example can only be called Venetian, because of the splendid colouring which obtains in it. Tintoret produced works which assort most fortunately with this one, and his finely dramatic mode of designing reappears, so to say, in *The Beloved*, where the intensity of Venetian art is exalted, if that term be allowed, in a modern strain, while its form, coloration, and chiaroscuro are most subtly devised to produce a whole which is thoroughly harmonized and entirely self-sustained. Of how few modern instances could this be said? The colouring of this picture supports the sentiment of the design in the

happiest manner, and in its magnificence the work agrees with the chastity of the conception. There is a nuptial inspiration throughout it, even in the deep red of the blush roses the negress bears. The technique is so fine that it leaves nothing to be desired, even in the lustrousness of the gold vase, in the varied brilliancy of the robe of the bride, in the subtle delicacy of the carnations, solidly and elaborately modelled as they are and varied to suit the nature of each of the figures. Rossetti's *Beloved* is in English art what Spenser's gorgeous and passionate *Epithalamium* is in English verse, and, if not more rapturous, it is more compact of sumptuous elements.

We must hasten past several capital examples, besides minor pictures and studies which occupied the easels of Rossetti at this epoch, and devote attention to *Beata Beatrix*, that poetic version of his lost wife, which is her best if not her only monument, and one of the finest examples in the National Gallery. Dream-like, and of a dream, he painted this wonderful picture, which, if the *Bride* is an epithalamium, must surely be called a nuptial dirge. In some respects it is, as I have said in *The Portfolio* of 1891, even more distinctly than that superb achievement, *The Beloved*, a full and true reflection of the artist's idiosyncrasy of the higher order. The mysticism and mystery of *Beata Beatrix* are due to that which was, so to say, the innermost Rossetti, or Rossetti of Rossetti. The Beatrix of Dante's imagination, sits in a balcony of her father's palace in Florence. The picture places us in the chamber from which the balcony opens, and the damsel's form is half lost against the outer light, half merged in the inner shadows of the place. She is herself a vision while—her corporeal eyes losing power of outward speculation—the heavenly visions of the New Life are revealed to the eyes of her spirit. The open window gives a view of the Arno, its bridge, and the towers and palaces of that city in which Dante and Beatrix spent their lives till the fatal month of June, 1290, when she died, and, as the poet tells us, "the whole city came to be, as it were, widowed and despoiled of all dignity," or as the frame in the National Gallery has it, being Dante's own verse, uttered when her death was announced to him, and borrowed from Jeremiah, "*Quomodo sedet sola civitas.*" In the picture the form of Beatrix is opposed to the dun evening light of the outer world, and so placed that the light

shines through the outer threads of her dark auburn hair, and thus produces the effect of a saint-like halo, while the face itself, is to our

Study of a Head.

sight, merged in the dimness caused by our looking at the splendour of the river. Accordingly, the figure appears partly outlined against the

lustre, partly lost in the half-gloom of the chamber. It is thus visible in what may be called a twilight of brilliance and a twilight of shadow, and the abstruseness of the design is manifest. Her form is merged, not lost, in that shadowy space which, in Butler's happy phrase, is "of brightness made." Thus Rossetti happily showed that his subject was a mystery, not without life of this world, nor all unreal.

As to the picture itself and its spectators, it is obvious that we remain on the mundane side of things, while Beatrix in a swoon passes into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and the Florence that Rossetti painted is the Heavenly City of the Future. Her features look pale in the half gloom, and her hands, which erst clasped each other in her lap, have fallen apart to lie supine because their task is almost done, and this is celestial light that glances on them. A dove, of deep rose-coloured plumage, and, like the bird of the Annunciation, crowned with an aureole, poises on downward wings at her knees, and bears to Beatrix's hand a white poppy—*i.e.*, the mystical flower in which Rossetti meant to combine the emblems of death and chastity. Her face is in most respects a likeness of the painter's wife, but it is obvious that, although it was not intended for a portrait of the lady, it may well be called a spiritual translation, inspiring features which had but a general resemblance to those of Beatrix which he depicted with so much pathos. In the background the poet Dante attentively regards the figure of Love, the ideal Eros of his vision, who, holding a flaming heart, passes on the other side of the picture heavenwards, and seems to sign to him that he should follow in that path. This vermilion-clad genius is, of course, the *Eidolon*, Spiritual Beatrix, or celestial Love, whose earthly image was the Beatrix the poet made immortal in immortal verse.[1]

We have now to pass to Mr. Rae's *Sibylla Palmifera*, the noble seated figure of a virgin, quiet and pale, as if long absorbed in the contemplation of the mysteries of life and thought, and holding a palm before a shrine,

[1] This picture was begun in 1863, finished in 1865, bought in 1866 by the Hon. W. Cowper Temple, created Lord Mount Temple. After his death his widow, who exhibited it at the Academy in 1883, partly to carry out his wish, partly in honour of the artist, gave it to the National Gallery. There are two, not so fine, versions of it in oil, besides a repetition, if not two, in water colours, a drawing in crayons, and various studies for parts of this work. The *Portfolio*, 1891, contained an etching from this picture.

while at her side burns a lamp whose steadfast flame rises towards a garland of roses which hangs near the sculptured head of a cherub; on the other side is a thurible from which smoke ascends slowly in circles, towards a Death's-head, over which is suspended a wreath of poppies. Above the sibyl's head hangs a festoon of olive boughs and, carved in a niche, is a sphinx, with other emblems of mysteries. Two butterflies, one of gold, the other of a carnation tint, whose significance may be easily imagined, hover near the sibyl's shoulder. The coloration of this fine work, of which Rossetti thought very highly, is as apt and powerful as that of *The Beloved*, but, of course, of a very different kind; it expresses pathos of quite another sort, and, so to say, is such as Milton would desire for

> "Him that yon soars on golden wing,
> Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
> The Cherub Contemplation."

As was his wont in several cases, our painter wrote a fine sonnet illustrating this picture and its theme, and published it in *Poems*, 1871. As these lines are reprinted as "Soul's Beauty" in *Ballads and Sonnets*, the reader will be pleased to find it here. Like the picture, the sonnet has its antithesis in "Body's Beauty," or "Lilith," which is described below.

SIBYLLA PALMIFERA.

"Under the arch of life, where love and death,
Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I saw
Beauty enthroned; and though her gaze struck awe,
I drew it in as simply as my breath.
Hers are the eyes which over and beneath,
The sky and sea bend on thee,—which can draw,
By sea or sky or woman, to one law,
The allotted bondman of her palm and wreath."

"This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise
Thy voice and hand shake still,—long known to thee
By flying hair and fluttering hem,—the beat
Following her daily of thy heart and feet,
How passionately and irretrievably,
In what fond flight, how many ways and days!"

On *Venus Verticordia*, for leave to reproduce the water-colour version of which we are indebted to Mr. Rae, Rossetti wrote a passionate sonnet which, as it contrasts intensely with the above example, and because it describes the picture in splendid words, may be welcome here from the edition of 1870, which is repeated from the text on the frame of Mr. Rae's picture :

VENUS

"She hath the apple in her hand for thee,
Yet almost in her heart would hold it back ;
She muses, with her eyes upon the track
Of that which in thy spirit they can see.
Haply, 'Behold, he is at peace,' saith she ;
'Alas ! the apple for his lips,—the dart
That follows its brief sweetness to his heart,—
The wandering of his feet perpetually !'

"A little space her glance is still and coy ;
But if she gives the fruit that works her spell,
Those eyes shall flame as for her Phrygian boy.
Then shall her bird's-strained throat the woe foretell,
And her far seas moan as a single shell,
And her grove glow with love-lit fires of Troy."

She stands before a maze of honeysuckle flowers and foliage, to obtain which Rossetti wrote to Mr. Rae that he "lost a whole week, and pounds on pounds," and it is backed by a dense mass of roses of rich varieties and depths of tone ; it is as if—all fresh and blushing in the daylight—she, nearly naked, stood in a wilderness of flowers ; her face is that of a woman, young, tender and ardent, but not without the wistfulness of pity which is indicated by the verses.

We are now studying the very highest examples of Rossetti's genius during its second, or third, and most sumptuous manifestation. Of the productions of the period embracing 1864 to 1872, few surpass and few approach *Lilith*, of which a transcript from a photo-

[1] There are two versions of this subject, more or less resembling the example before us, and painted in oil ; that which (dated 1868) Mr. W. Graham lent, as No. 305, to the Academy in 1883, was originally the largest and finest of all. It was much injured by repaints, and sold in 1885 for £588.

graph, taken before certain alterations which few consider improvements, is now before the reader. Rossetti got a hint of the subject from that

Lilith.

delightful repertory of whim, wit and learning, the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, by R. Burton, who wrote "The Thalmudists say that Adam had a wife called Lillis, before he married Eve, and of her he begat nothing

but devils." On this hint, and, perhaps from a few lines in Shelley's translation of *Faust*, the painter-poet set about to educe in solid form his notions of the fair and evil-hearted witch, who, as a sort of Lamia, had been originally formed like a serpent. He took her as a type of the "Body's Beauty," and endeavoured, by the forces of contrast and antithesis, to make more distinct the nobler, because chaster, charms of *Sibylla Palmifera*. As with regard to the latter, so with *Lilith* he illustrated his meaning in the following sonnet.

BODY'S BEAUTY.

"Of Adam's first wife, Lilith, it is told
(The witch he loved before the gift of Eve),
That, ere the snake's, her sweet tongue could deceive,
And her enchanted hair was the first gold.
And still she sits, young while the earth is old,
And, subtly by herself contemplative,
Draws men to watch the bright net she can weave,
Till heart and body and life are in its hold.

"The rose and poppy are her flowers; for where
Is he not found, O Lilith, whom shed scent
And soft-shed kisses and soft-shed sleep shall snare?
Lo! as that youth's eyes burned at thine, so went
Thy spell through him, and left his straight neck bent
And round his heart one strangling golden hair."[1]

As Rossetti painted *Lilith* she appears in the ardent languor of triumphant luxury and beauty, seated as if she lived now, and reclining back in a modern robe, if that term be taken rightly; the abundance of her pale golden hair falls about her Venus-like throat, bust and

[1] The sonnet written on the frame of that version of this picture which belonged to the late Mr. F. Leyland (Burlington Club, 1883, No. 47), is not quite the same as this. The original version belongs to Mr. Bancroft, Junior, of Wilmington, Delaware, U.S.A. The charming actress, whose stage name was Miss Herbert, and who sat more than once to Rossetti, was, I believe, the model for this face and form. The reader will find some curious matter about Lilith and similar fair witches in *Notes and Queries*, Sixth Series, vols. viii. and ix., under "Curiosities of Superstition in Italy," and written by Mr. R. H. Busk. A reduced version of the work before us is in water-colours, with the face altered, and is, or was, in the collection of Mr. Alexander Stevenson, of Tynemouth (B. Club, 1883, No. 55).

shoulders, and with voluptuous self-applause—an element of the design rendered with ineffable imagination and skill—she contemplates her features in the mirror her left hand holds, while with the other hand, using a comb, she draws apart the long filaments of her hair. The haughty luxuriousness of the beautiful witch's face, the tale of a cold soul amid all its charms, does not belie, such was the art of the master in painting it, the fires of a voluptuous physique. She has passion without love, and languor without satiety—energy without heart, and beauty without tenderness or sympathy for others—for her lovers least of all. She holds the mirror with negligent grace, and, self-absorbed, trains her bewitching locks, letting them fall as her slow fingers move in their long masses. Thus occupied, she is reckless how much or how little of her bosom and shoulders is displayed in a delicious harmony of colour with the warm white of her dress, heedless of the grace of her attitude, and the superb abundance of her form. A larger mirror stands behind the lolling figure, and reflects a garden; beyond the lady a mass of roses bloom. These blossoms of strong and varied hues, the warmer ivory of her carnations, with inner rosy tints paler than the flowers, and the diverse whites of Lilith's garments, including an ample mantle lined with fur, are charming elements of a fine coloration. The expression of the witch's face is, in the water-colour version, at once more amorous and more cruel than that of the picture in oil, and I am at one with Mr. W. Rossetti in preferring the former face, which retains the painter's original intention, to the latter, which is due to revision at a latter period, although the oil version itself is still dated 1864; the reduced instance in water colours being dated 1867. Such are the delays incident to painting great pictures.[1]

Passing Mr. Craven's *Washing Hands*, a lady by that action significantly dismissing a lover (B. Club, 1883, No. 54); Mr. Rae's vigorous

[1] Here is part of a letter from the artist to Mr. Rae, setting forth causes of repeated delays in finishing the picture now in question:—"Feb. 1, 1866. . . I hope to have made some progress with *Palmifera* by the time the *Beloved* reaches you, but cannot expect very much. So don't be surprised, if you come soon, to see no great advance. It may be otherwise, however—there is no knowing in such a lottery as painting where all things have a chance against one—weather, stomach, temper, model, paint, patience, self-esteem, self-abhorrence, and the Devil into the bargain."

tragedy called *A Fight for a Woman*, two knights in a duel; *The Blue Bower* (not the same as Mr. Rae's *Blue Closet*, but a half-length figure of the sitter for *Bocca Baciata* and *Lilith*), which belongs to Mr. Craven; the charmingly fresh and pure *Il Ramoscello*, the bust of a young girl, of which, prefixed to Mr. Colvin's accomplished essay on Rossetti, there is a good woodcut in the *Magazine of Art*, 1883; *Regina Cordium*, a head in oil of the beautiful Miss Wilding; we come to Mr. Rae's superb *Monna Vanna*, or *The Lady with the Fan*, which has something that is evanescent and fickle in her expression, a self-centred character revealed by every feature, lovely as these are. The ends of a long coral necklace are about her wrists, and she is drawing the carcanet slowly round her neck; a heart-shaped jewel of clear white crystal is suspended on her breast, a hard, cold, colourless gem that is significant of her soul and its impulses: she holds a fan of brown feathers, like those of a pheasant's wing, and wears a robe of white tissue, the folds of which are at once beautiful and unstable, embroidered with gold in lines that scintillate here and there. Her lips that have been often kissed are cherry-coloured, ripe and full, yet not warmed by inner passion, nor exalted by rapture of contemplation, as those of *Sibylla Palmifera*, still less are they chaste and untasted like those of the maiden of *Il Ramoscello*. Painted in 1866, and repainted in 1873, this picture was No. 302 in the Academy, 1883. It is sometimes called *Belcolore*, but is quite different from a work of 1863 which is so named, and shows a girl biting a rosebud. A choice work in oil called *A Christmas Carol*, a young girl singing with gladness to a lute, dates from 1867, and belongs to Mr. Rae. It has been well etched by M. Gaujean. In this year we reckon *Tristram and Iseult drinking the Love-Potion*, the latest of Rossetti's illustrations of the Arthurian legends, as a very telling representation of a fine and pregnant subject. It belongs, or lately did so, to Mr. Leathart, and in some respects may be ranked with *The Loving Cup*, an inferior version of which was recently in the Leyland Collection; Mr. Graham's of a later date is better.

No production of 1868 by Rossetti charms the student more than the noble *Aurea Catena* (now the property of Lord Battersea), sometimes called *The Lady with the Chain*, a sort of portrait of Mrs. W. Morris, which from a drawing in crayons forms the subject of our next illustra-

The Lady with the Gold Chain.

tion, and is the first of a very numerous category of pictures, cartoons, and studies from that lady.

The design of this beautiful work explains itself, and needs no more to be said than correcting the error which has named it as *La Pia*, a title due to an oil picture of 1868, illustrating the fifth canto of the *Purgatorio* of Dante, which belonged to Mr. Leyland and, if space permitted, should have ample attention in this text.[1]

[1] There is only a general resemblance between the designs of *Aurea Catena* and *La Pia*. The unhappy lady who bore the latter name, Pia de' Tollomei, was wife of Nello della Pietra of Siena, who, until she died there, was confined by her husband in a fortress of the fever-haunted Maremma. In Rossetti's picture she is dressed in blue and white drapery, seated behind the rampart of her prison, with heart-breaking languor and despair looking over the plain and moodily trifling with her fatal wedding ring. *La Pia* was No. 319 at the Academy, 1883, and at Mr. Leyland's sale, May, 1892, sold to Mr. Bibby for 300 guineas, a comparatively small price for a Rossetti in good condition, and measuring 42 × 48 inches. It was not finished till 1881, and is therefore one of the master's latest productions. Together with the *Day Dream*, *La Pia* is described at length in the *Athenæum*, 1881, No. 2783. Dante met the unquiet spirit of Pia de' Tollomei in Purgatory, among those whose opportunity of repentance was only at the last moment, and who died without absolution. From the *Purgatorio* the artist thus translated her appeal to the Italian poet—

"'Ah! when on earth thy voice again is heard,
And thou from the long road hast rested thee,'
(After the second spirit said the third),
'Remember me who am La Pia; me
Siena, me Maremma, made, unmade,
This in his inmost heart well knoweth he
With whose fair jewel I was ringed and wed.'"

Such a theme as these lines indicate is very different from that of the picture before us, although the works make it obvious that the same lady sat for both. Before me lies an autograph version of the translation as above, which in the fifth line differs from that engraved upon the frame of the painting, being—

"From Siena sprung, and by Maremma dead."

The alteration shows Rossetti's extreme care in translating and adapting texts to his pictures, and was effected between my visit to him, when the work was available, and the engraving of the lines on the frame. As previous pages have shown it was Rossetti's frequent custom to write illustrative verses on the frames of his pictures such as this, *The Day Dream*, *Monna Vanna*, *Proserpine*, and the like. The practice was a survival of what he had done when writing the sonnets published in the *Germ*, and it was continued to his last days. Not all these verses are included in the published volume of the artist's poems. *Aurea Catena* was Lot 38 in the Rossetti sale catalogue at Christie's, May 12, 1883.

In its preparation, if not in its completion, following *Aurea Catena*, we find our subject dealing with *Rosa triplex*, a water-colour drawing for Mr. W. Graham, and representing three beautiful female heads, delineated alike in different views of Miss Alice Wilding, one of the loveliest models who sat to Rossetti not only for this noteworthy group, but for the heads of the ladies in *Sibylla Palmifera*, *Veronica Veronese*, *The Roman Widow* (otherwise *Dis Manibus*) *La Ghirlandata*, *The Sea Spell*, and various drawings and studies of choice qualities. She began to sit to him, I think, about 1864, and continued to do so till about ten years later, and, in regard to her form and air, he never adopted a more exquisite type of womanhood, *per se*. As a type she succeeded Miss Ruth Herbert, as that lady named herself in public, and in the later portion of her decade, was to some extent superseded by Mrs. Morris, who sat to the painter so often and to such marked effect that idle critics, ignorant of the facts, were accustomed to censure Rossetti for always, as they said, depicting the same type of womanhood. As to this, the truth has been set forth by the artist's brother, who enumerated not fewer than fourteen different models whom our common subject had excelled with, to say nothing of those who sat for inconsiderable heads or were not literally represented in pictures and studies of all sorts. There are not fewer than five versions of *Rosa triplex*, of the first and best of which, dated 1867, the *Portfolio* in 1892 gave a fine reproduction from the red chalk drawing in the National Gallery, a bequest of Mr. J. J. Lowndes, who died in 1891. Here is part of what the *Portfolio* published concerning the versions of *Rosa triplex*, the history of which illustrates so many of the characteristics of Rossetti and his art, that I should be sorry to omit it from these pages.

"In all these cases the artist worked, so to say, simply as a devotee of Beauty in one manifestation of that divine element, but with no distinct intention to develop the spiritual essence of his ideal by imparting to the luxurious and refined physical aspect of the person in question those mystical impressions which pervade *Sibylla Palmifera*, the romantic inspiration of *Veronica Veronese*, the spirituality which, to the heart of it, is Italian of the sixteenth century, or *La Ghirlandata's* dreamy amorousness, the spell of which she is weaving with the notes of the harp whose strings her fingers slowly and daintily caress. The

rapture of her deep blue eyes attests the secret of the throbbing music which loses itself amid the foliage of her bower; so intense is the inspiration of the picture. Nor in depicting *Rosa triplex*, was Rossetti seeking to express

"'In Venus' eyes the gaze of Proserpine,'

which was the poetic motive of his *Pandora*, instinct with mysterious trouble."

So many differently inspired versions did Rossetti give us of the beauty of Alice Wilding. Nevertheless, I dare say, not a little of her charm existed mostly in the passionate heart of the painter; yet I well remember that nothing he drew of her, diverse as the delineations were, seemed less than an exact likeness. Of course, one saw her through the mood of the artist and it has sometimes appeared to me that the ardent poem he called *The Portrait* referred, however generally, yet chiefly, to her, when he described how, when "my lady's picture" was finished he exclaimed——

"Lo! it is done. Above the long, lithe throat
The mouth's mould testifies of voice and kiss,
The shadowed eyes remember and foresee.
Her face is made her shrine. Let all men note
That in all years (O Love, thy gift is this!)
They that would look on her must come to me."

Did ever lover, poet and painter write of his mistress more finely than thus? In *Sibylla Palmifera* the model of *Rosa triplex* is presented in an impressive light, and the artist himself appears therein characteristically as the devotee of that intellectual beauty which Shelley named

"The awful shadow of some unseen power."

Rossetti's sonnet on the sibyl I have already quoted.

La Bionda del Balcone (the blonde Lady of the Balcony) followed *Rosa triplex* in the same year, 1868, and was succeeded by *The Princess Sabra drawing the fatal Lot*, both in water colours, and *La Pia* was finished for Mr. Leyland. Then, in 1869, came *La Donna della Finestra* (The Lady at the Window) otherwise *The Lady of Pity*, and supposed to be that dame who, according to the *Vita Nuova*, looked with profound compassion upon Dante when he passed by her house weeping because of the death of

Beatrice. He feared the people would notice his sorrow, and looking up, saw a young and beautiful lady pitifully regarding him from her window. The first version of this subject Rossetti made in crayons and sold to Mr. W. Graham, it was afterwards reproduced in photography and published; next, in 1879, came, if I understand the painter's brother rightly, a version in oil which Mr. F. S. Ellis bought, and thirdly, in 1881, a somewhat different version of the same design, which the artist left unfinished, and comprising the head and hands only. A study in chalks of *The Lady of Pity* was Lot 23, at Rossetti's sale. Lot 101 in the same sale was a picture in oil, including the head and hands only, and this, doubtless, is the original of the cut before us. This, although the sale catalogue gives its date as *c.* 1878 (the date of Lot 23, being *c.* 1875), I, following a rule adopted in this text, place here, according to Mr. W. Rossetti's date of the primary type of the whole category, *i.e.*, Mr. Graham's version of *La Donna della Finestra*. Mr. F. S. Ellis's version was No. 321 in the Academy, 1883, and dated 1879.[1]

The earliest rendering of *Pandora*, which is in crayons, dates from 1869 and belonged to Mr. T. Eustace Smith, who lent it to the Burlington Club in 1883. Mr. John Graham had a version in oil (R.A. 1883, No. 320), dated 1871. It represents a half-length figure, with long, dark auburn hair, in red drapery, and holding a casket inscribed "Nesitur ignescitur," and from which a red flame issues. Rossetti wrote a sonnet for this picture, which, as it illustrates its poetical and pathetic motives, and is not reprinted in *Ballads and Sonnets* may be quoted here :—

PANDORA.

"What of the end, Pandora? Was it thine
The deed that set these fiery pinions free?
Ah! wherefore did the Olympian consistory
In its own likeness make thee half divine?

[1] If the reader is of a generous, not to say a merciful, disposition, he will in these and other instances forgive possible errors in dating examples mentioned in this text. The confusion of the titles, dates and descriptions of Rossetti's works remains great, although the painter's brother has done much to lay straight the threads of a tangled skein of records.

Our Lady of Pity.

Was it that Juno's brow might stand a sign
For ever? and the mien of Pallas be
A deadly thing? and that all men might see
In Venus' eyes the gaze of Proserpine?

"What of the end? These beat their wings at will
The ill-born things, the good things turned to ill—
Powers of the impassioned hours prohibited.
Aye, hug the casket now! Whither they go
Thou mayst not dare to think, nor canst thou know
If Hope still pent there be alive or dead."

Neither the picture nor the sonnet is a first-rate work of Rossetti's, though they both illustrate his power of projecting himself into a subject which, in itself, seemed to have been made on purpose for him.

The next important picture by our poet-painter is that which many consider to be his *chef-d'œuvre*, to wit, the famous *Dante's Dream*, now in the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool, where it was placed by public subscription. Mr. W. Rossetti has told at length the history of this very fine and impressive work, which, begun in 1869, continued to be a sort of heroic white elephant, remaining chiefly in the painter's studio till 1881. I do not intend to enter into this subject now—the picture having been again and again before the public—or to describe at length the grand and monumental design itself. Suffice it that, when at the Academy in 1883, it was thus, in the painter's own memoranda, explained: "The scene is a chamber of dreams, strewn with poppies, where Beatrice is seen lying on a couch, as if just fallen back in death; the winged figure of Love, in red drapery (the pilgrim Love of the *Vita Nuova*, wearing the scallop shell on his shoulder) leads by the hand Dante, who walks conscious but absorbed, as in sleep; in his other hand Love carries his arrow pointed at the dreamer's heart, and with it a branch of apple-blossom; as he reaches the bier, Love bends for a moment over Beatrice with the kiss which her lover has never given her; while the two green-clad dream-ladies hold the pall full of May-blossom suspended for an instant before it covers her face for ever." There are many minor incidents which need not detain us. Probably it was of the chalk drawing reproduced on page 63 which Mr. Rae bought of his friend in 1872 that Rossetti wrote "it was done right off at once."

It seems to be an elaborated study for the head of one of the "dream-ladies" and pall-bearers, who is on our right in this large picture. Its beauty speaks for itself. It is a more or less exact likeness of Miss Spartali, now Mrs. W. J. Stillman, and a distinguished lady-artist who sat otherwise to our painter, especially for the *Fiammetta* of 1870.

So long ago as 1855 our artist had been attracted by the subject of *Dante's Dream*, when he made a water-colour drawing to illustrate it, which Miss Heaton lent to the Burlington Club, 1883. Mr. V. Lushington wrote in the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, August, 1866, an enthusiastic essay upon the design, which, in 1857, was included in the Russell Place Exhibition. A double predella was added to the largest of Rossetti's works, and it was the subject of countless discussions, experiments, and alterations, as well as of a world of studies and negotiations, including more than one change of owner. At last, in 1881, it was sold to Liverpool for £1,050, which was far below its artistic value, and less than Rossetti had received for much less ambitious examples of his art.

From the magnificent drawing in crayons Mr. Constantine A. Ionides lent, as No. 80, at the Burlington Club's exhibition of 1883, inscribed with the artist's monogram, and dated 1870, the reproduction of *A Lady with a Fan*, now before us, was taken. Like the model who sat for this, as well as for *Monna Vanna* and many other fine things of the same category, its noblest function is to "live and be beautiful." Accordingly, it explains itself, and has no history that can be set forth here, except so far as relates to Rossetti's honour as, when he was pleased to do justice to himself, a perfect draughtsman. This exquisite example attests that no one could draw a head with more skill, art, and taste than he; while, except the hands, which are a little too large, the whole work is faultless. The year 1870 did not witness the completion of any important painting, a shortcoming for which the glorious *Proserpine*, that had its inception in a drawing of Mrs. Morris, dated 1871, made ample amends. Although the oil picture of this theme, which Mr. W. A. Turner lent to the Manchester Exhibition in 1882, and as No. 86 to the Burlington Club in 1883, is dated 1877, I consider it under the earlier date. It represents at life-size, a single figure of Proserpine in Hades, holding in her hand the pomegranate, by partaking of which she precluded her

Lady with a Fan.

return to earth.[1] She is passing along a gloomy corridor in her palace, and, on the wall behind her, a sharply defined space of light has fallen. It is the cool, bluish, silvery light of the moon, that because of some open door far overhead has penetrated the subterranean dimness, flashing down for a moment on the wall, revealing the ivy-tendrils that languish in the shade, displaying the queen, her features, the abundant masses of her hair, which seem to have become darker than was ever known on the earth above, and the sorrowfulness of her face. It shows also the slowly curling smoke of an incense-burner (the attribute of a goddess) which, in the still air of the gallery, circles upwards, and spreading, vanishes. Proserpine is clad in a steel-blue robe, that fits loosely her somewhat slender, slightly wasted, but noble frame of antique mould. It seems that she moves slowly with moody eyes instinct with slowly burning anger; yet she is outwardly still, if not serene, and very sad in all her stateliness; too grand for complaint. In these eyes is the deep light of a great spirit, and, without seeing or heeding, they look beyond the gloom before her. Her fully-formed lips, purplish now, but ruddy formerly, and once moulded by passion, are compressed, the symbols of a strenuous soul yearning for freedom, and, with all their pride, suffering, rather than enjoying goddess-ship. The even-tinted cheeks are rather flat; the face, so wide is the brow, is almost triangular, the nose like that of a grand antique. These features are set in masses of bronze-black and crimped hair, darkly lustrous as it is, that encompasses the head, and flows like an abundant mantle over her shoulders and bust. The wonder of the picture is in the face. The light cast on the wall throws the head in strong relief; she turns slowly towards the distant gleam; the ivy branch curves downwards, and assists, with the swaying lines of the drapery, the composition of the whole.[2]

[1] In countless early Italian pictures the bitten pomegranate is a well understood emblem of sorrow and pain. Hence it often occurs in the hand of the Infant Christ, who, in several examples, presses the fruit to the lips of His mother. On this account, no doubt, Rossetti placed the pomegranate in the hand of Proserpine.

[2] See the *Athenæum*, 1875, No. 2494. Rossetti wrote to Mr. Rae—"Oct 12th, 1877. The present one [*Proserpine*] belonging to myself was begun before Leyland's [of 1873], and thus had the immense advantage of the first inspiration from nature. It is unquestionably the finer of the two, and is the very flower of my work. . . . You

Rossetti wrote a sonnet in Italian, and an English version of the same, both of which are inscribed on the frame of the picture in question. The latter is as follows :

PROSERPINA.

"Afar away the light that brings cold cheer
Unto this wall,—one instant and no more
Admitted at my distant palace door.
Afar the flowers of Enna from this drear
Dire fruit, which, tasted once, must thrall me here.
Afar those skies from this Tartarean gray
That chills me : and afar, how far away,
The nights that shall be from the days that were.

"Afar from mine own self I seem, and wing
Strange ways in thought, and listen for a sign :
And still some heart unto some soul doth pine,
(Whose sounds mine inner sense is fain to bring,
Continually together murmuring,)—
'Woe's me for thee, unhappy Proserpine !' "

These are indeed profound sighs, worthy of a goddess of the antique mould, and even sadder than the picture to which they refer. As to their subject, every friend of the painter knew that he was prouder of having invented it than of his share in devising, or rather applying to art any other theme in which he excelled. Reckoning *The Bride* as his technical *chef-d'œuvre*, I place *Proserpine* next to it, not because it is as well or better painted than half-a-dozen of his capital pieces, severally, but on account of the complete originality of its theme. On the other hand it should be remembered that, while he produced at least four or five versions of *Proserpine*, he never ventured on a second *Bride*.

The disastrous use of chloral, which was ultimately to insure his ruin, while it certainly did not act alone in promoting that catastrophe, had not, in 1871, although he became addicted to it more than two years

may perhaps have seen an article in the *Athenæum* relating to some pictures of mine completed at that time, and among which this is the first mentioned. The size is the same as Leyland's, the price 1,000 guineas." Mr. Leyland's version was sold in May, 1892, for 540 guineas ; it was No. 314 at the Academy, 1883. Mr. Turner's version is that which Mr. W. Rossetti distinguishes as No. 3 of the rather numerous category of *Proserpines* ; it now belongs to Mr. C. Butler, and is that which the painter himself thought highest of. It is the original of the plate before us for which we are indebted to Mr. Fairfax Murray.

before, made deep inroads upon our poet's energies, nor reduced his power in art. But it is noteworthy that, sometime before 1868, when chloral came to his hands, nearly all the subjects of his pen and brush were more or less desponding; of those none is sadder than *Proserpine*. At this time the chivalric and romantic subjects he had affected so late as the *Tristram and Iseult* of 1867, disappeared from his repertory, and gave place to the woe of Ceres' daughter, the mournful despair of *La Pia*, the sad pity of the *Donna della Finestra*, the ominous agony of *Pandora*, the sorrowing of Dante in the *Dream*, and the vague melancholy of *Veronica Veronese*, whose music is a dirge. Rossetti was not the man to "be sad o' nights out of mere wantonness," and therefore we must seek a cause for his selecting themes so gloomy and so woebegone as these, and may perhaps find it in the insidious effects of the drug which precipitated, though it did not cause his downfall, and—long before he had reached the allotted goal of man's existence—left desolate that noble "House of Life," whose inner treasures his poetry and painting set forth with

"Such a pencil, such a pen."

Besides the works described above, the years 1871, 1872, and 1873 were chiefly devoted by Rossetti to the production of minor portraits and new versions of already completed masterpieces, such as the repetitions of *Beata Beatrix*, *Hesterna Rosa*, *Rosa triplex*, and *Proserpine*. Two noteworthy exceptions are *Veronica Veronese*, which he painted for Mr. Leyland, and *La Ghirlandata*, which Mr. W. Graham bought. The former belongs to 1872, and, when it was No. 295 at the Academy in 1883, was thus described by the *Athenæum* in a criticism which I cannot now improve. "*Veronica Veronese* is the life-size figure in profile to our right, her head turned in a dreamy mood towards us, while with levelled eyelids and parted lips, she listens to the notes produced by her fingers on the strings of a violin hanging above the table where she has been writing music. The sharp notes are repeated, and inspired by the shrill song of a canary in a cage suspended behind the lady's seat, and to which she is endeavouring to give pathetic expression in the ordered music of her instrument. Rossetti appears here again to be giving expression in art to those associations of sound, colour, and sense which are hardly less obviously embodied in many pictures we have pre-

viously mentioned. The type chosen for the face is the most sculpturesque of all those he affected, and this picture is the most perfect illustration of it. Chromatically speaking, the work is almost classic in its style. The sumptuous, deep-toned greens of her sleeves accord with the grayer greens of the hangings behind the lady's figure; the tawny gold of her hair encloses clear-cut features of Miss Wilding's type, the carnations of which, although not wan, are but little tinged with the rose, and suggest a life of studious retirement and majestic leisure. The brightness of the music sheet repeats the tonality of the flesh tints, the jonquils on the table are adapted to the colour of the bird. In the like manner the tone and colour schemes of the whole example were constructed in harmonies, and on what may be called musical principles. The general aspect of the picture is that of a Paolo Veronese with the addition of searching execution, or an elaborately-finished Sebastiano which time had not lowered in lighting, tone or tint. This instance of *La Veronica* justifies the motto from 'G. Ridolfi,' '*C'était le mariage des voix de la nature et de l'âme, l'aube d'une création mystique.*' It is one of the last of Rossetti's works of which music suggests the theme." Such is the masterpiece, in the firm and sculpturesque touch of which, as well as in its logical treatment and poetic inspiration, we recognize no sign of decaying powers or weakened will; such is the example the artist called "the fiddle-picture," which at Mr. Leyland's sale fetched a thousand guineas.

Mr. Graham's *La Ghirlandata* (R. A., 1883, No. 298) may fairly take its place with *Dis Manibus*, *The Bride*, and *Lilith*, without being compared with any of them. It shows the green-clad Lady of the Garlands sitting among the golden foliage of a thorn tree and myrtle copse; her hands are drawing music from a harp beside her seat, and her face proved her soul to be absorbed in the sound she produces. On either side, over her shoulders, an angel looks from between the glowing upper leaves of the copse, as if Heaven itself waited upon her song. Round the summit of the harp is slung a garland of roses and honeysuckles, the sweetest of earthly flowers, and the sky above, where the day of earth is dying, hints in its calm, ardent depths of a sweetness still beyond. The evening breeze has just risen and begins to lift the light drapery above her shoulders. In colour, this picture is chiefly a

study of green, interspersed with blue of various shades—the deep blue aconite which appears at the base of the composition, the bright bird that flits through the trees, the wing pattern painted on the instrument, and the colour fading from the sky. These hues are balanced by the golden bronze of the lady's hair and the dusky-coloured harp, an instrument which is solid, with strings on each side.[1]

It appears that it was late in 1873 the first idea was suggested to Rossetti of illustrating with a picture his own poem *The Blessed Damozel*, which had originally appeared in the second number of the *Germ*, February, 1850. With this date therefore—although the first of several versions, that bought by Mr. W. Graham, was not available till the following year, while Mr. Leyland's picture had not the final touches till 1879—our illustrations of this stupendous work, are placed here. The picture more particularly illustrates a portion of the poem which appeared in the Tauchnitz edition of Rossetti's works, 1873, and is less known to English readers than either of the other versions. The legend, if such it can be called, which is entirely of the poet-painter's invention, tells us that the "Damozel," dying in the fulness of youth, and before her lover, waited for his coming in Heaven, while her earthly companions, maids and men, were united in perfect bliss. Time passed, and still the lover came not, but she continuously waited :—

> "It was the rampart of God's house
> That she was standing on ;
> By God built over the sheer depth
> The which is Space begun ;
> So high, that looking downward thence
> She scarce could see the sun.

[1] See the *Athenæum*, No. 2494, for the above, and further notes on Rossetti's pictures. Mr. W. Rossetti, the painter's brother, wrote that the flowers prominent in this work are, he thought, larkspurs, though the painter meant to depict monkshood, which is poisonous, and thus intended to suggest this in "Beauty which must die." This intention was not apparent to me in *La Ghirlandata*. My friend adds that, although the artist gave us so many pictures in which the pathetic as well as the poetic qualities of music are illustrated with the rarest subtlety, as of music that "overtakes far thought," he knew nothing of that art as such, and hardly cared to listen to its graver exercises.

* * * *

"Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

"Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their rapturous new names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

"And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

"From the fixèd place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

"The sun was gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

* * * *

"'I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come,' she said.
'Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?'"

Thus yearning, the Damozel prefigures to herself the meeting she craves.

"'We two,' she said, 'will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,

With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded ;
Into the fine white cloth like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead.' "

The Blessed Damozel of this picture is of life-size, or a little larger, and, from amid a mass of blooming celestial roses, leans forward on one arm against and over the golden wall or pàrapet of Heaven, which is enriched with strange sculptures, and gleams in the mystical light of the place. Her loose and ample robe, of a pale cerulean blue, covers he shoulders, and, above this is a scarf of bronze tint, intermixed with silvery hues. The great heavenly lilies of sainthood lie in the hollow of her other arm. Her head is bent forward, and her pure pale face is marked with a love-yearning look in the never-weary, yet wistful eyes, and on her half-open lips sits immovably patient expectation ; her hair is of a deep golden tint, there are purple stars about it, and it seems to flow from under these upon her shoulders and her back in an abundant mass richly lighted. The exaltation of the soul which is expressed by the poem has been made concrete in the features, verifying the charm of the verses :

"The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers ;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years."

The still dignity of her attitude is a masterpiece of graceful design, and the lines of the figure are amply supported by the subsidiary elements yet to be described, for the minor incidents of the work confirm the suggestions of the poem.

Behind the Damozel are the large mazes of the heavenly garden, where, under the branches of an enormous tree, numerous re-united lovers, clad in deep blue, are joyfully embracing, and are seen in changing lights and shadows. In front of the golden parapet, and bearing green palms

with which to welcome the lover for whose coming they, like the Damozel wait, are two ministering spirits, both beautiful, but with different expressions on their faces, the one more pitiful and sad than the other, for the

Sancta Lilias, which was founded on The Blessed Damozel.

latter is younger, and his look is less sorrowful. Their intensely blue wings, instinct with latent fires, arch grandly over their heads, as if ready to be expanded in flight, and launch the palm-bearers forth on the

celestial road by which all anticipate the lovers coming. Between these two ministers, and immediately below the shining parapet, appears a seraph, an infant's head surrounded by multiform and manifold wings like those of the tetramorph, and of a deep and vivid green; the face of this presence has a watchful and sad expression; it is the countenance of a fate presaging sorrow and loss even in its steadfast regard and fixed lines.[1]

The *Blessed Damozel* is represented here by a reproduction of Rossetti's original design in chalk of a group of "lovers newly met," who appear in the background of Mr. Graham's version of the picture, not in that which Mr. Leyland had. A predella obtains with both examples, although they differ in various details. Several studies of this kind were dispersed at the Rossetti sale, 1883. The same picture is likewise represented by the cut of *Sancta Lilias*, a work which was the property of the late Lord Mount-Temple, and executed in 1874 as the date upon it states. It is a variation, in part, of the bust, hands and head, of the chief figure in the great picture, adapted to suit a differing expression and manner, and named according to the lilies in the maiden's hand. The robe and the background are golden. It was No. 87 at the Burlington Club Exhibition, 1883, where No. 84 was a similar study, belonging to Mr. W. Graham, in red chalk, and holding a palm. A study in red chalk of *Sancta Lilias* was Lot 35 at the Rossetti sale, and dated in the catalogue as of 1879.

Four works distinguished Rossetti's out put in art during the year 1875. They are, besides "versions" and portraits as before, *Venus Astarte*, *The Sphinx*, or *The Question*, *Dis Manibus*, and *La Bella Mano*. The first of these, sometimes called *Astarte Syriaca*, a mystically inspired version of Mrs. W. Morris's lineaments, was illustrated by an admirable plate in the *Portfolio* of 1892, the immediate original of which was a chalk drawing, and an historical essay by the present writer. The second example is represented here by a reduction of a pencil drawing, the only one which Rossetti made to carry out an idea of what his biographer calls (in this I cannot agree with him) "one of my brother's most important inventions; he wished," says that loyal critic, "to carry it out as a picture, but found no feasible opportunity for doing

[1] See the *Athenæum*, 1877, No. 2581.

so. On his death-bed he composed two sonnets, as yet unpublished, to illustrate the same idea. In this design the Sphinx represents the mystery of existence, or the destiny of man, unfathomable by himself. Three personages—a youth, a man of mature age, and an old man—are shown as coming to the secret haunt of the Sphinx, to consult her as to the

Two Figures Embracing, from The Blessed Damozel.

arcana of Fate. The man is putting his question ; the graybeard toils upward towards the spot ; the youth, exhausted by his journey, sinks and dies, unable so much as to give words to the object of his quest. With upward and inscrutable eyes the Sphinx remains impenetrably silent." [1]

[1] The fraternal biographer continues, "It may be worthy of mention that, in representing the dying stripling, Rossetti was thinking of the premature fate of Oliver Madox

La bella Mano belongs to Mr. F. S. Ellis, who lent it to the Academy in 1883, No. 35. Here, the Lady with the Fine Hands, is washing them at a cistern and basin of brass, while two white-robed and red-winged Loves are in attendance, one holding the towel in readiness, the other having on a silver tray the adornments for her "bella mano." A mirror behind her head reflects the room and bed; these elements are deep in tone; a fire is burning in the chimney nook. The pictorial object of the work is to show the brilliancy of flesh tints, or carnations and whites relieved on a ground subdued to the eye, and yet everywhere replete with varied colour and material. In these respects the work is a marvel of art, the whole glowing in rich light, and being intensely deep in tone, and wealthy in colour. The sentiment of the design, as in most of Rossetti's pictures, lies in the face, and is discoverable in the light of a woman's hope, which fills the eyes, and has given a warmer rose tint to the full and slightly parted lips, that are red in their vitality. The face is slightly raised, and put sideways towards us, the figure standing in profile, so that the masses of deep golden hair which project from her brow, cast shadows on her upper features.

Dis Manibus, or *The Roman Widow*, I describe from notes made in Rossetti's studio in 1875, and published in the *Athenæum* of that year, soon after it was finished. The title here suggests the subject, that of a Roman widow seated in the funeral vault of her family, beside her husband's cinerary urn, the inscription on which is headed by the invariable words "Dis Manibus." She, as in some classical examples, is playing on two harps an elegy "To the Divine Manes" of the departed. She is robed in white, the mourning of noble ladies in Rome. The antique forms of the harps are rendered in tortoiseshell chiefly, with

Brown, a youth of singular promise, both as painter and as writer, who ended his brief life of less than twenty years in the November of 1874—a bitter grief to his father, Rossetti's life-long friend, Ford Madox Brown. This design Rossetti characteristically wrote of as being meant to be a sort of painted *Cloud Confines* (the name will be recognized as that of one of his poems). "I don't know," he added, "whether it would do to paint, being moonlight." The *Sphinx* seems to me an intractable subject, and to be overloaded with trite allegory that is unworthy of the inventor of so many subtleties, while the design, as such, is inferior and confused, and therefore, apart from the moonlight which would have to be dealt with, I am convinced that it would not do to paint."

fillings of ebony or dark horn embossed in silver. She is seated right fronting us, and leans a little sideways to our left. On this side one of

The Sphinx.

the harps is reared on the arm of the bench, its horns are twined with pale wild roses, and beneath the urn is trained a festoon of garden roses. About the urn is bound the widow's wedding girdle of silver, dedicated

to the dead or to the living husband. The second harp is on the bench on her left; her lean pale fingers seem to stray "preluding" a mournful strain upon the strings of the instruments, and her very eyes seem to listen; her lips we might expect would part and emit a faint funereal hymn. The moment chosen must be supposed to belong to one of those special occasions when the Romans solemnized mortuary rites, and which recurred at intervals during the year. The key colour of this picture is warm white, with a saffron hue; this obtained in the dress of the lady, and is varied by the less warm colour of the veil which swathes her head and throat, as well as by the intense pallor of the carnations. She has turned back the veil from her face so that we see the warm young features are sunken, a little pale, but still beautiful.

The Sea Spell, painted from Miss Wilding, and intended as a sort of companion to *Veronica Veronese*, for which she likewise sat, shows the Siren seated playing her lute, which is shadowed by the apple-tree and crowned with a rose-wreath. She is bending before the instrument which is upright before her; over her head is a white bird, attracted by the music and rushing through the air to listen to it. Behind are glimpses of the sunlit ocean and a blue firmament, vividly lighted. The witch is with abstracted eyes listening to her own music, and the vague charm of her ruddy lips seems to attest that she, urged by Fate, wove the enchantment that brought mariners to ruin, while she swings her body to the chanted cadence. Rossetti's sonnet illustrating this picture[1] begins

> "Her lute hangs shadowed on the apple tree
> While flashing fingers weave the sweet-strung spell
> Between its chords."

The portrait of *Miss Christina Rossetti*, which is the last of our illustrations, belongs to the one brother, to whom we are indebted for it as well as for the plate after *Lilith*, and was drawn by the other brother of the lady whose choice verses have been, like so many pearls in a carcanet, strung in various editions of her poems. It will therefore be trebly welcome to the reader. It was drawn with coloured crayons, and in, to the best of my belief, 1877; in 1883 it appeared as No. 43 at

[1] The *Sea-Spell*, which belonged to Mr. Leyland, and was sold with the rest of his pictures in May, 1892, for 420 guineas, was dated 1877, and exhibited at the Burlington Club in 1883.

the Burlington Club's exhibition of Rossetti's pictures, drawings, and studies. It attests that Time had not effaced from the lady's face the likeness of the Virgin in "*Ecce Ancilla Domini!*" of 1849, and it remains

Christina Rossetti.

the best portrait of our poet-painter's devoted and constant sister, his refuge in dark and painful days which she shared with his mother and brother, and one of the attendants of his latest hours.

Those hours witnessed the removal from amongst us of one of the most splendid geniuses of which the English nation can boast. They arrived all too soon after the portrait of his sister was completed, that is in about four years, during which period Rossetti finished some less important works, replicas and new versions of several which have been mentioned in this text, and began certain examples which he did not live to complete. He had the great satisfaction of knowing that his fame as a poet was prodigiously extended by means of *Ballads and Sonnets*, published in September, 1881, while the sale in the same month of his *Dante's Dream* to the Liverpool Gallery affirmed that his honours as a painter would lose nothing in the future. It would have increased his happiness could he have known that in a few years two of the most characteristic of his pictures would be added to the National Gallery. He died at Birchington, Kent, on the 9th of April, 1882. To his memory this text is one of the tributes of an old friend.

Beatrice and her Nurse.

INDEX

Academy, Royal, 9
Alfieri, Count, 6
"Alma Mater," 48
"Astarte Syriaca," 88

"Beata Beatrix," 62
"Beloved, The," 58, 60
"Bionda del Balcone, La," 74
Birchington, 94
"Blessed Damozel," 84
"Blue Bower," 70
"Blue Closet," 41
"Bocca Baciata," 53
"Borgia," 31
Boyce, Mr., 31
Browning, Robert, 26, 51
Bruges, 28
Burne-Jones, Sir E., 16, 47

Cary, Mr., 9
"Chapel before the Lists," 48
Charlotte Street, 7, 8
Cheyne Walk, 58
"Christmas Carol," 70
Cimabue, 32
Cleveland Street, 13, 16, 23
Cockerell, Pepys, 32
Collinson, James, 17
Colvin, Sidney, 70
Combe, Mrs., 34
Cyclographic Society, 16

"Damsel of the Sangrael," 43
"Dante's Dream," 77
"Dante on the Anniversary of Beatrice's Death," 34
"Death of Breuse sans Pitié," 48
Della Guardia, 6
Deverell, Walter, 35, 36
"Dis Manibus," 90

"Ecce Ancilla Domini," 19, 21

"Faust," 42
Ferdinand I., 6
"Fight for a Woman," 70
"Found," 37
Fra Angelico, 22

"Galahad in the Chapel," 48
Gaujean, M., 24
"Genevieve," 9, 15, 16
Germ, The, 23, 25, 28, 31
"Giotto Painting a Portrait of Dante," 32
Glass, Designs for Stained, 56
"Ghirlandata," 73, 83
Graham, William, 24

Herbert, Miss, 68, 73
"Hesterna Rosa," 30
Heugh, Mr., 24
Hogarth Club, 49
Holbein, 22, 23
"How they Met themselves," 32
Hughes, Arthur, 29, 42
Hunt, Holman, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 18, 24, 37

"Il Ramoscello," 70

"Johnson at the Mitre," 53

King's College, London, 7
King's College School, 8
Kirkup, Mr., 32

"La Bella Mano," 90
"Laboratory, The," 26
"Lady of Pity," 74
"Lady with the Fan," 78
"Lady with the Chain," 70
"Lancelot asleep before the Shrine of the San Grael," 46
"Lancelot escaping from the Chamber of Guinevere," 48
"Lancelot and Guinevere at the Tomb of Arthur," 40
Leathart, Mr. 38
"Lilith," 66
Llandaff Cathedral, the triptych at, 49
Louvre, The, 28
"Loving Cup," 70
"Lucrezia Borgia," 51
Lyell, Charles, 8

McCracken, Mr. 24, 34
Madox-Brown, 11, 12, 14, 19, 24, 28
Malta, 6
"Mary, the Girlhood of the Virgin," 15, 16, 18
Millais, Sir John, 9, 12, 14, 21, 28
"Monna Vanna," 70
Morris, William, 25, 41, 42, 43, 50, 78
„ „ Mrs. 88
Murray, Fairfax, 26

Naples, 6
Newman Street, 31
Nineveh, Burden of, 51

"Pandora," 74, 75,
"Paolo and Francesca, 39, 58
"Parable of Love," 31
"Passover in the Holy Family," 39
Patmore, Coventry, 16, 31
Paul, Rev. 8
Pierce, Miss, 6
Polidori, Gaetano, 6, 9
„ Dr. 6
Præ-Raphaelite Brotherhood, 9, 12, 16, 17
"Princess Sabra drawing the Fatal Lot," 74
"Proserpine," 78, 81

Rae, George, 41, 42
"Regina Cordium," 36, 70
Retzsch, 9
"Rosa Triplex," 73
Rossetti, Christina Georgina, 6, 19, 22, 92
„ Mrs. D. G. 56
„ Frances Mary Lavinia, 6, 7, 19
„ Gabriele, 6, 7, 8
„ Maria Francesca, 6
„ William Michael, 6, 17, 25
Ruskin, John, 39

"Sancta Lilias," 88
"Salutatio Beatricis," 50
"Sea Spell," 92
"Sibylla Palmifera," 64, 65
Siddall, Elizabeth Eleanor, 35, 36, 47
Sister Helen, 51
"Sphinx," 89
Stolberg, Louisa of, Countess of Albany, 6
Stuart, Charles Edward, 6

Taylor, Sir Henry, 30
Tennyson, Lord, 40
Tintoret, 61
Tristram and Iseult, 70

Union at Oxford, 45

Vasto d'Ammone, 6
"Venus Verticordia," 66
"Veronica Veronese," 82

"Washing Hands," 69
"Wedding of St. George," 42
Wilding, Miss Alice, 70, 73, 74, 92
Woodward, Mr. 48
Woolner, Thomas, 17, 31,

In an Orchard.

FREDERICK WALKER

AND HIS WORKS

By

CLAUDE PHILLIPS

Author of "Sir Joshua Reynolds," &c.

LONDON
SEELEY AND CO. LIMITED, ESSEX STREET, STRAND
NEW YORK, MACMILLAN AND CO.
1894

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PLATES

PAGE

In an Orchard (J. P. H.) . . . . . *Frontispiece*

Philip in Church (H. T.) . . . . . *to face* 28

The Vagrants . . . . . „ „ 48

The Harbour of Refuge . . . . . „ „ 58

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT

Pencil Drawing made for the "Cornhill Magazine" (J. P. H.) 13

At the Sick Man's Door (Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.) 16

Denis Duval's Valet (Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.) . 18

Little Denis Dances and Sings before the Navy Gentlemen (Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.) 20

The Wayfarers (J. P. H.) 22

Spring (Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Agnew and Sons, owners of the Copyright) 29

Autumn (Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Agnew and Sons, owners of the Copyright) 31

The Three Fates (G. S.) 34

The Woman in White. Design for a Poster (J. P. H.) 36

Invitation Card (A. J. L.) 37

Invitation Card (A. J. L.) 39

Design for an Invitation Card (A. J. L.) 41

PAGE

The Mushroom Gatherers (S. B.) 42

The Street, Cookham 43

The First Swallow (Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Agnew and Sons, owners of the Copyright) 45

Mushrooms and Fungi (H. R.) 47

The Fishmonger 60

A Rainy Day, at Cookham 63

The Unknown Land. First Design (J. P. H.) 65

The Unknown Land. Second Design (H. R. R.) 67

Portrait of the Artist (J. P. H.) 68

Boy looking at a Dead Bird 72

Onion in Flower (J. P. H.) 75

The publishers' thanks are due to the following gentlemen, who have kindly given permission to reproduce pictures and drawings in their collections :—

Mr. J. P. Heseltine (J. P. H.)

Mr. H. Tate (H. T.)

Mr. George Smith (G. S.)

Mr. Arthur J. Lewis (A. J. L.)

Mr. Somerset Beaumont (S. B.)

Mr. Humphrey Roberts (H. R.)

Mr. H. R. Robertson (H. R. R.)

FREDERICK WALKER

CHAPTER I

Influence on English Art—Early Years—As a Wood-engraver—Connection with the "Cornhill"—Works in Black and White—Illustrations for Thackeray's "Philip"—First Oil Painting—Visit to Paris—Influence of French Art.

It is now some nineteen years since the career of this lamented artist was all too prematurely brought to a close. He vanished out of life at a moment when glory had already been achieved, and achieved by a road less barred by obstacle than that which artists of genius are as a rule compelled to follow, but yet at a point when he was far from having reached maturity or given the best that it was in him to give. The sentiment of poignant regret so universally felt at his death was made up on the one hand of infinite pity for the path-breaking painter who had won and grasped the crown of victory only to see it fall from his darkening eyes—on the other of bitter disappointment that the English school should, at a perilous moment, be deprived of one who might have accomplished for it so much more than in his short life he was able to do.

The disappearance of Walker was not only the disappearance of a man of mark, whose pathetic and distinctively English art had already won the hearts of the outside public not less than the sympathy of that more restricted one which judges the painter's art primarily from its own standpoint and only secondarily from that of imaginative literature. It was the extinction of a budding school, or at any rate of a movement of promise in English art,

which, whatever might be its shortcomings, had that special quality, the value of which cannot well be overrated, that it remained in its innovations national in feeling and character. The electric spark giving life and the power of development to the germ might have come—it probably did come—from abroad, yet the art thus generated was never deliberately imitative, but on the contrary evolved itself in accordance with the natural temperament and according to the natural resources of the artist. Three years before Walker died, George Mason, a more complete artist, so far as technical achievement goes, though perhaps not a more convincing artistic personality than our painter, had passed away; a few months afterwards vanished George Pinwell, the survivor of the short-lived group, and Walker's junior by more than two years.

Walker's influence on his younger contemporaries was undoubtedly very great, and its traces still survive, especially among our water-colour painters. Still that influence, instead of growing in the years that have elapsed since his death, has by degrees waned; what might have developed into a school has remained an isolated movement, throwing out ramifications here and there, but yet not more than a movement. This is the more to be regretted, because the English art of to-day, interesting as are its most recent manifestations in every direction—undoubtedly as it is now showing itself to be alive, as it is asserting its right to a place in what may be called the modern European school, radiating from France—is taking its aids to development too much from without, too little from within. It is to the relative immaturity of Walker's art, to its lack of true vitality in its later and more ambitious phases, that is perhaps to be attributed the restricted character of its influence.

All the more do we regret that possibilities so great as those foreshadowed in the art of our painter and his fellows were not realised to the full, when we remember how a generation earlier, another and a far more important movement, that of the band of poetic realists calling themselves the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, failed to bring to ripeness such fruit as it might have been expected to bear. Here not death so much as disintegration was the cause. The intense passion, the concentrated subjectivity of Rossetti, saved in early days from excess

by its human quality, by the touch of the higher realism which informed it, in the end overpowered and obliterated the truth, upon a solid contact with which all enduring art must be based. The splendid achievements of the youthful Millais, absorbing and giving back with infinitely greater technical skill some of the brightest rays of his companions' genius, were continued, but in another form. The technique broadened, and the Pre-Raphaelite passed the barriers which separated imaginative immaturity from more mature but also more prosaic achievement. Mr. Holman Hunt was faithful, as he has ever since remained, to his early ideals, and naively sincere, with a *naïveté* and simplicity hardly paralleled in his century; but the very defects of his qualities prevented his pathetic and curious art from progressing to a higher than the initial stage, or exercising any widespread influence outside the fringe of Pre-Raphaelitism. When Walker's light first modestly showed itself above the horizon, the movement was already approaching the end of its earlier, its more vigorous and less literary stage. He cannot be said to have been closely in touch with it, save in so far as he was evidently moved by a sincerity, by a desire to stand alone, which may well have caused to vibrate certain kindred chords in his own nature. Almost from the first he sought to do as the fiery young innovators of that small earnest band had done in the beginning—to shake himself free from the accumulated conventionalities of the worst kind by which the majority of English artists were still well-nigh stifled. His supreme merit was that, while remaining open to impulse from without, when that impulse ran parallel with his own endeavour, he chose—perhaps his artistic temperament left him no choice—to see, feel, and interpret humanity and the environing nature for himself, and not merely to tread the narrow path, worn hard and bare by his predecessors and contemporaries.

The cheap anecdotic phase of romanticism had, notwithstanding the earnest efforts of the Pre-Raphaelites in the direction of a higher and simpler truth, maintained a firm hold on English art. Walker's tendency from the beginning, whether he was wholly conscious of it or not, was to replace this romanticism by a realism tempered with that peculiar vein of imaginativeness without which it can never be acceptable in the long run to the Englishman. It was the opportuneness of his

appearance, the opportuneness of his attempt, the fact that the art of the innovator, however tentative and uncertain it might be in many respects, was a thing of home growth and national in colour, that made his success, and caused it to be more immediate and less chequered with the shadow of failure than is usual with artists of Walker's stamp.

The peculiarly sympathetic character, the absolute sincerity of all his work, even when it was most open to technical criticism, had early in his too short career won over not only the art-loving section of the public, but the greater number and the better part of his brothers in art. When following, alas! too closely, on still growing success, and the achievement of coveted distinction, came abruptly the final catastrophe, the bitterness of regret gave an additional impulse to that success, the seal to which was set by the posthumous exhibition of the painter's collected works in 1876 some few months after his death. This was for Walker a veritable apotheosis, and it brought his reputation to a level at which it has maintained itself ever since, if we may judge not only by the market-prices of his works—for these manifestly furnish but an unsafe criterion—but by the place which has, with but few dissident voices, been accorded to him among the brightest lights of English art.

In the last years of his life, and in those which followed immediately upon his death much sympathetic and appreciative criticism was devoted to the analysis of his life-work, to the exposition of his tendencies in art, to the tracing of points of contact and points of difference between his productions and those of contemporary foreign masters who might fairly be deemed to have influenced him. It would have been too ungrateful a task at such a moment to show the shortcomings and weaknesses of a method which was avowedly not yet mature when he was snatched away, or to point out in what it might appear, to one judging dispassionately, to be an art rather of promise than of performance. It is now, perhaps, after a lapse of nearly two decades easier to make such an attempt, although it is difficult at this stage to do what no one appears to have done at the time—that is to indicate with any attempt at realistic truth the human as well as the artistic personality of our painter. It thus becomes necessary, in any

attempted appreciation to rely almost wholly on what remains of the artist, and but little on the scanty data which have been made public with reference to the man.[1]

Frederick Walker was born in Marylebone, on the 26th of May, 1840, his father being a designer of artistic jewellery, with a taste also for painting, which descended, it would appear, from our artist's grandfather, who was responsible for some creditable family portraits. His mother recognized early his more than common talent for drawing, and while he was yet going through a course of general education at the North London Collegiate School, Camden Town, took some of his drawings to Mr. Arthur J. Lewis, of Moray Lodge, Campden Hill, in the employment of whose firms he then was. This gentleman, himself a practised artist, at once perceived the promise of the youthful draughtsman, and recommended that he should be allowed to follow his bent and make of art the business of his life. He had already begun to draw in the halls of the British Museum when, at the age of sixteen he was, by way of trial placed for eighteen months with an architect and surveyor. Very naturally the mechanical training which he there had to undergo, and the routine tasks to which perforce he had to apply himself were little to his taste. So soon as he was released from his experimental apprenticeship, he returned with added enthusiasm to his more congenial artistic training, working in the daytime at the Museum among the Elgin Marbles, and at night attending Leigh's life classes in Newman Street. These Elgin Marbles, of which later on he had casts placed in his studio, so that they were always in his sight, left, as will be seen, an indelible impression on his art, and more especially on its later phases. In March, 1858, he was admitted as a student at the Royal Academy, but he never progressed from the antique to the life school there.

Mr. J. L. Roget, in his concise and interesting notice of the painter, contained in the work to which reference has already been made, states that his studies from the life were made not from the model, but from what he saw around him in the outer world, of which, in its everyday manifestations, he was, as might easily be inferred from his early performances, keenly and sympathetically observant. A large number of fancy designs,

[1] J. L. Roget's *History of the Old Water Colour Society*, Vol. II., pp. 386—396.

made without any living model—memory coming to the aid of imagination—were done at a sketching club which met at Langham Chambers. These are described as "mostly done in grey with a brush, over unobtrusive but exquisite lines in pencil." While still a student at the Royal Academy, Walker entered upon a three years engagement with T. W. Whymper, the wood-engraver, to attend his studio three days a week, and draw on the block under his instruction. It was this branch of his artistic training which was earliest to bear fruit, and to enable him to make a practical start in his career; and here his own unaided studies and observation of his fellow-man were to stand him in good stead. The study of classical sculpture which was at the root of his training was not to bear obvious fruit until later on.

Mr. J. Comyns Carr, who has made an especial study of the art of Walker, in one of his numerous essays[1] on what has evidently been with him a favourite subject, describes this period of the young aspirant's life as one of unceasing and irksome labour. He was required for obvious reasons to do his work rapidly and in accordance with a method prescribed by the taste of his master's customers—that is, in the conventional book-illustration style which obtained before that of Millais and Walker himself got the upper hand, before the rise of *Once a Week* and the *Cornhill Magazine*. No doubt such labour was distasteful to young Walker, as it must be distasteful to any artist of creative impulses. On the other hand, it must have contributed to give him certainty and precision of hand, though it did not correct that deep-rooted tendency of the artist to hesitate, to evolve, to elaborate, which had its great drawbacks as well as its advantages. Originality of vision, distinctiveness of style are not qualities which the young and imperfectly developed artist can possess at the outset, whatever may be his possibilities; and it is more than probable that this rough-and-ready training after all did the artist more good than harm. We are reminded of Watteau in his early 'prentice days, when bound to a kind of purveyor of cheap art destined to be exported in every direction, he was compelled to turn out by the dozen *images de piété*—Holy Infants, Madonnas, angels, saints, monks, and demons. This early apprenticeship of our painter to the wood-engraver determined, however, the branch of art in which he was first to essay his flight, and no doubt, as

[1] *Essays on Art*, by J. Comyns Carr.

Mr. Comyns Carr points out, exercised a permanent influence upon his work even as a painter—an influence from which, like even the mighty Albert Dürer, the painter-engraver, but even more the engraver-painter, he was never wholly able to shake himself free.

The periodical *Once a Week* had been founded in 1859, and attached to its staff were, among other artists of reputation, J. E. Millais, T. Sandys, John Leech, Charles Keene, and John Tenniel. In November 1859, Walker divining here, as it is permissible to surmise, a unique opportunity for remunerative work and self-development side by side with men who had already won for themselves a name, ventured in some trepidation to call upon the editor of the new periodical to exhibit specimens of his work and seek employment as a draughtsman on wood. Tom Taylor,[1] who describes him at this point as "a nervous, timid, sensitive young fellow, frail and small of body, feverish of temperament, but ever prompt and bright of wit," goes on to say, "They (the drawings) were examined, approved, and a commission was given him to illustrate a story called *Peasant Proprietorship*, which appeared with the nervous young artist's illustration in the number for February 18th, 1860."

It has been ascertained, however, that it was in a paper called *Everybody's Journal* that the very first in order of date of Walker's drawings came before the public. This was an illustration to a tale by Edmond About, entitled in its English dress, *The Round of Wrong*, and it saw the light on January 14th, 1860.

From that time to March, 1863, he was a constant contributor to *Once a Week*. He was responsible for twenty-four drawings in the two volumes for 1860; twenty-nine in those for 1861; and twenty in those for 1862; while in 1863 he contributed a solitary design for *After Ten Years*, the translation of a little poem by Geibel. This showed an elderly wayfarer, who, reappearing after a ten years absence clasps his sister in his arms, while her little ones look on wonderingly. The drawings of the preceding years chiefly illustrate two serial stories, *The Settlers of the Long Arrow* and *The Prodigal Son*. Somewhere at the end of 1860, or beginning of 1861, Walker obtained an introduction, through Mr. George Smith, to Thackeray, then editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and the

[1] Preface to the *Catalogue of the Exhibition of Works of the late F. Walker, A.R.A.*, 1876.

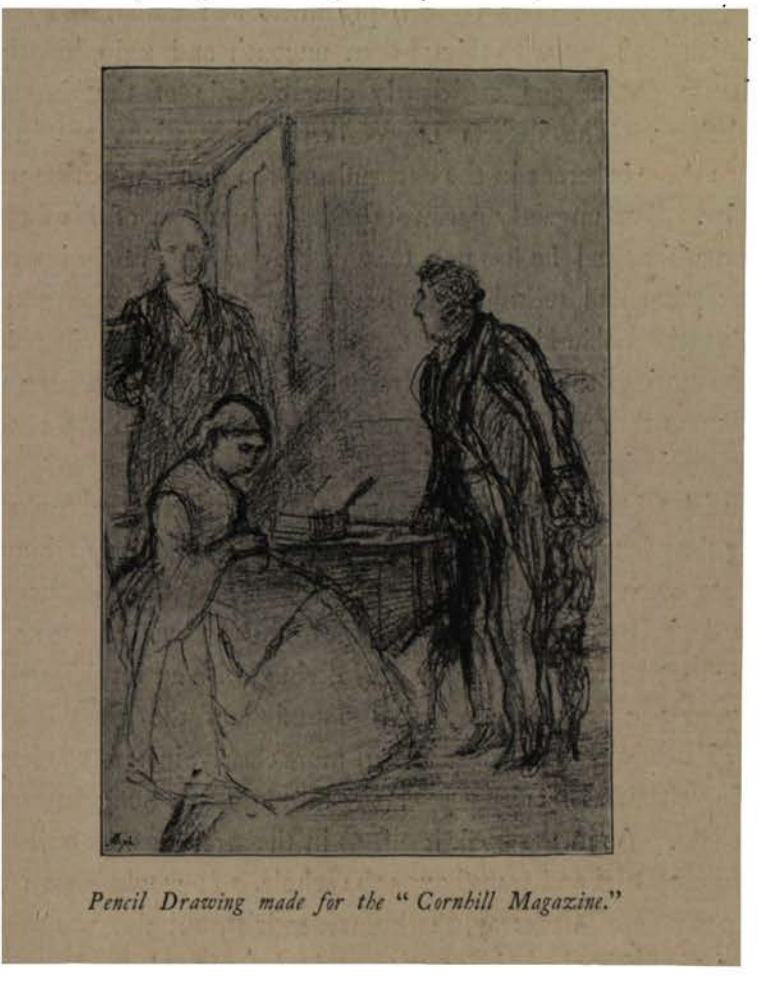
chief mainstay among its contributors.[1] "Walker was nervous, and Thackeray after his own fashion strove to set him at his ease. He asked him if he could sketch. . . . and suggested that he should make a sketch of him while he was shaving. This Walker accomplished, and the result was so far satisfactory that at their next interview Thackeray told him that he wanted a drawing for one of the famous 'Roundabout Papers.' He indicated what was required in a rough sketch. . . . The principal figure was to be a back view of Thackeray himself, which Walker straightway executed by way of a preliminary study, and then afterwards embodied in the finished design engraved for the magazine."

The rough sketch, or rather suggestion, for the composition as a whole was, however, on this occasion, supplied by Thackeray himself, a plan which he adopted also in the first drawings executed by Walker under his supervision for *Philip on his Way through the World*, then coming out in the *Cornhill*. This particular sketch, which has been in several Walker exhibitions, and most recently of all in the comprehensive display of his minor works brought together by the Royal Society of Artists of Birmingham, this spring, belongs to the great writer's daughter, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie. It is infinitely more spirited and suggestive than the finished vignette which appeared accompanying the "Roundabout Paper" of February 1861, in the magazine. It has, indeed, just that freedom and spontaneity which in Walker's finished performances—be they in black-and-white, oils, or water-colours—is so often obliterated and replaced by a loving elaboration of subject and detail which has its characteristic charm, but also, as will be seen, its great dangers. Walker takes Thackeray's place as the illustrator-in-chief of *Philip* in the number of the *Cornhill* for May 1861 (with the cut "Nurse and Doctor"), and thenceforward supplies the accompanying designs until the story ends in August 1862. The first cuts are unsigned, but at about the point indicated the initials "F. W.," which were to remain Walker's artistic signature, appear modestly in the corner, and this is no doubt intended to mark the draughtsman's emancipation from leading strings. We know that sometimes when Thackeray was ill in bed, and yet obliged to remain at the helm, he would send for his young *protégé*, and making him sit down at the bedside, relate the story to him

[1] J. Comyns Carr, *Essays on Art*.

as it developed itself, so as to call up before his eyes the scenes fixed upon for illustration.

It is a little difficult just now to appreciate at their true worth these illustrations of Walker's to *Philip*, much as it is to see the real merit of John Everett Millais's pictures in black and white to Anthony Trollope's too little remembered novel, *Framley Parsonage*. The



Pencil Drawing made for the "Cornhill Magazine."

period which both had to illustrate was, as regards externals, a most unfortunate one. The men trimmed (or rather did not trim) their hair and whiskers in a fashion abhorrent to the present generation; their hats, their clothes—even those of the dandies—were, according to present notions, the very essence of unsmartness. The women were, as to their coiffures, their head-gear, their toilette generally, the dowdiest of the

dowdy, and their balloon-like skirts, unrelieved by the festoons and adornments which had rendered acceptable those still ampler ones of the eighteenth century, were of a hopelessly inexpressive monotony and vulgarity with which not even the most gifted draughtsman might hope to deal with success. And then the period represented is still so near to us that the artist's personages appear frumpy and out of date, without getting the benefit of a certain quaintness and unfamiliarity which by association lend charm to things even uncouth and ugly, if only they be sufficiently distant and sufficiently characteristic of the time to which they belong. The defects of Walker's illustrations are in a great measure those inherent in the externals of the scenes which he undertakes to depict. The ungainly garments and surroundings of his figures often overcome him, and he has not, though his drawings vastly improve both in conception and technique as he goes on, the supreme graphic skill which would enable him to rise superior to such disheartening obstacles.

The merit of the *Philip* illustrations lies, as might have been expected, in what was very nearly a first work, less in well-ordered and concentrated design emphasizing the essential and relegating to the background the unessential points of a subject, than in the pathos and truth, the unquestioning simplicity and sincerity of the whole. Thackeray's humour and satire are much less easily within Walker's reach than his pure pathos. It is in depicting the more serious scenes of the novel that he penetrates into the very heart of his subject, and divines, with an intuition rare indeed in so young an artist, the innermost meaning of the great humourist—causing his creations to stand out still more clearly, instead of blurring and confusing them, as many even of the most gifted among illustrators are wont to do. As in the book itself, so in the drawings, a thrill of human tenderness colours and transfigures the whole. It would be an exaggeration to say that Thackeray, the keenest satirist, but also the most genial humourist of his time, is as adequately interpreted as Thackeray, the tear-compelling narrator of the least romantic incidents in English life. To suggest his satire, and what those imperfectly in touch with his art are pleased to style his cynicism, would require the mordant pencil of an Adolf Menzel, with a far bigger dose redeeming humanity than that most masterly of all modern draughtsmen commands.

No one possessed what after his time it has become the fashion to

style the religion of humanity more deeply and truly or more unaffectedly than Thackeray; and he was never really without pity and pardon even for the most imperfect of the human creatures whose foibles he so unsparingly laid bare. It is here that his youthful illustrator intuitively divines and expresses him. Take for instance the central figure of Philip himself—great, rough, kindly Philip, so loving and so lovable—how admirably and consistently he is expressed throughout! How faithfully his ill-made baggy clothes, his bushy mane and whiskers are portrayed, and how unmistakably the typical Briton, in his nobler phase, shines out through it all! With hardly less truth and pathos are the simplicity and purity of English womanhood, the wistfulness of childhood portrayed. The drawing of *Philip in Church* has become famous, especially in its later version, when elaborated as a water-colour. Notable, too, as illustrating the vein of true sentiment without sentimentality which gives distinction to the whole series, are *At the Sick Man's Door*, *Paterfamilias*, *Comfort in Grief*. The design *Charlotte's Convoy* reveals an unlooked-for subtlety and sense of values in the use of black and white, atmospheric gradation and the clearness of a starlit night being modestly but most truthfully conveyed. *A Quarrel* and *Judith and Holofernes* are powerfully yet not stagily dramatic; the latter, however, with all the vigour of its realism is in a somewhat more heroic vein than the subject calls for.

It is the touchingly human quality, the subtle, unobtrusive observation, bringing out spiritual rather than purely physical characteristics, which gives value to these and other early productions of Frederick Walker. Later on when—a new impulse reviving and giving added force to the early impressions received from a rudimentary study of Greek sculpture—the art of the painter develops decorative elements and a certain ambitious classicality in the presentment of everyday life, the poetic realism, the unobtrusive fidelity in the observation and interpretation of fact are obscured, though not obliterated. Whether the gain in the one direction counterbalances the loss or diminution in the other remains to be seen; this side of the question must be left for discussion a little further on.

After Thackeray's *Philip* our artist illustrated successively Miss Thackeray's *Story of Elizabeth* and *The Village on the Cliff*, succeeding

At the Sick Man's Door.

Reproauced by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder ana Co.

hardly less well with the delicately outlined figures of the daughter than with the vividly realised creations of the father.

Walker also supplied the drawings for Thackeray's unfinished novel *Denis Duval*, and here he was evidently much less at his ease. It was almost the only instance in which he had to deal with costumes and personages earlier than those of this century, and—in this the antithesis of those artists of whom Meissonier is the type and the most accomplished instance—he was hampered, not stimulated, by the conditions of the task imposed upon him. There is something forced, something approaching mannerism and sentimentality even in the prettiest of these drawings, though they are in a style more calculated to secure popular appreciation than the previous ones. Among the most notable is *Denis Duval's Valet*, with its engaging but not quite simple portraiture of the steadfast, much-suffering little hero—just a little too *contourné*, both in conception and style. The same criticism may fairly be applied to the animated composition, *Little Denis Dances and Sings before the Navy Gentlemen*, while the *Last Moments of the Count of Saverne* is well put together and impressive, but inclines to the stage-dramatic rather than to the drama of reality.

Mr. J. L. Roget has stated that Walker built up his distinctive manner as a draughtsman for wood-engraving, partly on the wood-drawing of Adolf Menzel, whose famous series of illustrations dealing with Frederick the Great and his campaigns was, it appears, much studied by him—partly on the new style and practice introduced by Millais and the Pre-Raphaelites, but with less of hard insistence and more freedom and grace than the latter could command. Certainly if the influence of Menzel is anywhere visible in Walker's black-and-white work, it is in these illustrations to *Denis Duval.* But as a rule that swiftness and supreme mastery of pencil applied to the precise notation of fact, that *crânerie* of the elder master which, if it does not unnecessarily set up never shirks difficulties, are just the qualities which we do not, as a rule, find in our artist. With much more truth may it be asserted that Walker's art at this initial stage is more or less the outcome of that of Millais and the Pre-Raphaelites. If any English artist can be said to have exercised a direct influence over him, it is certainly Millais—the Millais of the first Pre-Raphaelite period at its maturity. But Walker,

Denis Duval's Valet.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

not less as an artist than as a man, was essentially self-developed—a true product of his time, but yet isolated from his predecessors and fellow-workers as have been very few even among painters of undoubted initiative and originality. Once fairly started he owed much less to his contemporaries, whether English or French, than has been imagined, and to ancient art other than classical sculpture, nothing.

This attitude of aloofness is to be noted neither all in praise nor all in blame; it is the natural outcome of Walker's temperament, of his apparently limited power of appreciating such art as was outside the bounds of his own immediate sympathies. It is the result of his absolute self-concentration, and his curious system of slowly, laboriously working up artistic material. Important determining impulses from without he certainly received at more than one point in his career, and in submitting to these he but followed the natural and, indeed, one may say, inevitable order in which a true creative personality, such as his, develops itself. If, without descending to mere imitation, he had shown himself more capable of assimilating the technical results achieved by others, he might have glided more easily over many a stumbling-block, and attained to that perfect, unfettered expression of self which, as it is, he cannot be said to have reached.

Besides *Once a Week* and the *Cornhill* our artist did work in these years for *Good Words*, *Sunday at Home*, and other magazines.

It is during this period that he executed for Messrs. Dalziel his drawings of the Seasons, which are of especial interest as affording elements of comparison with the later versions of the same subjects amplified in his more elaborate style. *Spring* shows with true tenderness and simplicity a girl and boy gathering primroses in a thicket blossoming already, although its branches are still naked and gaunt. *Summer*, a truly Pre-Raphaelite performance in its literalness and naive truth, presents two boys bathing in a pool overhung with trees. It has been pointed out that here we have the original motive out of which grew, first a water-colour in which the figures are more numerous and the design takes a more graceful shape, then one of the artist's most important works, *The Bathers* of 1867. *Autumn* shows a girl in an orchard, standing under a still leafy apple-tree laden with fruit; one of these she has plucked and holds in her hand. The design of *Winter* is

Little Denis Dances and Sings before the Navy Gentlemen.
Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

more restricted and prosaic in conception ; it gives us, much as one of William Hunt's water-colours might have done, only with a certain pensiveness in lieu of jollity, a boy standing at a frozen pump, with a half-bitten piece of bread-and-butter in his hand. In *Spring*, the differences between the earlier and simpler drawing and the later and more developed one, as it appeared, a water-colour of important dimensions, at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, are particularly striking and instructive. The first *Spring* is a shade stiff, but it is true in gesture and movement—as delicately as accurately observed. The second, more picturesque and decorative in design, is less immediately based on Nature, and therefore less truly expressive. There is something forced and very nearly artificial in the grace of the child's movements, something of that *contourné* quality in the design, upon which there has once before been occasion to remark. The *Autumn* is already a little over-studied in the first rendering ; its expressiveness cannot be said to be enhanced in the subsequent and more elaborate version.

Mr. Comyns Carr has in his already more than once quoted essay dwelt with evident sympathy on this peculiar quality of Walker's ; this constant attraction exercised over him by his earliest motives, this system of returning to them over and over again, to change, to amplify, to adorn with the fruits of a passionate and sustained study of Nature in her minutest details. While, however, inventions such as those of our painter may gain in studied grace and ideality, in maturity of conception and richness of amassed detail, by a gradual process of elaboration and completion such as that to which he submitted them, they must necessarily lose in spontaneity and freshness, in swiftness and truth of delineation. It is not easy with such a system to retain that indefinable quality which suggests the instantaneous vision of the painter, seeing his subject complete in essentials ere he attacks it. Over-elaboration—the working out of a subject as it were from different centres instead of as one coherent, dramatic whole—is precisely the drawback from which Walker's art most suffers. His method of progressive development well accounts for the mixed feeling with which we contemplate precisely those works by which his fame has been won ; for the difficulty which, while admiring exquisite episodes in these, we feel in grasping them in their entirety ; for the lack of that current of vitality which should hold together the

component parts of a great work and give it both pictorial and dramatic unity.

It may be as well to deal here with a notable instance in point, though somewhat out of its proper chronological order. There is, perhaps, in the whole range of Walker's *œuvre* no design more forcible, more masterly in its absolute grasp of nature, than the little-known etching *The Wayfarers*. The suggestion of onward movement, the characterisation of the two figures—that of the sturdy, youthful rustic, no less than that of the

The Wayfarers.

old and disabled peasant of forbidding aspect who leans on him for support—is perfect. The landscape is certainly more prosaic and less attractive than in the later version—the large canvas of the same name and subject which dates from 1866, and was last seen in public this winter at the Old Masters' Exhibition. This latter landscape with its late autumn melancholy, its moist atmosphere, its maze of tangled branches and twigs nearly stripped of their leaves, is one of the painter's most elaborate and beautiful transcriptions from nature. The figures, however, will not bear comparison with the singular

and more realistic ones of the etching. A sort of pseudo-idealism has been at work sentimentalising them at the expense of the unvarnished truth which, as we may guess, appeared to the artist too prosaic for perpetuation on a large scale. The pretty youth who supports and guides the steps of a vagrant, of milder but less probable mien than that of his predecessor, skates rather than walks on the down-hill road; an air of weak, sweetened semi-realism pervades the whole, and in this instance individual truth is sacrificed, but general truth is not attained in a compensatory degree. The etching not having been published during the painter's lifetime, it is not easy to fix the exact date of its execution. Still it is manifest that it rests upon a design which must, from its very nature, have preceded that of the finished picture in oils.

Among the designs for wood-engraving executed in these early years (about 1863) must be particularly noted *The Dame's School*, which in the drawing on the block, still intact,[1] is much finer than in the published version. This is a typical example of Walker's happy treatment in early days of the simplest of everyday subjects. Here he does not distort his theme, or force into it more than it can well bear. He preserves intact all significant fact, but transfigures it by the glow of his ardent sympathy. Still a little stiff and hesitating in the working out, the composition is finely and evenly balanced, well observed in all its parts, and its unity remains unimpaired.

While working for bread and butter at his black-and-white work, Walker was learning to paint, both in oils and water-colours, though whether his self-education in these directions was assisted by any regular tuition does not sufficiently appear. His first important essay in oils was the canvas *The Lost Path*, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1863, and though there skied—as the first production of an unknown man painting in an unfamiliar way may often happen to be—attracted considerable notice and praise. Judging by the powerful etching of Mr. Waltner—the writer cannot call to mind to have seen the picture itself—the design is one of the most convincing, one of the most

[1] This drawing for wood-engraving, which was shown at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, has recently been acquired, together with those of *Autumn* and a few subjects from Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, for the Print Room of the British Museum. The South Kensington Museum has the similar drawing for *The Fishmonger*, and the wood-block for *Summer* above described.

concise and natural in its strength that Walker produced. A woman caught in a snowstorm, which has made of the cross-country path a trackless drift, presses on swiftly, holding her sleeping child wrapped from harm in her shawl; her half-seen face, as she closely presses the precious burden to her bosom, shows courage to fight for life, yet withal but little hope.

It was in August, 1863, after sending in this maiden work in oils to the Royal Academy, that Walker made a first visit to Paris in the company of his friend Mr. Philip Calderon (now R.A.), who, our painter being all guiltless of French, agreed to pilot him round the sister city and show him the artistic lions.

Mr. Calderon notes that, so far as he could judge from appearances, Walker remained but little moved in the presence of even the greatest masterpieces of the Louvre, no single picture attracting his attention sufficiently to induce him to speak of it afterwards.

One great canvas, however, the *Sacre de l'Impératrice Joséphine* by David, then in the museum at Versailles, but within the last few years removed thence to the Louvre, quite fascinated him. Mr. Calderon says: "He kept us a long time in the room studying the picture from corner to corner, and when we at last left it, he gave us the slip and ran back to it, and was with difficulty got away." At first, there seems to be an irreconcilable anomaly in the fact of Walker, the tender, the homely, the child of to-day, bowing down before the stern Græco-Roman David, when neither Raphael, Titian, nor Rembrandt had succeeded in moving him. There is however in the central group of David's great work, showing Joséphine in the elegant half-classic costume of the moment, with her imperial robes upheld by the fairest ladies of her court, a perfection of balance, a suavity and a stately grace which must have called up reminiscences of that early classic training among the marbles of Greece and Rome of which the influence was before long to re-assert itself so strongly. Of still higher interest is it to learn from the same informant that at the Luxembourg it was Jules Breton with his *Fin de la Journée*, and not Delacroix, Couture, or any of the more full-blown glories of the century, who attracted our painter's notice.[1] On the occasion of this his

[1] An amusing caricature by Walker, which we might well have assumed to be the outcome of this first trip to Paris, were it not stated on good authority that this is not

first visit to Paris in 1863, it by no means follows as a matter of course that he had an opportunity of seeing any original work by Jean-François Millet, who, although he had at that date already produced his greatest masterpieces, was still hotly discussed in Paris, and by no means definitively accepted on all sides. Had our artist waited for the Salon of 1863, which there is no reason to suppose that he did, he would have had an opportunity of seeing the immortal *L'Homme à la Houe*, than which no work of the French master was on its first appearance more passionately praised or more unsparingly attacked. There is much in Jules Breton's serene melancholy never quite reaching the verge of sadness, in the idyllic grace which he infuses into modern rustic life, which must have appealed to Walker even more than the noble generalisations and the massive grandeur of Millet.[1] One must, however, listen to his friend's wise note of warning, and refrain from drawing absolutely hard-and-fast conclusions from Walker's silence about art, and questions connected with it. He was, we are told "the most silent man I have ever known—never joining in a discussion, but listening (with a twinkle in his eye) to what others said, without ever giving a clue to his own opinions, and ending generally by heartily laughing at both sides." Mr. Calderon's conclusion, to which much weight must attach, as that of a brother artist and friend who lived some years in close intimacy with our painter, is that neither French nor indeed English art had any lasting influence on him. Yet, judging Walker by his works and the course taken by his art in unfolding itself—reasoning too, by analogy with the early developments of even the most original genius—this must appear a somewhat exaggerated statement of his position. True, it may be safely said that hardly any modern English artist of mark has so little belonged to a definite group or school; yet it is evident—the remark has already been made here—that the English downrightness, the

the case, is the pen-and-ink drawing *Doing Paris: the Last Day* (collection of Mr. W. H. Hooper), showing our artist in his shirt-sleeves lying exhausted on his French bed, while a companion, whose face is effectually hidden, sits at ease, deep in the *Times*. This sketch is drawn on some notepaper marked with the heading of the Hotel Rastadt.

[1] Yet more strongly was the exquisite art of George Mason, while it showed on the one hand strong affinities with that of the Italian landscape painter, Costa, influenced by that of Jules Breton; as may be clearly seen, for instance, in one of his masterpieces, *The Evening Hymn*.

sincerity and pathos of John Everett Millais in his first manner deeply affected him, and left an easily recognizable trace on the art of his earlier time.

Though it is emphatically untrue that Walker, save perhaps in one or two exceptional instances, deliberately imitated French art, or in any way "Frenchified" himself, it may very fairly be inferred that from the contemplation of such works as those of Jules Breton and Millet, he received a new impulse. May not such an impulse have revived his dormant classical reminiscences, and opened his eyes to the artistic possibilities of modern rustic life presented without the sentimental airs and graces with which it had hitherto been tricked out? Looking back at the painter's artistic career, we find ourselves wondering whether the impulse thus communicated, though at what exact point it would be hazardous to affirm, was not for harm as well as for good—whether Walker's genius might not more legitimately have developed itself on the basis of national art, and with that simplicity free from all *arrière-pensée* with which it started.

CHAPTER II

The Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours; "Philip in Church"—At the Royal Academy—Caricatures—Visit to Paris in 1867—Influence of Jean François Millet—Visit to Venice—"The Vagrants"—"The Old Gate."

THE Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours showed itself much more ready to appreciate Walker's work than the Royal Academy had been; with them he came, he was seen, he conquered. The historian of the Society, Mr. Roget, tells us that he was elected an Associate on the 8th of February, 1864, on the strength of three out of four drawings sent to the spring exhibition; so that he actually made his first appearance at Pall Mall East full-fledged, judged, and accepted as worthy almost without probation. Before referring to these drawings it may be well to deal with one produced a year or two previously. This is *The Blackberry Gatherers* (collection of Mr. John Galsworthy), signed as no other work of the artist's with which we are acquainted is signed, "F. Walker, 1860." It is a curiously stippled little production, which, were it not for a certain personal grace and tenderness making itself felt even thus early, might almost be taken for a Birket Foster.

The water-colours sent to the Society in 1864 were *Philip in Church;* the large *Spring*, to the development of which from the earlier and smaller version, drawn for a woodcut, a passing reference has already been made; *Garden Scene*, a subject from Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre; Refreshment*, a design showing a group of children at dinner in a field, which, in black-and-white, had already appeared in the same year in *Good Words*. These first contributions to a water-colour exhibition show different degrees of maturity, and from the *Garden Scene*, to *Philip in Church*, the advance is so marked, that the two

drawings cannot well have been produced simultaneously. The *Garden Scene* (collection of Mr. George Smith) carefully stippled in the artist's first manner is hard and dry in colour, stiff in composition, and does not show a complete grasp of the personages represented—Rochester and Jane Eyre. It has, on the other hand, that perfect *naïveté* and sincerity which may win pardon for many faults, that realism, poetized by feeling but not by any tampering with everyday truth, which belongs to English Pre-Raphaelitism in its first and most genuine phase.

Philip in Church (collection of Mr. Henry Tate), is a fuller and more detailed realization of the beautiful woodcut which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, but happily not a new variation or a fuller development of the subject. It reveals even more strongly the influence of this same Pre-Raphaelitism, as embodied above all in Sir J. E. Millais's earliest and most remarkable efforts. It is infinitely richer in colour, more perfect in drawing, happier altogether in realization than the companion picture just now referred to. Of its kind Walker has done nothing finer, perhaps nothing so fine, and one can well understand the verdict which a little later on, at the Paris International Exhibition of 1867, conferred upon the artist in respect of this very work, the second-class medal, a distinction not obtained by any other exhibited drawing in the same medium. What is particularly winning about the *Philip*, apart from its more easily reckoned up merits—its happy combination of wonderful finish with a sufficient breadth, and the essential quality of physical and spiritual life—is that it is typically English, altogether true and national in its growth. A radiance of sympathy emanates from the artist and envelops his creations, lighting from within with beauty a certain homeliness and dowdiness inherent to the subject. Inevitably, when a little later there is superimposed on this homely English realism an element of decorative classicism, beautiful in itself, but not legitimately evolved from its essence, the dramatic, the creative side of Walker's art sinks a little into the background, and what is gained in graciousness is lost in vital truth.

Our painter on this the occasion of his *début*, proved himself to be already a highly skilful executant according to the peculiar method which he had elaborated for himself. His results were obtained by a lavish use of opaque pigment, the high finish of every part, in which there was

Spring.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Agnew and Sons, owners of the Copyright.

nothing perfunctory or "niggling," being due to a juxtaposition of the minutest touches. This use of opaque body-colour was carried to an extreme point in such later water-colours as *Stobhall Gardens* and *Lilies*, where the high-lights are rendered with a regular impasto which at close quarters give these drawings a speckled appearance, such as may be noticed in Constable's later oil-paintings.

The next two years after the first important success had been achieved were not, if we are to judge by what was actually brought before the public, a period of rapid or sustained production. No oil picture saw the light, and even water-colours were few and far between. Among these may be mentioned *Denis Duval's Valet*, showing the redoubtable Madame Duval dressing the hair of her brave little son; this is an elaboration without material alteration of the illustration to Thackeray's unfinished novel in the *Cornhill*. It was exhibited in the winter of 1864–5, and to the same period must belong another similar drawing, *Evidence for the Defence*, derived from the same source, and giving the scene where little Denis proudly exhibits his pistol to his school friend.

By the 30th of November, 1866, on which day he became a full member of the Old Water-Colour Society, he had only, says Mr. Roget, after his initial appearance, added two more drawings to the summer exhibitions and three sketches and studies to the winter ones. Among these were, in 1865, the large *Autumn*, which is the second edition of the design for a wood-cut, already referred to; in 1866, *The Bouquet*, a gardener presenting a nosegay to two children dressed in black, which had also been preceded by a drawing on wood of somewhat different treatment; and in 1866-7, *The Introduction*, with figures in the costume of about 1800. He had not again at that date submitted himself to the ordeal of the hanging committee at the Royal Academy, but in 1866 exhibited his large canvas, *The Wayfarers*, at Gambart's Gallery in King Street, St. James's. The picture has already been incidentally described in its connection with the etching of the same name.

With *The Wayfarers* (now belonging to Mr. William Agnew), and the more celebrated *Bathers* of the subsequent year, Walker approaches the period which must be called that of his maturity as an oil painter, although, had he lived, this too would have proved itself, no

Autumn.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Agnew and Sons, owners of the Copyright.

doubt, to be but a transitional stage. The *Bathers* appeared at the Royal Academy in 1867—his second contribution to its exhibitions—and was there unfavourably hung, though not at such an altitude as its predecessor, *The Lost Path.* It is in many respects the best of Walker's productions on this large scale, broader and freer in execution, if less minutely finished and less exquisite in local passages of colour, than its fellows, more synthetic in treatment, and of a classicality sounder because arising more naturally out of the subject depicted. In an evening landscape studied, we are told, from Walker's beloved Thames between Cookham and Marlow, on the rush-grown banks of the low-lying river, beyond which rise tall trees bordering an unseen road, appear, under one of the painter's favourite warm evening skies, a company of naked youths and boys, some stripping themselves for the bath, some dressing again, some larking with the smaller fry, some puffing and blowing in the stream itself. If the composition is by no means perfect as a whole, it has many admirable groups and passages. It happily breaks, too, with its buoyant variety what would otherwise be the monotony of the long horizontal lines made by river and banks. Many delightful episodes arrest the eye by their truth and plastic beauty. See to the extreme right the youth hurrying along to the edge a half-unwilling urchin ; and again the boy in his shirt hauling another up the bank ; and yet again the young swimmer with his head only visible as he breasts the current. The central figure of a nude youth half-kneeling jars, on the other hand, in the midst of all this nature, though his head is beautiful as that of a Greek ephebus on the painter's favourite frieze of the Parthenon. Here the element of studied classicality imported *quand même* into the subject is felt to be an intrusion as it is also in the erect figure of the nude bather who stands dreaming a moment, as he strips off his last garment and braces himself for the plunge. The too deliberately sculptural character of these and one or two other elements of the design harmonizes but imperfectly with the undistorted truth, with the genuine spontaneity of the rest. There is, no doubt, in the unshamed nakedness of youth, so supple and free in movement, a kind of classicality of its own, but in these particular figures, though not elsewhere in the picture, it is carried too far, and obtained too much at the expense of the life and sincerity of characterization which are of the very essence of the subject. It is to be noted that,

here and in most other instances, Walker's flesh tints incline too much to a leathery brownness, and that the open-air effect of light playing upon the surfaces of the nude human figure is hardly realized. Thus, that the importation of this new element into Walker's art—or better this fuller development of a latent tendency—is not wholly due to an impulse given by contemporary French art is proved by the *Bathers*. Yet it is none the less to be inferred from facts, and from a consideration in chronological order of the work produced in these particular years, that its infusion into purely rustic subjects belonging to the England of to-day was due in a measure to such an impulse, though the method followed in suggesting ancient Greece under modern England was Walker's own.

Some of the most genuinely inspired of his drawings for woodcuts were those which illustrated Miss Thackeray's stories, and not a few of them were afterwards worked up more elaborately in water-colour, without any essential deviation from the original designs. One subject from *The Village on the Cliff* appeared at the Old Society in 1867, and in 1870-71 (to mention it a little out of its right place) another, the exquisite *Let us Drink to the Health of the Absent*—a perfect accompaniment in its reticent tenderness to the prose of the gifted writer, and technically remarkable for the skilful lighting, the extraordinary yet not excessive finish of the draughtsmanship. Two designs from *Jack the Giant Killer*, in Miss Thackeray's volume, *Five Old Friends, and A Young Prince* (published in 1868) were in the year of their production treated in water-colour, one *The Chaplain's Daughter*, the other one of our painter's masterpieces of invention and expression, *The Three Fates*, both these subjects being sent to the exhibition of the Old Society in 1868. The Clotho Lachesis and Atropos of Miss Thackeray's pathetic tale are three grim provincial old ladies of to-day—Walker's, to-day which is now a quarter of a century old—whose strange figures are woven together with a technical and dramatic subtlety, and treated with a pictorial charm, with a genuine humour not often paralleled in Walker's works. For humour, except in a few of his caricatures, was the quality least often found in what he produced. A ray of unshadowed joy at the more beautiful aspects of life often broke through the atmosphere of reflective melancholy which was his favourite mood;

but this had not the boisterousness of a frank gaiety, still less the indefinable quality of humour. This quality of genuine humour was not always attained even in the regular caricatures in which he occasionally indulged, amusing as these were in their own quiet way, notwithstanding a certain stiffness and deliberation in the draughtsmanship which not altogether suits this sort of work, of which spontaneity is the essence. Well known is the drawing *Genius under the Influence of Fresh Air and Beautiful Scenery: Sunday, August 30th, 1863*,[1] with

The Three Fates.

caricatural portraits of two intimate friends, Mr. Calderon, R.A., and Mr. Stacy Marks, R.A.; and here both drawing and fun are a little forced. Another caricature marks the election of Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Calderon as full members of the Royal Academy in 1867, and shows the two painters enthroned side by side, receiving pontifically the homage of the professionals and worldlings who press forward to make obeisance to them.

[1] *Portfolio*, 1876.

Walker actually, in the year 1865, when the proprietors of *Punch* were casting about them to find a successor to Leech, whose death had taken place in October, 1864, executed several drawings—with not unqualified success—for the *London Charivari.* One of these was *New Bathing Company (Limited)—Specimens of Costume to be worn by the Shareholders;* another, *Captain Jinks of the "Selfish" and his Friends enjoying themselves on the River.* In the latter Walker speaks, or rather draws, feelingly; for he loved the Thames above all things, and resented the selfishness of the blatant pleasure-seekers who with their steam-launches ruffled its waters and the tempers of those who made more legitimate use of them. The *Portfolio*[1] has in former years given some specimens of the sketches in which he made mock of his own inordinate passion for fly-fishing. One of the most amusing of these is the pen-and-ink drawing done in September, 1873, in answer to an alluring invitation to go North and indulge in his favourite sport. He shows himself tempted by visions of huge fish, one of twenty-six pounds, caught by a friend, being introduced to him by a kilted gillie, and others swimming around ready to be hooked. This is quaintly styled *The Temptation of St. Anthony Walker.* With these exceptional excursions into realms which were not his by right, we may mention the very large cartoon (85 by 51 inches) which he did for the theatrical poster advertising a dramatised version of Wilkie Collins's *Woman in White;* this was exhibited at the "Black and White" Exhibition of the Dudley Gallery in 1872. Judging by the preliminary study in the rich collection of Mr. J. P. Heseltine, this is rather too much in the academic and impersonal style, too little suggestive of the element of weirdness and mystery in the story itself.

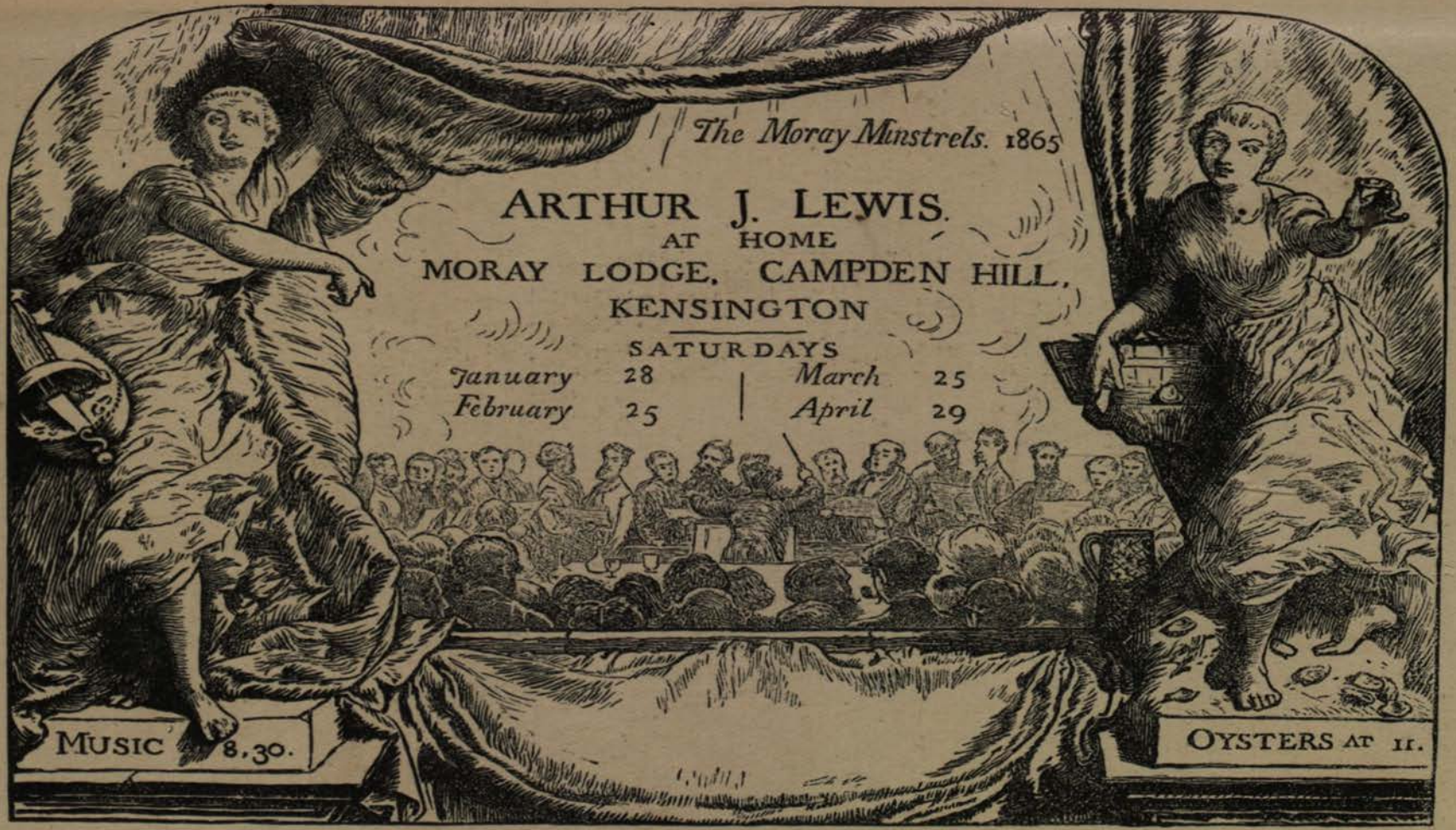
Not to be classed as caricatures, though a gentle vein of merriment, appropriate, and indeed, indispensable under the circumstances, pervades them, are the three beautiful designs for invitation cards executed for Mr. Arthur J. Lewis when he played host to the Moray Minstrels at Moray Lodge, Campden Hill. Of the exquisite delicacy of these little decorative compositions the readers of the *Portfolio* have the means of judging from the reproductions now given for the first time—in two

[1] In the *Portfolio*, volume for 1875.

instances from the cards themselves, in the third from Walker's own design. It is curious that this mock-Greek group of musicians and dancers, parodying, but ever so slightly, some Anacreontic scene from a

The Woman in White. Design for a Poster.

red-on-black vase of the best period, is Walker's only extant attempt to give form to a subject actually and avowedly classical, although the style of ancient Greece, and especially its style in sculptural relief, was rarely absent from what he did in his later years. The dates of these



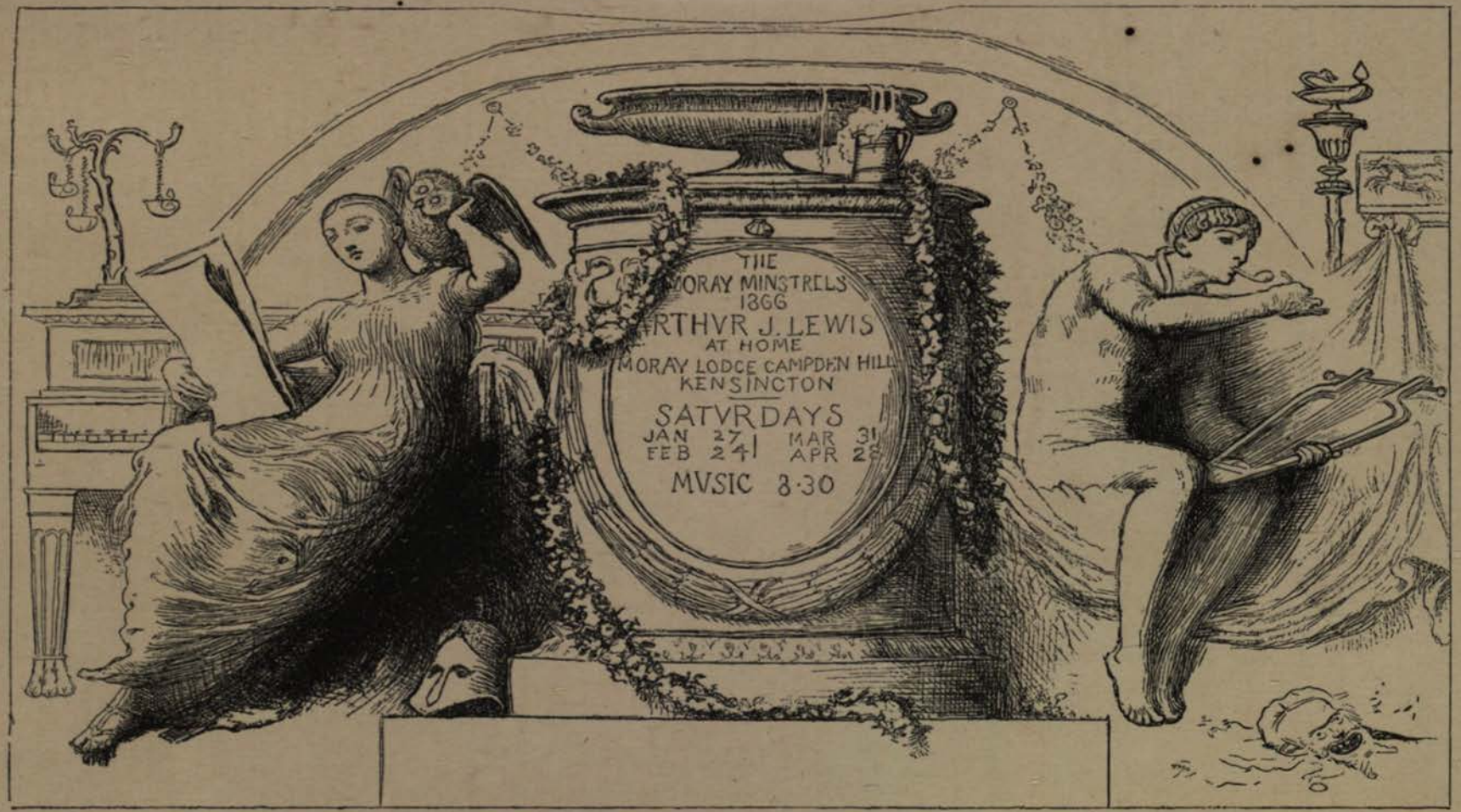
Invitation Card.

invitation cards were respectively 1865, 1866, and 1867, the designs having been made in the latter part of the years preceding.

But to return, after this too long digression, to the discussion of the artist's more important works in their proper sequence, and to the facts more directly bearing upon the evolution of these. And first, it is on record that he went to Paris for the Universal Exhibition of 1867, and this circumstance is of high importance in determining the degree of influence, if any, exercised over him by contemporary French art.

At this Exhibition Walker had his first great opportunity of seeing and judging Millet, who was there represented by no less than eight of his finest oil paintings, among these being such now famous examples as *Une Tondeuse de Moutons*, *Les Glaneuses*, *L'Angélus du Soir* (as it was then more accurately entitled), *Un Berger*, *Récolte des Pommes de terre*, and *Un parc à moutons : clair de lune.* M. Jules Breton, by whom, as has been pointed out, Walker had already been attracted on the occasion of his first visit, was represented by no less than ten important canvases, among which were *Le Rappel des Glaneuses*, *La Bénédiction des Blés*, *Les Sarcleuses*, *Une Gardeuse de Dindons*, *La Fin de la Journée*, and *La Moisson.* What was the impression made at the time by these works on Walker the silent there is—so far as the writer can gather—nothing definite to show, for on such subjects he would not, or could not, open his heart, even to his most intimate friends. But we may surely quite legitimately infer from the decided movement in a given direction imparted to his art about this time, and in particular from the increased effort to infuse into the treatment of rustic and open-air subjects a certain ideality of treatment, a certain rhythmic harmony—in fact the qualities essential to though not alone making up style—that he was deeply moved and permanently influenced by what he saw. Of plagiarism or of deliberate imitation, except in one exceptional instance presently to be dealt with, there can be no question. Walker's peculiar temperament did not permit him, even had he striven to do so, to take up permanently this sort of attitude towards any other painter, and his style was, even thus early, so far formed that the whole basis of his art would have been disturbed by the attempt to follow in the footsteps of another.

It has been said here more than once—it was an impulse received rather than an influence submitted to; the painter was already



Invitation Card.

prepared to look for certain definite things in the everyday humanity, in the everyday nature which may almost be said to constitute an integral part of that humanity. He was by the noble examples before him made to see more clearly certain higher possibilities in the rendering of the rustic scenes to which he felt himself increasingly drawn. Whether, given his strong artistic individuality with its well-defined limitations, given his way of lovingly dwelling on the particular rather than looking for the general in nature, we must judge him to have taken at this point the straight or the devious path, depends on our appreciation of the works now to be described.

The one instance in which it must be held that Walker's art is directly imitative of that of Jean-François Millet is the *Mushroom Gatherers*, in the collection of Mr. Somerset Beaumont, painted about 1868. The solemn, mournful tonality of the landscape, with its illumination of earliest dawn, but above all the figure of the man stooping, basket in hand, in the foreground, irresistibly reminds the beholder of the noble style, the balance in action, of the solemn poet-painter of rustic life. The design more particularly recalled is that of *Le Semeur*, which does not appear in the list of works exhibited in 1867. It had, however, been shown as far back as 1850, at the Salon of that year, and had been much popularised by a fine lithograph, so that an acquaintance with the design, if not the picture, may be presumed without taking too much for granted. And then again there were among Millet's works shown at the Universal Exhibition not a few from which a similar inspiration might well have been derived. To tell the truth, this solitary attempt of Walker's to make his own the manner and the subjects of Millet is not one of his happiest efforts, even though the tenderness which never deserts him gives undeniable charm to the conception. The attitude and action of the male figure in the English painter's *Mushroom Gatherers* is less legitimately explained, more compulsorily strained into classical grace than that of Millet's unforgetable figure. The picture in its present state is a finished sketch in oils on paper affixed to a panel. We learn from Mr. Comyns Carr that it was intended to develop it into a composition of more important dimensions, and that a large study for the landscape alone was actually found in Walker's studio after his death.

To about this period belongs, as may be inferred from its style, the exquisite water-colour, *In an Orchard*, belonging to Mr. J. P. Heseltine. This is almost as markedly an exception in Walker's *œuvre* as the picture just described, but a happier excursion, and one in an entirely different direction. The scene is a plantation of fruit-trees, depicted in all the glory of delicately tinted blossom and bright unstained foliage, under blue heavens literally flooded with joy-giving sunlight. Beneath the

Design for an Invitation Card.

trees, all youth and growth like them, a company of happy children toddle along. At first sight one might take the picture for an unusually subtle and lovely *plein air* of foreign growth, so boldly is the difficulty of full sunlight attacked and overcome, so happy the treatment of the coloured shadows. But the figures are English, and English in the best sense of the word; they are touched with just that sympathy, that reticent truth upon which it is difficult to insist too strongly, as one of Walker's finest and most distinctive qualities.

The Mushroom Gatherers.

The Street, Cookham, exhibited in 1866–7 (and therefore noticed a little out of its right sequence), is one of the best of those more spontaneous designs in which the artist treated a simple subject with no other aspiration than to express by legitimate means all its natural beauty. With a well-suggested continuity of onward movement a young girl drives before her, through the broken-down red-roofed houses of the winding village street, a flock of cackling geese. What loving care

The Street, Cookham.

Walker gave to every essential detail of even such a subject as this may be gathered from the fact that the geese were studied from life, not once, but repeatedly, and at leisure, from some birds kept for the purpose in his small garden at Bayswater.

One of the loveliest of this class of purely English drawings, one of which might be said, with far more truth, what a French critic recently said of the marine pictures of Mr. Hook—that they seemed to breathe forth a mute prayer—is *The First Swallow* (collection of Professor

Hubert Herkomer, R.A.), the exact date of which does not appear to have been ascertained. A great white hawthorn in all the exuberant loveliness of full May mirrors its fragrant snow in a shallow stream, across which skims the swallow which gives its name to the picture. Through the sun and shadow of the walk just beyond move gently, in full enjoyment of the moment, a fair-haired young girl and a boy still younger, her brother beyond doubt—she sheltering herself from the sun's first hot rays, and encircling the boy with one arm—he dividing his enjoyment between his sister's caress and the big tome which he lazily holds. The may-tree in bloom is painted as perhaps no may-tree was ever painted before, with perfect accuracy in every detail, and yet with a breadth and feeling for the fairness of the thing as a whole, to which our painter did not always attain. The swallow and its reflection are taken a little too much *au pied de la lettre*, and the picture thus loses something in spontaneity and suggestiveness. The wonderful little figures are drawn with that exquisite finish which the artist was wont to lavish upon such elements of his designs. Beautiful in themselves they are manifestly too elaborate for the place they occupy in the picture; they could not be seen thus by the eye which takes in the whole. In a different way, but from something like the same cause, the sincere and uncompromising art of Bastien-Lepage suffered from his unflinching accuracy in detail, from the searching modelling of those unique rustic portraits which he was wont to frame in the landscapes of his beloved province.

Many of Walker's most celebrated water-colours date from the year 1868, and it must be owned that in none of these smaller works does the French influence which has been noted above maintain itself.

Those drawings have already been noticed which are elaborations in water-colour of illustrations done for Miss Thackeray's *Five Old Friends and A Young Prince.*

Lilies (collection of Mrs. William Graham) may be taken as typical of that class of drawing in which Walker has depicted with an unsurpassed lavishness of detail, with innumerable pure and delicate touches, the exuberant yet well-ordered splendour of the English flower-garden in full summer beauty. If we concede to the painter the peculiarity of his standpoint, and accept that in English water-colour so revolutionary technique which was his own invention, the thing could hardly be better

The First Swallow.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Agnew and Sons, owners of the Copyright.

done. The only disturbing element is the figure of the young lady in summer attire who bends down to water the tall white lilies that give their name to the picture. This is strained and awkward; it wants the charm which the artist, as a rule, knew how to impart even to his mistakes. Of *Mushrooms and Fungi* (collection of Mr. Humphrey Roberts) it has been said, not without reason, that it showed a desire to emulate the achievements in the same style of William Hunt. If so, we must agree with Mr. Ruskin when he says, "It entirely beats my dear old William Hunt in the simplicity of execution, and rivals him in the subtlest truth." This group of creamy-white mushrooms and fungi of a disquieting beauty, with their lovely hues in vivid contrast to the bright green of the bed on which they lie, is far more delicate in colour than anything of Hunt's, and as accurate in execution. Moreover, it is a picture with a suggestive charm beyond its mere elements, which is just what Hunt's wonderfully stippled plums, hawthorn-blossom, birds' nests and eggs were not. The earlier artist was a master when he rendered the happier side of rustic life, when he inimitably caught and fixed the waggishness, the bubbling laughter of untamed boyhood; but those still-life pieces of his were surely an elaborate and capital mistake.

To this same year belong Walker's *Beehives*, and *A Stream in Inverness-shire*, the latter being one of his rare recollections of that Scotland which he loved mainly because it afforded him his favourite sport of salmon fishing, and but little on account of its scenic beauties. These were too obvious, they had been too frequently laid bare by others for a nature-lover of his temperament; and then they were so much less expressive, in their orthodox picturesqueness, of man and his struggles than the familiar yet never commonplace beauties of his own beloved Thames.[1]

Proof of a first visit to Venice in this year is afforded by the water-colour, *A Gondola* (collection of the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.). Nothing is more instructive than an examination of this drawing, nothing more completely proves by negative evidence where Walker's talent really lay, and how entirely national it was in essence.

[1] A drawing *Fisherman and Boy*, the outcome of his fishing experiences on the banks of the Spean, was exhibited in 1867. *A Lady in a Garden, Perthshire*, appeared in 1869–70.

Away from the embrace of his own mother earth he lost his warmth and strength, he remained but coldly observant of what had often stirred in others a romantic passion. Here the peculiar swing and tread of the gondolier are accurately noted, the black and gold gondola itself is unexceptionably drawn and coloured, the carefully curled signora seen in the cool half-light of the little covered chamber is evidently a portrait-study. Yet how cold, how narrow and formal, how truly un-Venetian is the picture put together out of these elements, how

Mushrooms and Fungi.

little it recalls the sweet South or gives back that indefinable something which stirs the blood of the true Venice-lover!

The most important achievement of this year (1868) is the large oil picture, *The Vagrants*, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and now hangs in the National Gallery, for which it was purchased at the William Graham sale. The reproduction here given renders a detailed description unnecessary. In a marshy landscape, sad in its loneliness, but beautified by its yellowing autumn tints—such a one as shelters but hardly

comforts the wanderer—these vagrants, gipsies by their picturesque type, but not the true dark-skinned "Egyptians," have halted for rest and refreshment. Though the figures are here more happily married to the landscape, more inevitably a part of it, both pictorially and in mood, than is the case with many of the important compositions of Walker's last period, the faults as well as the qualities of this last period stand out here, already manifest. The peculiar method of elaborating not only the execution of a subject but its conception, of thinking the thing out as it were in parts, is the cause that we have here a collection of beautiful episodes bound together more or less in design, but not with that deeper, that not easily definable yet all important relation which was always present in Walker's earlier and less ambitious efforts. The classicality is less marked, less *voulu* than in *The Old Gate*, *The Plough*, *The Harbour of Refuge*, but the effort to superadd a plastic and spiritual beauty rather than to free it from the husk which obscures it, is still too strongly felt. The erect figure of the moody, handsome gipsy, lost in her musings, but evidently dreaming no happy daydream, is a noble conception nobly realised; there is a not inappropriate grandeur, too, in the figure of the mother bending over her child as she sits in front of the newly lighted fire of twigs. If the action of the boy feeding the fire is singularly trivial and even false, the two children, clinging together, are thought out with tenderness, though with a shade of sentimentality. Still we have rather the elements of the picture than the picture itself; the elaboration from separate centres has arrested the sources of life. The finished pen-and-ink sketch of *The Vagrants*, which appeared at the exhibition of the old Society in 1870 1 was apparently not a preliminary study for, but a reduction from the original.

The Old Gate, which appeared at the Royal Academy in 1869, must count as one of the three or four representative performances in the same style upon which the fame of Walker is mainly built; the others being *The Vagrants*, *The Plough*, and *The Harbour of Refuge*.

Through the weather-worn stone gate which gives its name to the picture, down the long flight of steps which leads from the manor-house, slowly walks the pensive widow, draped rather than clad in her sable weeds; a sturdy country wench has opened the gate, and, as she passes through, gazes up sympathetically at her. Lower down on the steps

J. Walker A.R.A. Pinx. Walter J. Gell Ph. Sc.

Philip in Church.

F. Walker A.R.A. Pinx. Walter L. Goldsmith Sc.

Vagrants.

Engraved by permission of Messrs Thos. Agnew & Sons.

children are playing, and to the right of the picture is one of Walker's most characteristic groups, that of two workmen, man and boy, who, interrupting their walk with a respectful curiosity, await the coming of the widow. The man stands erect in the conscious pride of early manhood, wearing with the grace of untrammelled ease his suit of fustian; with one hand he rests his spade on his broad shoulder, with the other, by a half unconscious movement happily indicated, he takes his pipe from his mouth. The youthful prentice workman appears somehow in attendance on the elder, much as the youths of the Parthenon Frieze are in attendance on the young warriors.

The figures are framed in a landscape prospect which in execution is one of the artist's best, and what is more, delicately harmonizes with the pensive mood of the central figure. Most accurately observed, too, and finely rendered is the moss-eaten stone of the old gateway. Stately naked trees, such as Walker loved to depict with incisive firmness of outline accentuate the middle distance; beyond stretches tranquil, in the sadness of late autumn, a hazy blue distance, rendered with a rare charm—one of the very few prospects of the kind that our painter has attempted. To detail is to find passages of beauty almost everywhere. Unfortunately the weakest point in the whole is the figure of the widow, which is self-conscious and sentimental beyond anything else from the same hand. The rosy-cheeked, vigorous, country-girl, the children at play are in themselves well-considered and carefully balanced. Superb in strength and rhythm of design and well harmonized with that of its companion, is the figure of the muscular young workman—a veritable life-study although thinly veiled in the coarse garments of the labourer. In painting, too, it shows an unusual freedom and brush-power, and if isolated might count as one of the painter's best achievements—an example of what our neighbours in artistic jargon style *le morceau*. None the less is this fine group a false note in the picture. It is aggressively Pheidian in its calculated classic grace, it savours a mile off of Elgin Marbles and Panathenaic Frieze. There has been revealed to the artist, whether by intuition from within or by impulse from without, that in the free yet necessarily well-balanced and regularly repeated movements of labour lurk the elements of classic beauty. He determines to find them there *quand même*, and not going the right way about—for he cannot if he would sacrifice the tendency to

individualise which is the very essence of his art—he finds himself obliged to force the note, and to press into his work what he cannot legitimately evolve from it. Millet's *Semeur*, his *Glaneuses*, his *Gardeuse de Dindons*, his *Bergère*, are classic, if you will, inasmuch as their beauty of expressive, synthetic design is got at in much the same way as the Greeks got at the designs of their friezes and their vases. But the Frenchman's figures are not conscious of classicality, they do not appear to be deliberately seeking for it, as do Walker's when they are of the type that has just been taken as an example. And then it must be said—though the writer should by perpetual carping expose himself to be called after the Proto-critic in Goethe's *Faust*, "Der Geist der stets verneint"—that all the component parts of this composition upon which the artist has lavished his skill and his sympathy—and the beauty of these has been freely admitted—do not make up a picture in the higher sense of the word. Judging the canvas as we must primarily from the painter's standpoint, we find that he has not got his subject together, that it straggles, that it does not express itself as a whole. Nor does it, judging from the dramatic and human standpoint, give the impression of *la chose vécue*, even transfigured in the golden light of art. The inevitableness of the scene, the natural cohesion of its parts, is not conveyed, and thus the greater part of the significance of the subject, whether pictorial or dramatic, is lost. One feels somehow that here, as in the kindred works of his maturity, Walker has not worked as Delacroix declared the painter should work—he has not seen his picture with the painter's vision complete and definite in its essential parts before he painted it.

To this year, 1869, belongs one of the most elaborate of the class of drawings in which that well-ordered paradise, the English garden, is taken as the chief theme—a class of which *Lilies*, already described, is the most popular example. This is *Stobhall Gardens*, which at the great sale of Walker's water-colour drawings at Christie's in 1886 fetched only £567 to the £1365 of its rival,[1] and yet must be allowed to take quite equal artistic rank with it. The warm gray stone of the old baronial mansion could not in this style be more finely rendered, nor the detail of all this wealth of

[1] *The Street, Cookham*, on the same occasion fetched £903. (J. L. Roget's *History of the Old Water Colour Society*.)

splendid summer blossoms be more wonderfully wrought out. As in *Lilies* the only drawback is the central figure—this time the queerly proportioned figure of a tall young lady seated on a knoll in the foreground near a sundial, robed in an ample velvet gown of greeny-brown hue. Just a breath of the later and less naive Pre-Raphaelitism seems to have passed over Walker here, and coloured his work, but luckily this influence, if it really did touch him with its wing, disappeared, leaving no other trace behind. Among other drawings belonging to this year are *A Lady in a Garden, Perthshire;* and *How dare you say such things to Jim Grandpapa* (collection of Mr. John Aird, M.P.).

CHAPTER III.

"The Plough" First Signs of Failing Health—"Marlow Ferry" Associate of the Royal Academy—"At the Bar"—"The Harbour of Refuge"—"The Fishmonger's Shop" Winter in Algiers—Illness and Death—Unfinished Pictures—Etchings Survey of his Work.

At the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1870 appeared *The Plough*, which is at once Walker's noblest and most poetic invention, and of all his later oil pictures the one which is the most open to criticism as regards its realization. The landscape is pure English, simple and unaspiring in character, and yet the artist has been so possessed with the mysterious, transforming harmonies of sunset that he succeeds in infusing into his scene—without meddling with its structure as a Turner would without hesitation have done—something of a portentous, tragic splendour. If only the nature-motive had been as adequately expressed as it was nobly conceived, if only the human motive had been more firmly based on, and built up out of, natural fact, we might have had here a great picture. The foreground is one of those clear shallow streams, with low banks that Walker loved to paint; from these, and in their neighbourhood, spring here and there trees and tall shrubs, their naked branches outlined with a firmness and precision, with an accentuation of every detail that recalls Albert Dürer. In the middle distance, already half-veiled in the luminous half-dark of twilight, the plough advances slowly across the fields, with its team of grey horses, urged on, whip in hand, by a boy, while the ploughing husbandman follows at the tail. At the back rises, dyed a rosy red, a tall cliff, trenchant in tone against the clumps of trees that nestle for shelter into its hollow, against the grass with which its summit is crowned.

Above it, seeming to rest on its very shoulder, rises the huge mass of cloud which gives the keynote to the whole picture, frowning a flaming purple-red in its momentary glow. The crescent moon, silver in a corner of grey-blue sky, modestly peeps, almost unobserved, over the trees. What must first be blamed here is a certain airlessness in the whole. The cliff, the proper distance of which is accentuated by the diminutive size of the trees growing into it, has not its due aerial perspective; the great cloud seems actually, and not merely figuratively, to rest upon it—to be not only in the same plane but of the same substance. Worst of all is the much-vaunted plough itself, the most misdirected piece of rustic classicality to be found in any of the artist's works. The horses may be inspired by those of the Parthenon, but they are nerveless and without movement; the pretty boy who whips them up, and the ploughman himself may and do form charming lines with the team and the plough, but their movement is not nature, not even generalised nature with the unessential omitted. What we have is in the first place the attempt to emulate the rhythmic grace of the Greek bas-relief, and only in the second place that to render the true movement of man and beast in its natural beauty.

One feels somehow that Walker has here for once had his complete vision of his subject—not that of the eyes only but the inner mental vision yet that he has been hindered by his slow, laborious system of evolution and his preconceived notions as to classic harmony from giving it a thoroughly true and spontaneous realization.

Is it pardonable to speculate as to what another artist would have done with this great motive? George Mason had hardly either Walker's passion or his power of penetrating deep into a subject, and he would perhaps have infused into his design less tragic power, and have coloured it more openly and avowedly with the idyllic character. On the other hand he would have produced a work more homogeneous, more complete, and better digested from the artistic standpoint; he would have seen his subject and continued to see it, as a whole predominant over its component parts, and not to be sacrificed to them. There would have been in the relation between the figures and the landscape just that inevitableness, that perfect balance which Walker could never quite command.

The Plough was last seen in public at the most recent of the winter exhibitions at Burlington House, to which it was contributed by the Marquis de Misa. Next to it happened then to be placed another fine sunset landscape, *The End of the Harvest*, by a too little remembered Scotch artist, George Paul Chalmers, who therein showed himself much affected by the art of Millet and Josef Israels, but technically an accomplished master, well able, though thus influenced, to stand by himself. Chalmers, as here revealed, had not a tithe of Walker's genius or his strength of artistic individuality, yet in some respects *The Plough* would not bear comparison with his picture. A prolonged contemplation would and did show that the one was the work of an admirably skilled and sympathetic adapter rather than of an original painter; that the other was the work of a man of original genius still struggling for perfect command over his material, and hampered by his very style and method in the expression of a great moment in nature such as this which he had divined and sought to make his own. Still the lesser performance maintained a certain superiority over its more celebrated neighbour because it had the true painter's quality, because it was a complete picture of its kind, a complete though a reticent pictorial expression of its theme as its author understood it.

There exists a reduced version of *The Plough* in oil on panel, described as a finished study for the larger picture. Judging, however, both from the style of the panel itself and from Walker's system in such matters, it might more properly be put down as a finished reduction from the picture. Thus a pen-and-ink reduction of *The Vagrants* (1868) appeared at the Old Water-Colour Society in 1870; a water-colour version of the *Harbour of Refuge* (1872) at the same place in 1873-74; and a like version of *The Old Gate* (1869) in 1875.

A letter addressed in the May of this year to an appreciative friend who had written to congratulate Walker on the success of *The Plough* at the Academy, is worth mentioning as showing at once the sensitiveness and the perfect simplicity of the young painter. He writes: "I assure you I have a very keen desire for such spontaneous praise, especially from those whose taste I know to be good and pure. I can only say I am *seriously glad* that you admire my picture." He goes on to say that he is leaving for Venice next week, and that (first

ominous sign of what was to overtake him a few years later) he has had a succession of colds, for which he feels that complete change is the best cure. He appears, at the time, to have had plans for seriously working while at Venice, and for returning to his work in the following autumn; but there is nothing to show that these plans were carried out, almost the only trace of this second visit being a slight sketch of the house in which he lived in the City of the Lagunes, with Mr. W. Q. Orchardson (then A.R.A) at the window. This was shown at the Memorial Exhibition in 1876, and again at Messrs. Dunthorne's in 1885.

Marlow Ferry, one of the most popular and one of the most beautiful of Walker's water-colours, was exhibited in 1870 at the Old Society's summer exhibition. Here the ferry-boat, rowed by a fair, sun-browned youth, who is just shipping his oars, is seen approaching the landing-place with its passenger; on the banks are figures of villagers and children feeding swans, and in one corner a group of lazy river-side gossips done to the life. The flesh-tints are the too hot and brown ones which Walker affects, the harmony, with its dominant note given by the red-brick houses, tawny in excess; but with his faults we have his exquisite charm of delicately detailed draughtsmanship, of perfect sympathy for his subject. Here, too, he is quite English and entirely himself, dropping that striving after Attic grace of line and movement which, in the opinion of the writer, never sits quite easily upon him or becomes an inherent part of his subject.

A quaint drawing, which was sent to the winter exhibition of the Water Colour Society in 1870 1, showed, with a trace of quiet humour such as on rare occasions crept in to the artist's serious productions, a coachman in a kitchen-garden cutting cabbages, and was entitled *The Amateur*. It re-appeared at Burlington House in 1891 under the title *Coachman and Cabbage*.

There was a technical obstacle to Walker's being elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, seeing that he had previously become a member of the Royal Water Colour Society. In the original statutes of the Academy was included a provision to the effect that no member of any other Society having the same or similar objects should be eligible for election—this being a bye-law aimed doubtless at that supplanted rival, the

Incorporated Society of British Artists. This rule was, however relaxed, in favour of Sir John Gilbert, upon whom the Associateship was conferred, when in 1871, he received the honour of Knighthood, as President of the Royal Water Colour Society, and advantage was taken of this opportunity to confer the like distinction upon Walker, who thus made his first appearance as A.R.A. at the exhibition of 1871.

On this occasion he brought forward *At the Bar*, an important if not a wholly successful effort to take new ground, or rather to return with added experience to the class of production to which his first venture, *The Lost Path*, belongs. It is somewhat difficult to speak of this unusual work now, since it no longer exists in its integrity. It is one of the very few extant attempts by Walker to deal with the human form on the scale of life, and as such it must be judged with all the allowances due to an experiment. From the Rembrandtesque gloom which enwraps the greater part of the canvas emerges the full-length figure of a woman still young in years, who in agonised suspense and bewilderment stands forth in the dock of a criminal court, in the presence of judges all but invisible to the beholder. A lurid light is concentrated on the wretched prisoner, now evidently at the turning point of her fate, and the only other human being allowed to be clearly visible is a warder, whose head appears at the foot of the picture. It was a happy idea to adopt the Rembrandtesque method in order to give force and unity to a scene of outward gloom and inward distress, and in the painter's conception he has avoided the dangerous rock of melodrama and reached true tragedy. A lack of breadth and solidity, such as might have been looked for under the circumstances, detracts, however, from the power of the work and gives to it, even apart from the injury to which reference will presently be made, something of a tentative and uncertain character—the appearance of a sketch on a large scale rather than a picture. Mr. Comyns Carr speaking of the picture as then exhibited, describes with unstinted praise the tragic expression of the woman's face—her "desperate and hunted aspect." We know, however, that Walker, made extra-sensitive by criticism, which he could at no period bear with equanimity, and himself dissatisfied with what was intended to be the keynote of the whole—the climax to attain which all else was sacrificed or subordinated—scraped out the face, when he got the canvas back from the Academy,

with the intention of repainting it. This intention he, at any rate, never carried into effect, for *At the Bar* remained in this incomplete state at his death four years after, and was almost the only one of his important works not included in the Memorial Exhibition of 1876. It is an open secret that the head, as it now appears, was at the special request of the deceased painter's representatives, painted in by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.

It may be assumed that it is this, the most important version of the picture, which has this year reappeared in public, at the very interesting exhibition of Walker's works in oils, water-colours, and black-and-white, organized by the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists. The head in this example has a certain glassiness of texture, and although in it the beauty of the painter's conception is still to be divined, it cannot be said, as it now is, to deserve Mr. Carr's encomiums. The appearance of the picture thus confirms the truth of the assertion that it was repainted after the artist's death as has been stated; and, indeed, among his friends and those who know most about him and his art this is not denied. This being the case, it is somewhat surprising that when the present owner, Professor Silvanus P. Thompson, lent the picture to the Birmingham Society, no statement should have been made in the catalogue as to the dual authorship. A finished study in oils on canvas was exhibited at the Dudley Gallery in 1872, but this cannot well have been the version seen at Birmingham, the dimensions of which would appear to coincide with those of the original. Almost the only point in *At the Bar*, which recalls the Walker of the later years, the painter of rustic life set in landscape, is the pose of the woman's figure, which has in it something of studied elegance, of well-ordered design, which one would be more prompt to admire did it not too much appear as if introduced rather than observed. What is gained in harmony is lost in tragic intensity and significance.

Among the water-colour drawings exhibited in 1871 may be noted *A Girl at a Stile*; *The Housewife*, showing a woman seated in a court-yard shelling peas; and *The Old Farm Garden*. This last is one of the English garden subjects, to which the painter knew how to impart so much charm, but hardly one of the best.

To the year 1872 belongs *The Harbour of Refuge*, which is perhaps

the most widely appreciated of all Walker's works, and certainly contains the very essence of his latest style, with all its beauties and most of its defects. Nothing could well be lovelier than the *mise-en-scène* he has chosen to enframe his figures, this red-brick, purple-toned quadrangle of buildings,[1] with the finely-placed and finely-composed statue on its pedestal in the middle of the greensward made bright with star-like blossoms, with its flowering may-tree, only less beautiful than the one in *The first Swallow*. True, the apricot sky makes as usual with the brown flesh tones and the broken reds of the buildings a harmony too hot in its richness; but the combinations are in their way exquisite all the same. Most skilful use is made of different tints of blue, from deep rich indigo to a shade which is nearly grey, in relieving somewhat this over-richness. Nowhere has Walker lavished a greater skill on the painting of detail, or given a more jewel-like quality to his work, than in certain passages here; and yet there are many signs of a broadening of technique such as is not to be traced in earlier examples.

To judge firstly the pictorial, and secondly the human significance of *The Harbour of Refuge*, one must analyse it into its component parts, since it lacks unity not less of general impression than of composition. Not that the absence of a definite subject of the sentimental and anecdotic type is to be blamed; on the contrary, this is to be counted here and elsewhere as one of Walker's greatest merits. It is that his peculiar system of elaboration from several distinct centres renders his work difficult to take into the eye or the mind as whole, and appreciably best by passing from one to another of its motives. The best episode in the picture is the pathetically suggestive central group gathered round the statue in the centre of the quadrangle—that of the shipwrecked of life, anchored at last in a safe harbour after many storms. To the right we have the well-known figure of the mower, more classical still than the fustian-clad divinity of the *Old Gate*, and more self-conscious in its measured grace. To the left, slowly moving along the stone terrace, from which descends a flight of steps is a group more admired still, that of the sturdy, red-haired lass who, dreaming as she walks, supports on her strong young arm a poor old dame, *sans* eyes, *sans* teeth, *sans* everything: on the one hand dreams of the future, on the other dreams of the past. Here, as in the case of

[1] Studied from the Fishmongers' Almshouses at Bray.

F. Walker, A.R.A. Pinx.

Walter L. Gellatt Ph. Sc.

The Harbour of Refuge.

Engraved by permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons.

the splendid young mower, the contrast between youth and age is moving enough, but too deliberate, too much forced upon the beholder, to attain its full effect. The composition is straggling and episodic; it lacks concentration both of line and motive, and as in *The Vagrants*, and *The Old Gate*, we have rather beautiful elements of a picture than a picture. We may each of us pick out our favourite figure, our favourite passage of lovely detail or colour, and from no part is beauty absent; but we cannot, without preliminary study, take in the impression of the picture as a whole, because it is not seen or felt as a whole.

The *Harbour of Refuge* is now, through the munificence of Mr. William Agnew, the property of the nation. Its present place is on a screen in the Turner Room, where it is crushed by its mighty surroundings—those canvases so tremendous in power, even when they are mighty mistakes. A finished replica, executed on a smaller scale in water-colours (collection of Mr. Humphrey Roberts) appeared at the exhibition of the Old Society in 1873-4. It is perhaps in some respects an improvement on the original, of which it retains the beauties unimpaired, while reduction of size gives greater concentration. The movement of the mower—but this may be fancy—appears in this version rather truer to nature. This last was in the group of water-colours by Walker shown at Burlington House in the winter of 1891, on which occasion it was, for not obvious reasons, re-christened *The Vale of Rest.* There exists an unfinished design for the *Harbour of Refuge*, which was No. 149 in the Memorial Exhibition of 1876, and also, in the collection of Mr. Somerset Beaumont, a repetition of the two figures on the terrace—the young girl supporting the aged woman—this being one of the last works upon which the painter was engaged.

To 1872 belongs also *The Escape*, which is the working-out in water-colours of a drawing done for *Once a Week* in 1862. This may be regarded as the precursor of the unfinished design, *The Unknown Land*, the two versions of which will be referred to a little later on.

In the winter exhibition of the Old Society of 1872-3 appeared *The Fishmonger's Shop*, which many connoisseurs have held to be our painter's finest achievement in water-colour. Daring and splendid in the harmony of its tints, so finely balanced as to produce that unity of tone most difficult to compass with contrasting hues of a frank brilliancy, it is nevertheless

more of an amusing, richly-tinted object-study than a picture in the truest sense of the word. The group which is the centre of the colour-harmony,

The Fishmonger.

the blue-aproned, rosy-cheeked fishmonger who bends forward across the marble slab as he offers his fish to a gaily dressed damsel in the habit of about 1800, though it is well enough placed in the brilliant ensemble,

lacks vitality and significance. The *tour de force* lies in the happy combination of the bright green woodwork which frames the shop with the blue-green and the red of the sparkling fish, with the indigo blue of the jolly salesman's apron, and the yellow and tawny of the girl's pretty, old-fashioned costume, relieved by the coral pink ribbon in her hat. This is undoubtedly a brilliant performance of its kind, a nearer approach to the *bravura* of the purely technical exercise than anything Walker has produced. Yet it is difficult to understand on what grounds Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A., is entitled to speak of it, as he is reported to have done recently in an address delivered at the opening of the Birmingham Walker Exhibition, as marking the climax of modern English water-colour. To accord such a place to it is surely to take a strange view of the past as well as the present of that most national branch of English art. Walker repeated the *Fishmonger's Shop* on a smaller scale in a drawing which was not publicly exhibited duting his lifetime, but was No. 9 in the Memorial Exhibition of 1876.

This year, 1872, marked the climax of our artist's achievement. He had inherited a tendency to pulmonary disease, and just now when his talent was still rapidly developing itself and his technical powers had matured to a point higher than they had yet reached, his health began seriously to decline. In 1872-73 (or was it 1873-74?) he took refuge from the severities of a northern winter in Algiers, but became restless at his severance from art and friends, and lost whatever benefit he might have derived from the African sunshine by his return to brave the cold winds of March. Like Bastien-Lepage, who fled thither a few years later in the vain struggle with disease, he does not appear to have been deeply impressed—at any rate artistically impressed—with the splendours of the North African coast. There is nothing to show that, like his friend and brother in art, Mr. J. W. North, he took to the Algerian scenery, or seriously sought to interpret its peculiar charm. We know that for him even Scotland appeared too vast and too scenic; that the homelier beauties of the Thames Valley, the English scenes and the English life had his heart.

Walker was unable to contribute anything to the Royal Academy exhibitions of 1873 and 1874, and sent the Water Colour Society in the summer of the former year only *The Village*, the chief motive of which

is a red-brick bridge with little knots of country people on and about it. Marked by even more than the painter's usual truthfulness and exquisiteness of detail, this is slightly more prosaic and topographical in its careful finish than other similar productions. The smaller *Harbour of Refuge* was in the same place at the winter exhibition of 1873-4, but he was unrepresented at the summer exhibition of 1874, while at the winter one of 1874-5 only *The Rainbow*, an interior with two girls looking out of the window, reminded the public of their favourite.

Things were rapidly going from bad to worse with poor Walker, and it is pretty evident that, seeing how strong was the predisposition of his family to phthisis, he must have felt himself to be in a grave condition. There is reason to believe, however, that the doctors fearing that his intense nervousness might precipitate the catastrophe, spared him the knowledge that the danger was imminent. Thus, if Walker exposed himself more than under the circumstances he ought to have done, he was, it may be hoped, spared the worst of all griefs to the man in whom sickness has not extinguished youth and genius—that of seeing himself slowly die and feeling that he died with his work only half done, with his ideal only half expressed, with potentialities within him of far nobler things than had yet been achieved. It was thus that Bastien-Lepage died inch by inch, after a manful hand-to-hand struggle with the grim enemy, and with him the agony of the light prematurely quenched, of the hand no longer nerved to express what the brain conceived, was far worse than the physical suffering of dissolution. On the 23rd of July of this year[1] Walker wrote to S. P. Jackson, who had offered to help him as to lodgings: "I fear I must give up the notion of being at the Thames' side this season, for since I wrote to Leslie on the subject I have had a letter from my doctor, who thinks I ought for this season to avoid the Thames as 'lowering' and 'relaxing' compared with certain spots I have mentioned to him as good from an artistic point of view—and as there is some chance of my going to Scotland a little later, perhaps it is better for me to give up the notion."

To the Royal Academy he sent in 1875 his final contribution, *The Right of Way*, which cannot be classed among his most successful efforts. It depicts a meadow with a winding stream, in the foreground of which

[1] J. L. Roget's *History of the Old Water Colour Society*.

A Rainy Day at Cookham.

are two figures—a woman carrying a basket of eggs, and a little boy who, frightened at the advance of an ewe, clings to her skirts for protection.

While this picture was yet hanging on the walls came, with terrible suddenness, the news of the painter's death. He had gone to Scotland, to indulge once more in the sport which he so passionately loved, had been seized with a violent cold, which aggravated the most fatal symptoms of his disease, and succumbed after a very few days' illness at St. Fillans, Perthshire, on the 4th or 5th of June, 1875. He was buried at Cookham, his favourite Thames-side resort, beside his mother and a brother who had fallen a victim before him to the same fell disease. A memorial tablet with a medallion portrait carved in low relief by Mr. H. A. Armstead, R.A., was afterwards placed in Cookham Church by the painter's friends and admirers.

Among the unfinished works left behind was one canvas of importance, so far advanced towards completion that it has been exhibited on more than one occasion since the artist's death. This is called *Sunny Thames*, and now temporarily hangs in the picture gallery of the Guildhall, to which it has been contributed by Sir Charles Tennant. A little company of youthful rustics is seen fronting the spectator on a high bank by the river; one of them, a boy bigger than the others, sits on the edge fishing, his bare legs dangling over the rich red earth, overgrown with wildflowers and weeds. This figure is in itself, like so many of Walker's single figures, a noble design, but the picture as a whole is, perhaps on account of its unfinished state, unpleasantly hot and "foxy" in colour. It compares unfavourably with the much smaller rendering of a similar subject by George Mason, known as *Young Anglers*, and last seen at the winter exhibition of the Royal Academy of 1893 4. Here the bright grey sky, the pale waters, the landscape, the little fisher-folk seem all to fit naturally into one undivided and indivisible whole, which is just what the component parts of Walker's pictures so rarely do.

A peculiar interest, a peculiar pathos, attach to one composition, *An Unknown Land*, of which two quite distinct versions, both of them still in the stage of the preparatory sketch, were found with the ill-fated painter's artistic remains. It is hard to resist the conviction that here

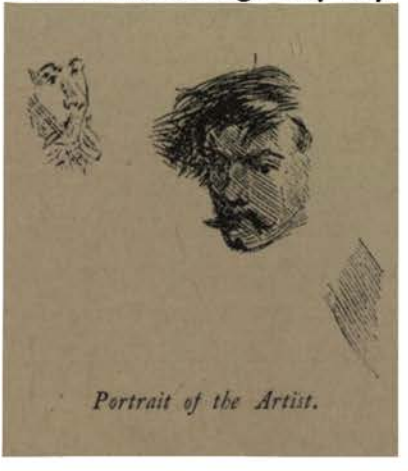
The Unknown Land. First design.

solemn thoughts prompted Walker to revive an earlier design, already twice seen in progressive stages of development. For once he not only develops, but altogether widens and transfigures his invention. In the first of the two unfinished designs the boat of the explorers, who have reached the unknown shore, is being hauled on to the beach by statuesque, semi-real youths, such as he loved to depict, in a light which may be that of sunrise or sunset, but in its rainbow-hued changefulness is more like the latter. In the second and finer design—that belonging to Mr. H. R. Robertson—Walker allows himself to float away from and above the reality on which he has hitherto based all his pictorial inventions. There is something of the poet-painter's radiant vision, of the mystery and vastness of the unknown, in this bold powerful group, forcefully outlined against the blazing orb which rises, huge and awful, from the bosom of the sea, filling all space with its rays.

Walker etched a few plates which did not appear during his lifetime, but were after his death purchased and brought out in a complete set of six by the well-known print-publisher, Mrs. J. Noseda, of 109, Strand. The first of these were necessarily of a tentative kind, but in the later numbers of the short series which represents all that he had leisure to produce the progress in technique is very marked, and it is made clear that with more practice he might have commanded a considerable success in this side branch of his art. The etchings are published without any titles, so that by way of identification one has to make these for ones self. The first and most tentative of the set shows a girl shelling peas in the back-yard of a London house. The artist himself called it, we are told, after the huge butt which is a prominent and unlovely feature of the whole, *Mrs. Collins's Waterbutt.* This plate he took to his friend Mr. J P. Heseltine, of Queen's Gate—the noted collector whose name there has been occasion to mention more than once already in the course of these remarks—and they bit it together. The result was not very successful, but it was the etcher's first attempt, and he was not then familiar with the small technical difficulties which nothing but experience can overcome. The second in order of date of the set we may guess by its stiffness to be the *Little Girl Eating Porridge*, a design more or less in the style of William Hunt. His own portrait, an etching which was never carried beyond the head, shows him with hair picturesquely

The Unknown Land. Second design.

dishevelled—a typically Bohemian apparition. An unfinished study, more delicate and reticent than strong, has as its motive an old couple of primitive aspect seated in a kitchen—she working apparently at a stocking, he with a clay-pipe in his hand, and a beer mug at his side. Then we have a preliminary study, principally in dry-point, for the old man in *The Wayfarers*. Last, and best by far, comes *The Wayfarers* itself, that splendid piece of incisive realism to which reference has already been made in discussing the picture of the same name. The execution of the plate shows the artist very far on the way to high accomplishment as an etcher. For truth and power of suggestion these two figures are at least as fine as anything of the kind Walker has done, although they may not be acceptable to those who prefer the milder and less boldly characterized version of the oil-painting.



Portrait of the Artist.

Not much has been said in the course of these remarks about Walker the man, and that for many reasons. In the first place his life was not, as regards its outward landmarks, an eventful one. Like that of so many artists of genius and ardent endeavour it was swallowed up in his life-work, and had no independent course. Still, while nothing is more unsafe than to draw rule-of-three inferences from a man to his work, and *vice versa*, it is always interesting to study the artistic temperament—to note where it is at one with, where it diverges from the human personality. In England we are wont to exercise a certain reticence in such matters, and to refrain for a long space of time from lifting the innermost curtain which veils the private life of those whose works have made them in a sense public property. In France the biographer is franker, or more indiscreet if we like to call it so; and the result is that we get a more complete picture of the man, with those strongly marked lights and shades which naturally go to make up the figure of the creative artist. Thus not only the life but often the art is made more clear to such students as are not content with the mere surfaces of things.

It must be left to those who knew Frederick Walker, who were bound

to him by bonds of friendship or family ties, to tell, if they can, the story of his all too short life, and fill up the outlines of the character to which not even his most intimate friends were sure that they possessed the key. It has been seen that from the very start he was nervous, feverish, excitable, of a physical temperament which is best described by the adjective *maladif*, while he remained, even to those brother artists to whom he gave his friendship and confidence, almost impenetrable on all subjects connected with his art. Not only did he never formulate or dogmatize, but he hardly ever even stated a point of view in words, or underlined a preference. The curious thing was that this physical unhealthiness never coloured his art, as physical disease has been known to do in the case of more than one great artist who could be named. All it did was to impart to it a more tremulous sympathy, a more regretful tenderness. It is easy to understand how, to a nature such as his, criticism—to which, indeed, the painter rarely, if ever, submits with the good grace which in the man of letters so often disarms antagonism—should have been intolerable. Even his most intimate friends, when they visited his studio, were not allowed to see the unfinished canvas; the easel was hastily wheeled round with its face to the wall! Perhaps, seeing what Walker's temperament was, he chose, in so doing, the wisest course. Mr. Comyns Carr has well said on this point: "With a nature so keenly sensitive his own criticism of himself was perhaps all he could endure. The advice of others, however well intended, would only have had the effect of paralysing his efforts." That this was indeed the case is best shown by the fact that adverse criticism induced him to obliterate in *At the Bar* what has been described by those who remember it, as "one of his most singular and exceptional efforts," and that he seems, if we may judge from the result, to have distrusted his power to improve upon what he had destroyed.

Mr. Hodgson, R.A., in *An Artist's Holidays*,[1] has given a vivid picture of his laborious method of conceiving and working out a first sketch :—

'Never did artist groan as he did in the throes of production. It was painful to see him ; he would sit for hours over a sheet of paper, biting his nails, of which there was very little left on either hand ; his brows would knit, and the muscles of his jaw, which was square and prominent,

[1] *Magazine of Art*, September, 1889, pp. 388, 389.

would twitch convulsively like one in pain. And at the end all that could be discerned were a few faint pencil scratches, the dim outline of a female figure perhaps, but beautiful as a dream, full of grace, loveliness, and vitality. A few scratches would indicate a background which seemed a revelation, so completely was it the appropriate setting to the figure."

Mr. Hodgson gives us in this same paper a fearless and searching criticism of Walker the man, the most complete in its sharp outline that we at present possess, though it errs, perhaps, in the failure to perceive that mind and body cannot in summing up, as he does, be dissociated. The irritating traits so vividly noted being manifestly but an outcome of the terrible disease which, as the writer himself records, from the first held Walker in its grip, should not have disentitled the man to one jot of the sympathy which is so generously accorded to the artist.

It is necessary to quote further from this firmly sketched portrait; for the *De mortuis* is surely not applicable to men of Walker's stamp, but only to the smaller fry, in respect of whom British reticence and decorousness enjoin that an even balance should be struck :—

"Everything about him betokened an early death, not because he was frail and delicate, for frail and delicate men sometimes drag out the thread of life to great lengths, nor, as in the case of his host (Richard Ansdell, R.A.), was he in any danger from over-industry and application. His mind was not very cultivated; he was inarticulate, and his conversation gave no idea of his powers. His intellect, I should opine, was of rather a slow and lethargic cast. . . . There was a taint of hereditary disease in his blood, and its development was no doubt hastened by an abnormally irritable and sensitive nervous system. There was a strong tie of friendship between Ansdell and him, and nothing could be stranger than the contrast between them; the one a man of iron nerve, whom no fatigue, no misfortune or annoyance could perturb—proud, resolute, and self-relying; the other blown about by every wind, childishly elated at one moment, depressed almost to despair at the next. . . . When annoyed even by trifles, he was beside himself. He had a passion for telegraphing; when the fit was on him he would send off messages at intervals all day. It was terrible to hear him complain of the injustice and ill-treatment of which he supposed himself a victim, quite unreason-

ably as it appeared to me, as the world seems to have agreed to treat him indulgently, as a delicate and spoiled child of genius. He was passionately fond of fishing, and seems rarely to have touched a pencil when away from home for a holiday. . . . In speaking of painting, he once said that 'Composition is the art of preserving the accidental look,' which is as good as anything that has been said on the subject. He had splendid gifts ; but some malignant fairy, some disappointed godmother at his baptism, must have filched away the most essential concomitant, without which even happiness seems impossible, the gift of a placid mind, and that equipoise of faculties which leaves the mind serene and imperturbable."

It is necessary to say a word or two more about Walker's relation, or supposed relation, to two contemporary Englishmen whose names have often been bracketed with his. In the course of these remarks the art of George Mason has already been discussed, and such a discussion is indeed inevitable when it is sought to give a picture of Walker and his time. While it would undoubtedly be wrong to assume an intimate artistic connection between the two men, or a leaning of one on the other, it is an over-statement of the true position to assert that the apparent relation between them is only a superficial one, depending upon their choice of subjects—upon their predilection for rustic figures of our own time, framed in landscape having more than a casual and exterior relation to those figures. The real link between Mason and Walker is that both saw the truth that harmony, grace, rhythm—the elements of style—might be revealed where they lay half hidden in the everyday subjects of to-day, and that without undue falsification in distortion ; that the inherent pathos of life and of nature is not best expressed by pictorial anecdote or by a cheap sentimentality.

Whence each derived impulse and vivifying power must remain a point for inference rather than assertion. An effort has here been made to show what fired the train in Walker's case. The genesis of Mason's art is clearer, since we must take into account his long residence abroad, and the influence which Sigr. Costa cast over him on the one hand, and—as we do not know for a fact, yet must necessarily infer—M. Jules Breton on the other. It may be that the artistic passion glowed with less intensity in Mason than in Walker, that his genius was of a less original,

a less national, type; but he was certainly the more complete, the more perfectly balanced artist of the two. His aim was—like that of Millet

Boy Looking at a Dead Bird.

himself, with whom he had otherwise little or nothing in common—to see men and things in a large synthetic way, to express the beauty and harmony of the type, not the individual; to marry the human element

to the environing landscape so that the one cannot be conceived of without the other. Making the necessary sacrifices, and going perhaps too far—seeing what were his subjects—in the direction of elegiac grace and the suggestion of linked and balanced movement, he expressed his idea to the utmost, as Walker, torn by the two conflicting currents of his nature and his will, was never able to do. We may find passages in *The Plough*, *The Old Gate*, *The Harbour of Refuge*, that move us more deeply, that have a more penetrating, a more intimate charm than anything in *The Evening Hymn*, *The Harvest Moon*, or *An English Pastoral*. We may note in Walker's work wonders of delicate execution such as Mason did not attempt; but as works of art, as things of absolute accomplishment in their own particular way, Mason's best productions must take precedence of Walker's.

It is well known that personal sympathy, as well as a certain community of aim in art, closely united Walker to another contemporary, Mr. J. W. North, A.R.A. It has even been said by those well qualified to speak on the point, that after Walker had become acquainted with Mr. North, his colour became less chalky, more various and richer, his landscape "took a deeper, richer glow in the shadows, as if in the twilight they exhaled the heat of the long summer day." This might well be so, since the relation between the landscape of the two artists is manifest even to those who have never heard of their personal connection. On the other hand, we have seen how self-centred Walker was, no less in art than in life; that he was open on occasion to impulse from without, but much less easily to an influence affecting the minutiæ of technique. There are no such startling breaks or leaps in the evolution of his landscape as absolutely to preclude us from assuming that it was self-developed; so that its exact relation to Mr. North's must remain a point to be decided by individual appreciation, unless further and more direct evidence be brought to bear upon it by those near to the sources of information. It was a happy inspiration of the Royal Society of Birmingham Artists to juxtapose in their recent exhibition the works of the two painters. While the undefined relation between them was affirmed, it was made additionally clear that Walker, whatever he may have owed to his friend and companion in art, ended by overshadowing him on his own ground. The strength, the definiteness of Walker's draughtsmanship, the firmness

and beauty of his patient yet never trivial execution, caused Mr. North's landscapes, with all the over-subtlety of their loving elaboration, with all the charm of their tangled luxuriance, to look a little pale and ineffectual.

Mr. Hodgson, elsewhere in the sketch from which so much has already been quoted, thus praises the painter :—"To Walker we may truly apply Charles Lamb's words, 'Upon him his subject has so acted that it has seemed to direct him, not to be arranged by him.' He had the divine faculty of inward sight; his vision was slow to obey the summons, he had to perform many exorcisms and incantations, but it arose at last, and once there he held it fast."

This is high praise indeed, and fully deserved by the earlier, if not wholly by the more mature works of the artist. The Walker of *The Lost Path*, of *Philip in Church*, of *The First Swallow*, even up to a certain point the Walker of *The Bathers*, was so acted upon as to be directed by his subject. The Walker of the works by which his highest fame has been won, of *The Vagrants*, *The Old Gate*, *The Plough*, *The Harbour of Refuge*, was acted upon by conflicting influences, and finally drawn to adopt or rather to form a style which was not, in the opinion of the writer, that in which his genius could find the freest and truest expression. It matters little, after all, whence came the spark which set alight again his dormant love of Greek art, with its essential characteristics of synthetic simplicity and idealised truth. On the one hand, his blood was fired with the desire to evoke, to lay bare, the hidden classicality in nature, on the other the very minuteness of the gaze which he lovingly fixed upon humanity and nature rendered him incapable of the sacrifices necessary to the attainment of the classic ideal. He must perforce dwell on every lineament of the human face, on the individual man, not on man the type or the class. He loved every blossom, every leaf, every branch, every meadow, every eddy of the stream, every turn of the road, every moss-grown stone and purple-red tile of the house; from nothing beautiful under the heavens could he bring himself to part. Necessarily he thus sacrificed much; putting force and unity of impression, largeness and simplicity of intention and execution, truth of atmospheric envelopment, into the background, and preferring to them exquisiteness of local truth and wealth of isolated and highly developed motives. Thus, when

he willed to be Greek *quand même* in depicting English rustic life, and yet to remain realistic and truthful, he was manifestly, with his individuality, and with his artistic equipment, striving for the impossible. Unconsciously he was induced to force into, instead of evolving from, his rustic figures a classicality, a rhythmic grace, which might well lurk in

Onion in Flower.

them, but which the portraitist of the individual did not and could not go the right way about to lay bare.

It was otherwise with Jean-François Millet, whose name naturally presents itself in this connection. It is by a legitimate process of synthesis, such as the Greeks themselves adopted, by stripping off the outer husks of men and things, by effacing the individual and leaving only the general and typical, that he arrived at a true classicality more

nearly akin to the Greek spirit than anything that modern art can show. His peasants are not the "ambitieux" that Delacroix called them, because they are unconscious that they represent more than *The Sower*, *The Gleaners*, *The Man with the Hoe*, *The Shepherdess Tending her Sheep*, *The Washer-Woman*, *The Slayers of Swine*. Still, they are not only magnificent pictures of the things for which they primarily stand—pictures in which the higher and more typical truth is secured by the sacrifice of the lower—but they are the noblest representations of humanity in its struggle with Nature—mother or step-mother. Who shall quarrel with Millet if his *Man with the Hoe* typifies all labour with its never-ending outlook; if his *Mother watching her Child* is all maternity with its untiring solicitude? Who shall complain if on many another canvas that could be named, he shows—as the painter, not the lyrist or the argumentative man of letters—the indefinable links between man, the higher, nobler animal, but still the animal, and the patient beasts of burden of whom he is one—between man and the earth, which is to conquer and cover him at last?

It may well be doubted, as those who know Walker best have doubted, whether, with the peculiar artistic temperament, with the peculiar quality of artistic vision which marked all that he produced, he would ever have acquired the unity of style, the power of selection, the breadth of view necessary to give full value to the subjects he affected, if they are to be interpreted in the manner in which he in his later style strove to interpret them. It is probable that throughout he would have remained the portraitist of nature and of man—the rare and tender portraitist, it is true, prompt to divine the least obvious beauties of what he saw, but still the portraitist. This being so, and his very nature in its essence rendering it impossible that he should renounce the presentment of the individual so as to attain to the presentment of the type, it is not easy to divine how the vain struggle to reconcile two tendencies absolutely antithetical would have ended. Would Walker have persevered in the path upon which he had entered, would he have continued to elaborate works full of beauty—or rather of beauties—yet also of irreconcilable contradictions? Would he have sacrificed his tendency to the individualization of men and things in order to obtain that large synthetic grace, that sculptural harmony of line and movement after which

he so evidently thirsted? Would he with increased skill and increased sensibility have returned to the unquestioning simplicity, to the naive and true mode of interpretation of his earlier manner? As it is, it must be said, with all respect and admiration for a painter whose artistic personality is so exquisitely sympathetic, so interesting in its struggle for a more complete and homogeneous development, that we have in the art of Frederick Walker, as it presents itself even in its latest phase, promise rather than complete achievement, the scattered and even, it may be said, the conflicting elements of beauty, rather than beauty in the sense that beauty means unity, strength, and complete significance.

Whatever view we may take as to the exact place of Walker's life-work in the English art of this latter half of the nineteenth century, it is impossible to regard him otherwise than as one of the most interesting figures of that time; so isolated does he stand among the painters his contemporaries, so little does he owe on the whole to English or foreign example; so strenuous, so pathetic is his striving after the higher ideal as he saw it, or deemed that he saw it. During the years that have elapsed since his death his fame has stood higher far than ever it did in his lifetime, and there is as yet no outward sign that it has diminished or will diminish. It is possible, nevertheless, that posterity may not uphold to the full the view of the last two decades. As to this it would be mere presumption to hazard a prophecy, especially on the basis of an appreciation which is certainly at present not that of the majority. Even should a later and more dispassionate judgment not completely confirm the peculiar position accorded to Walker, if not above, yet at any rate apart from that of a home-grown artist of his day, it will assuredly assign to him a niche in the British Walhalla, and uphold his reputation as one of the most English of modern English painters—perhaps the one in whom the wistful tenderness which goes so far to redeem our time of trouble and misgiving, in art as in life, has found the most touching expression.

INDEX

Amour, Edmund, 11
Academy, Royal, 9, 10, 23, 47, 52, 55, 62
Agnew, William, 59
Algiers, 61
"Amateur, The," 55
Ansdell, Richard, 71
Armstead, H. A., 64
"Autumn," 19, 30

"Bar, at the," 56
Bastien-Lepage, 44, 61, 62
"Bathers, the," 30, 32
"Beehives," 46
"Blackberry Gatherers," 27
"Bouquet, The," 30
Breton, Jules, 24, 25, 26, 38, 72
British Museum, 9, 23

Calderon, Philip, 25, 34
Carr, J. Comyns, 10, 21, 40, 56, 57, 70
Chalmers, G. P., 54
"Chaplain's Daughter, The," 33
Constable, 30
Cookham, 64
"Cookham, the Street," 43
Cornhill Magazine, 10
Costa, Sigr., 72

Dalziel, Messrs., 19
"Dame's School," 23
David, M., 24
Denis Duval, designs for, 17
"Denis Duval's Valet," 30
Dürer, Albert, 11, 52

"Escape, The," 59
Etchings, 66
Everybody's Journal, 11
"Evidence for Defence," 30

"Fishmonger's Shop, The," 59
"First Swallow," 43

"Garden Scene," 27, 28
Geibel, 11
"Genius under the Influence of Fresh Air," 34
Gilbert, Sir John, 56
"Girl at a Style," 57
"Gondola, A," 46

"Harbour of Refuge, The," 48, 53, 57, 58, 59, 62
Herkomer, Hubert, 61
Heseltine, J. P., 66
Hodgson, Mr., 70, 71, 75
"Housewife, The," 57
"How dare you say such things to Jim, Grandpapa," 51
Hunt, Holman, 7
Hunt, William, 46, 66

"Introduction, The," 30
Israels, Josef, 54

Jackson, S. P., 62

Keene, Charles, 11

"Lady in a Garden, Perthshire," 51
Langham Chambers, 10
Leech, John, 11
Leigh, Mr., 9
Leighton, Sir F., 34
"Let us drink to the Health of the Absent," 33
Lewis, A. J., 9, 35
"Lilies," 30, 44, 50
"Lost Path, The," 23, 56
Louvre, the, 24
Luxembourg, the, 24

Macbeth, R. W., 57
Marks, Stacey, 34
"Marlow Ferry," 55
Marylebone, 9
Mason, George, 6, 25, 53, 64, 72
Menzel, Adolf, 14, 17
Millais, Sir John, 7, 11, 13, 17, 26, 28
Millet, Jean François, 25, 26, 38, 50, 54, 73, 76
Moray Minstrels, 35
"Mushroom Gatherers," 40
"Mushrooms and Fungi," 46

North, J. W., 61, 74
Noseda, Mrs. J., 66

"Old Farm Garden," 57
"Old Gate, The," 48, 54
"Once a Week," 10, 11
"Orchard, In an," 41
Orchardson, W. Q., 55

Paris, 24
Paris 1867 Exhibition, 28, 38
"Philip in Church," 15, 27, 28
Philip on his Way through the World, designs for, 14, 15
Pinwell, George, 6
"Plough, The," 48, 52, 54
Pre-Raphaelites, 7, 17, 51
Punch, designs for, 35

"Rainbow, The," 62
"Refreshment," 27
Ritchie, Mrs. Richmond, 12
Roget, T. C., 17, 27
Rossetti, D. G., 7
Royal Society of Artists, Birmingham, 12, 57, 74
Ruskin, John, 46

St. Fillans, Perthshire, 64
Sandys, T., 11
School, North London Collegiate, Camden Town, 9
Seasons, designs for, 19
Smith, George, 11
"Spring," 19, 27
"Stobhall Gardens," 20, 50
"Stream in Inverness-shire," 46
"Sunny Thames," 64

Taylor, Tom, 11
Tenniel, J., 11
Thackeray, 11, 12
" Miss, 15, 33, 44
"Three Fates, The," 33
Trollope, Anthony, 13, 14, 15

"Unknown Land," 59, 64, 66

"Vagrants, The," 47, 54
"Vale of Rest," 59
Venice, 46, 54
Versailles, 24
"Village, The," 61

Waltner, Mr., 23
Water Colours, Royal Society of Painters in, 27, 30, 54, 55, 61
Watteau, 10
"Wayfarers," etching of the, 22, 69
"Wayfarers, The," 30
Whymper, T. W., 10
Wood engraving, 10

00160741

Digitized with financial assistance from
Hermès India
a project facilitated by the Rotary Club of Bombay

on 10 August, 2018